Collier's
TEN CENTS
JUNE 1, 1946
© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Beginning a new novel by VICKI BAUM

THE LONG DENIAL

THE ROMANCE OF AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN

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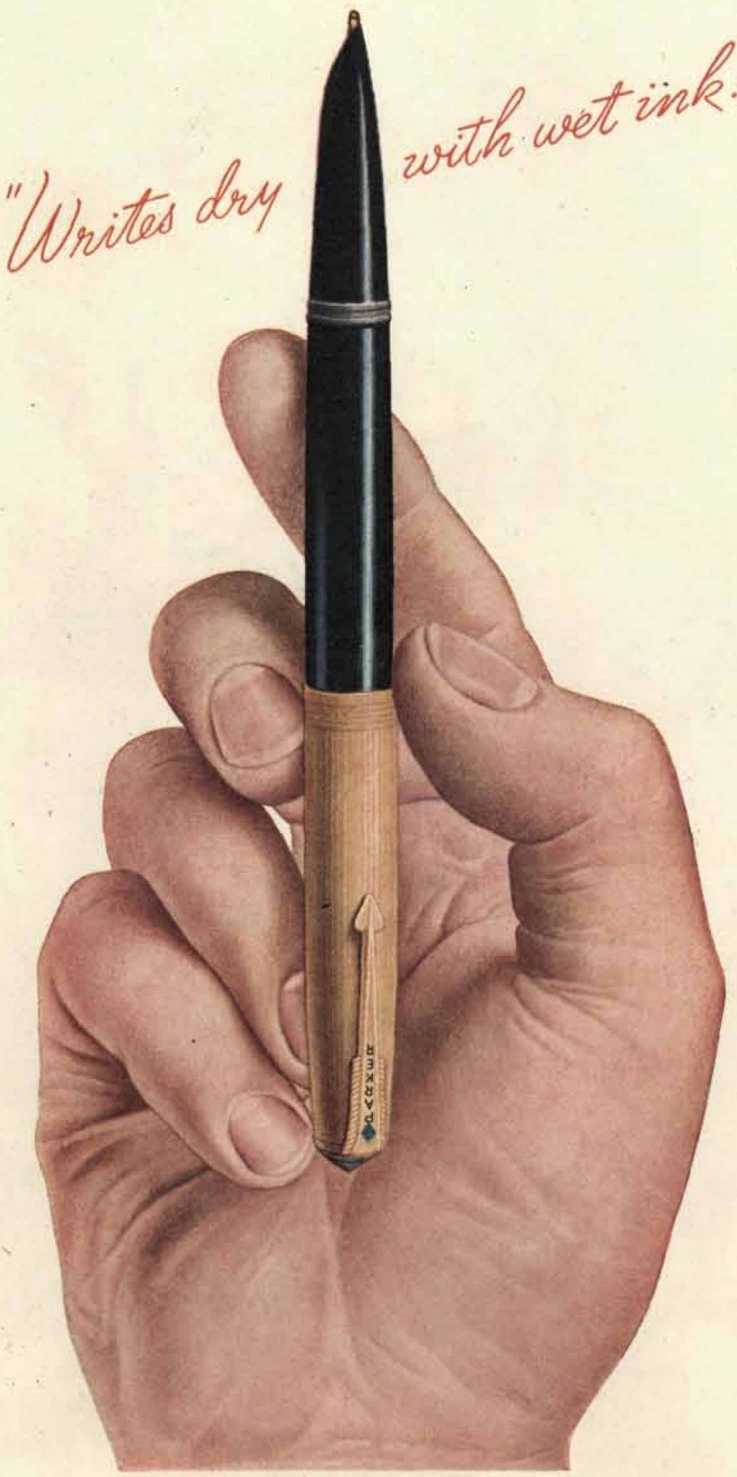
Parker 51's

arriving in greater numbers

. . . BUT THE SUPPLY IS STILL LIMITED!


"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Your Parker dealer is now receiving more 51's. But his still-limited shipments are usually sold out in a day or two. We suggest you see him very soon.

You'll find the Parker "51" with its shaft of hand-finished lucite is sheer beauty. No side filling lever mars its lines (the patented plunger is hidden safely inside the barrel). The cap—a Parker exclusive—*slips on* without twisting.

The 51's tubular point is the most fully enclosed of any pen . . . protected from air, dirt and damage. You'll find it restive, eager to start instantly. The tip is a ball of micro-smooth Osmiridium—the most wear-proof, corrosion-proof metal ever known—fused to 14K gold. So smooth is this costly tip, your Parker "51" pen seems to float *above* the paper.

And then—more magic. This pen *writes dry with wet ink!* For the "51" alone is designed for satisfactory use of fast-drying Parker "51" Ink. The "51" also uses ordinary ink, if you so desire.

Created to tolerances as fine as 1/10,000 of an inch, the Parker "51" is precision made . . . never hurried out. See it . . . try it . . . and you'll know why.

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50; $15.00. Pencils, $5.00; $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada

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Gosh! It may be Infectious Dandruff!
Up-and-at-'em Listerine!
Boy! Does this make my scalp feel wonderful!

Why so many MEN make Listerine a "*must*" every week.

They jolly well know that infectious dandruff is nothing to fool with . . . that it is prevalent and contagious . . . and that Listerine Antiseptic and massage is a wonderful precaution against it, and a tested treatment as well.

NO MESS . . . NO SALVES

Why don't you get started yourself? Remember, those unsightly flakes and scales may be symptoms of infectious dandruff.

You'll like the treatment. It's so easy, so effective, so cooling, and so refreshing. No mess. No fuss. No salves or sticky lotions. You will be amazed, too, to see how quickly those telltale flakes and scales begin to disappear.

KILLS "BOTTLE BACILLUS"

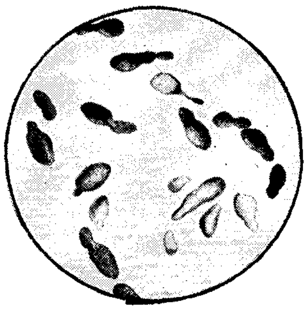
And here's the important thing to remember: Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale), the ugly little "bug" that many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This week, when you wash your hair, just try Listerine Antiseptic with massage. Remember, this is the treatment, used twice a day in clinical tests, that brought complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, symptoms of dandruff to 76% of dandruff sufferers within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

At the first sign of Infectious Dandruff . . .

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . *QUICK!*



THE "BOTTLE BACILLUS" ***(PITYROSPORUM OVALE)***

This is the stubborn germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Listerine Antiseptic kills it readily. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
VAN JOHNSON · ESTHER WILLIAMS
LUCILLE BALL · KEENAN WYNN
in
"EASY TO WED"
In Technicolor
CECIL KELLAWAY
CARLOS RAMIREZ · BEN BLUE
ETHEL SMITH At the Organ
Adapted by Dorothy Kingsley
From the Screenplay "Libeled Lady" by
Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers
and George Oppenheimer
Directed by...............EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by...............JACK CUMMINGS

Like most mortals we have our own special repertory of daydreams. One of our favorites runs something like this. All we have to do is sing a love song and immediately someone as glamorous as Esther Williams rushes to our side. We leap lightly to the dance floor and tear off a terrific rumba routine with the lovely star in our arms! All in all we're quite a fellow—in that daydream of ours.

Well, imagine the way we felt when we saw Van Johnson do all that and *more* in M-G-M's great new Technicolor musical, "Easy to Wed." But Van is such a swell guy that we really don't mind if he steals our daydreams. Yes, Van sings, and dances and romances with not one, but two of Hollywood's glamour-girls, Esther Williams and Lucille Ball. And, with Keenan Wynn to complete an unbeatable foursome of stars, "Easy to Wed" is easily the most light-hearted laugh-fest to come rippling your way in a long, long time.

The story is a witty whirligig of comedy and romance that hop-skips-and-jumps from Mexico to a hunting camp way up North, with a laugh for every mile of the way. Seems Editor Keenan Wynn finds himself deep in trouble if he can't squirm out of a two-million-dollar libel suit slapped on him by heiress Esther Williams. So—Keenan gets his pal, What-a-Man Van, to marry his own fiancee, What-a-Gal, Lucille Ball—and then involves Van with Esther in order to prove that the heavenly heiress is a husband-stealer. In short, Van chases Esther...Lucille chases Van and Keenan chases all of them in one of the gayest romantic races that ever quipped its way across the silver screen.

As if four top stars, all at their sparkling best, aren't enough to make "Easy to Wed" a stand-out success, Metro Goldwyn Mayer has given it a humdinger of a supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Carlos Ramirez and Ben Blue. Then there's a happy-go-lyrical helping of fetching songs (wait till you hear Van vocalize!) and Ethel Smith at the organ for an extra treat.

We'll bet a whole stack of bright blue chips that the public falls hard for "Easy to Wed" and we hereby award a couple of clusters of orange blossoms to Director Edward Buzzell and Producer Jack Cummings for their merry, marital, musical, masterpiece in Multi-toned Technicolor!

Collier's
FOR JUNE 1, 1946

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RUTH CARSON *Articles*
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GURNEY WILLIAMS *Humor*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
IFOR THOMAS *Studio*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
JOHN SCHAFFNER *Fiction*

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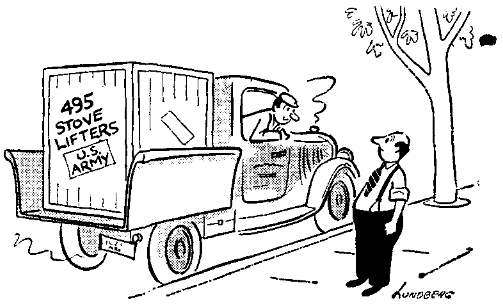
COVER By *ROBERT BENNEY*

any week

A GENTLEMAN in Newport, Arkansas, paying a social call on the War Assets Corporation people down there told them, by way of an airy adieu, that if they found any stove-lid lifters in the mountains of materials made for the Army but not used, to let him know. He said he'd buy all they had. And presently he was informed, as only the Army can inform, in triplicate and at great length, that the War Assets Corporation had indeed stove-lid lifters—five hundred of them with plenty more doubtless elsewhere. So he has five hundred stove-lid lifters—no, five were missing. But that doesn't worry him. He wants to know (we wouldn't mind either) what the Army was going to do with stove-lid lifters anyway. Throw them at the Japs? Pry brass hats off? Anyway, you can't tell him these lifters were used to remove lids from those potbellied stoves in cantonments. Used bayonets for that.



WE DON'T kick much. People call us names and in most cases we find ourself agreeing. But we're getting a little weary of being called a Tired Liberal. Not that this one isn't justified too. It's just that we're tired of being called a Tired Liberal by Screaming Pinks, Faddist Reds and Drawing-room Revolutionaries. There's a hint of solution in a letter from Mr. George W. Klepp of Altoona, Pennsylvania. He's all for setting up an American Soviet government in Mississippi and sending our domestic Marxists there to try it out.

HE WAS a bitter-looking fellow and we got to talking to him in a Washington taxicab. He was from Peoria, Illinois, and said that he was going to meet his wife who had been attending a government conference on juvenile delinquency. He'd met a couple of the gentlemen who seemed to be running the conference and didn't like them. "They're writing a book," he told us. "From what they told me they ought to call it How To Bring Down Your Children."

A WASHINGTON dowager, having hired a new chauffeur, discovered indignantly that there was a housing shortage; that the fellow had no place to live. However, she had "connections." One of these notified her that a lieutenant colonel was being transferred from Washington. That was at midnight. At six in the morning she was ringing the lieutenant colonel's bell. Fifteen minutes later she left his house with a bill of sale. The colonel had a large (*Continued on page* 31)

Vol 117 No. 22 Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer. John S. Brehm, T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony Vice-Presidents Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00 three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage $6.50 a year Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Copyright 1946, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

DOCTOR OF MOTORS

You, too, should have a SMOKE CHECK

WANT to keep on driving? Want to drive economically?

Then you'd better see your Doctor of Motors for a free "smoke check." Gray-blue smoke from your exhaust, for instance, means ring trouble and more serious problems ahead.

And if your car is smoking, wasting oil or losing power—it's time for Perfect Circle Piston Rings.

They're used and recommended by your Doctor of Motors, that expert mechanic at your nearby garage. He can tell you, as he's told people for years, that Perfect Circles will restore that lost power and save you gas and oil.

Perfect Circles are available at all automotive repair shops. So see your Doctor of Motors *now* for that free "smoke check." *The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Ind., U.S.A., and Toronto, Ontario, Canada.*

Wornout or inferior piston rings can cause your motor to *pump oil,* indicated by gray-blue smoke from your exhaust. Always remember: *Where there's Smoke—there's Waste.*

LISTEN TO
Indianapolis 500-Mile Race
MUTUAL NETWORK, MAY 30
See Your Newspaper for Time and Station
Sponsored by The Perfect Circle Company
Dedicated to the Doctor of Motors

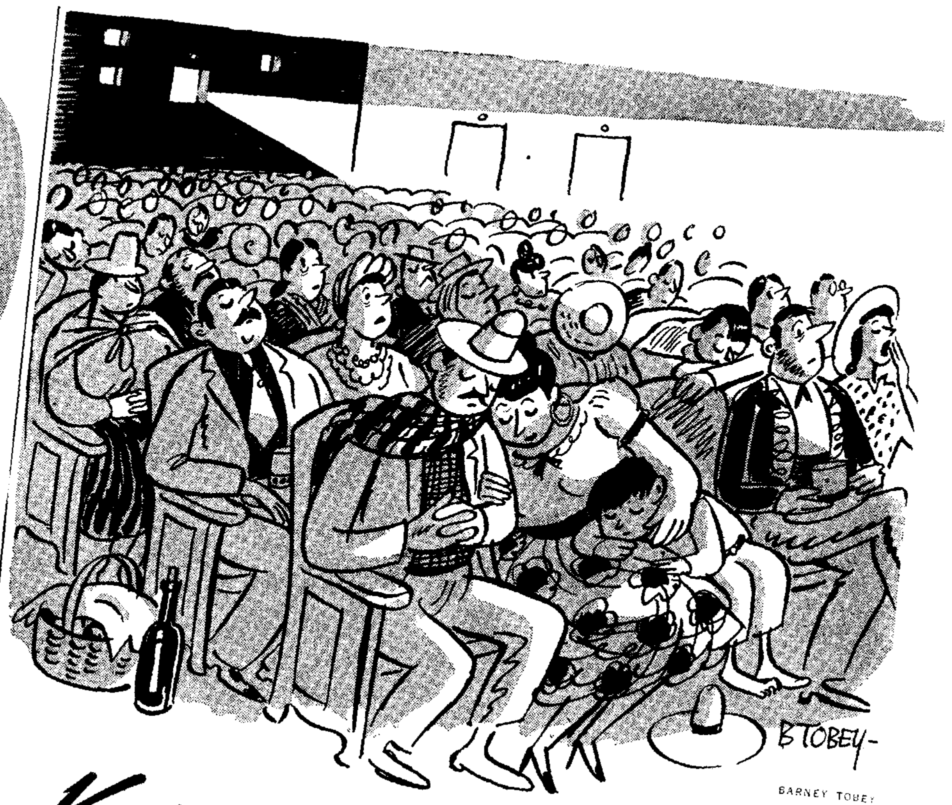
Your Doctor of Motors Restores Power... Saves Oil... Saves Gas with

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS

WHEN QUALITY COUNTS
MEN CAN COUNT ON
Florsheim Quality
The FLORSHEIM Shoe
FLORSHEIM Shoes

Today when men think of shoes, most men think of Florsheims! That's because Florsheim Shoes have never ceased to deliver the quality that for 54 years has been America's standard of fine shoe value.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



BARNEY TOBEY

Keep up with the world

The longest motion picture ever released in this country was Gone with the Wind, which ran three hours and 50 minutes, or over twice as long as the average feature. The longest American picture ever produced was Greed, made in 1924. While its running time was cut down to two hours and 56 minutes for theaters in the United States, this film was shown in Latin America in its original length, running 11 hours and 40 minutes over two consecutive nights.

Every human being has one or more of the some 650 phobias, the uncontrollable morbid fears of something which usually result from experiences in early childhood and are seldom overcome completely. While the most common include fear of lightning, darkness, heights and closed places, the least common include chromatophobia (fear of colors), hypnophobia (fear of going to sleep) and cherophobia (fear of having fun).

The different types of cars that make up passenger trains vary considerably in their average weight and cost. In weight, they range from 52 tons for baggage cars to 84 tons for diners, and in cost from $30,100 for baggage cars to $98,600 for sleeping cars.

Luminescence that is visible in the dark may be produced by rubbing together lumps of sugar, striking quartz pebbles, splitting sheets of mica or snapping rubber bands.—*By Elizabeth Barker, New York City.*

To help the OPA maintain ceiling prices and rents, laws have so far been enacted in more than 80 cities and towns, the states of California, New York, Rhode Island and Wisconsin, and the island of Puerto Rico.

Buddhists in China frequently buy a pet bird for the sole purpose of setting it free, believing that such a creature should not be imprisoned in a cage and that to release it adds to the purchaser's merit in heaven.

Although some May flies require three years to develop in the larval stage, they experience the shortest adult existence of any living creature. Upon emerging fully matured from the film encasing them, they mate, lay their eggs and usually die within 12 hours.

The Republican Calendar, used in France from 1792 to 1806, was designed by the revolutionists so it would have none of the Christian associations of the Gregorian calendar. Its five holidays honored such subjects as Labor and Genius, and its months, which began around the 20th day of the Gregorian month, were divided into three periods of ten days, the last being a day of rest. Each month was also renamed for some characteristic of its own, such as Floréal, month of flowers, and Fructidor, month of fruit, and each of their days had an individual name which in these two months were those of flowers and fruits.

Today, as during the past 50 years, more than 200 regularly scheduled dogfights are staged annually in this country. While these matches have to be presented surreptitiously because they are illegal in every state, they are fought under the rules of a certain kennel club which also furnishes a licensed referee, registers and maintains the fighting record of the dogs, and carries advertisements of owners seeking contests in its monthly magazines. The matches, in which the dogs are American (Pit) Bull Terriers that fight until one is dead or nearly dead, are witnessed by between 100 and 300 persons who are secretly invited and wager sums on each fight totaling as much as $20,000.—*By Ernest Eberhard, Media, Pa.*

No American fad ever had such widespread yet short-lived popularity as did miniature golf in 1930. Although the craze mushroomed and largely died out in that year, most of the 30,000 courses, which cost a total of $135,000,000, were gold mines, many earning from 15 to 25 times their original investment.

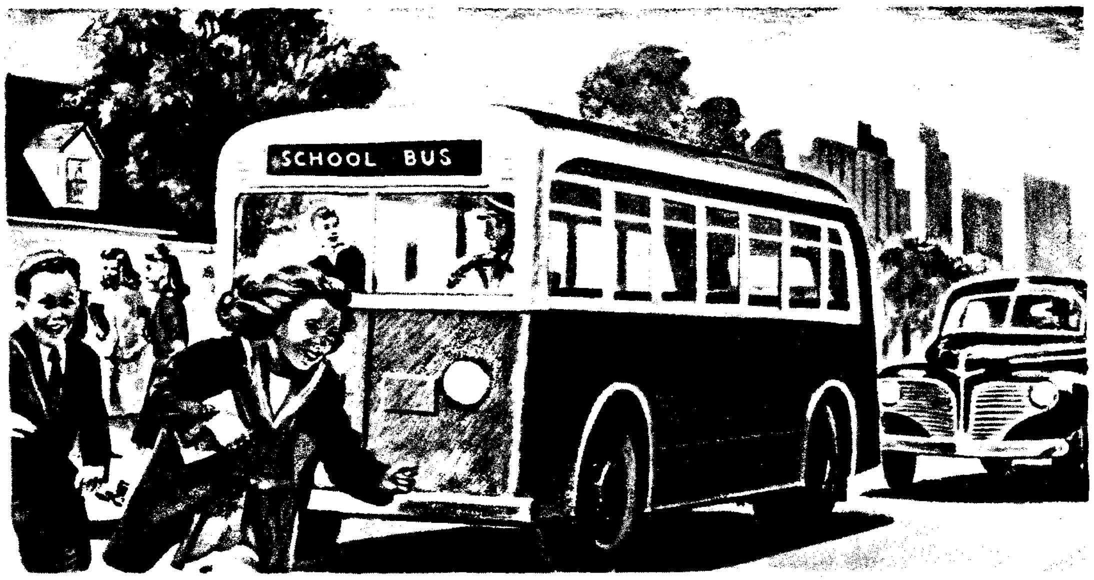
In Paris today, no family may occupy more than a parlor, dining room and one bedroom per person, being legally required to rent all other rooms—with kitchen privileges.

by Freling Foster

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

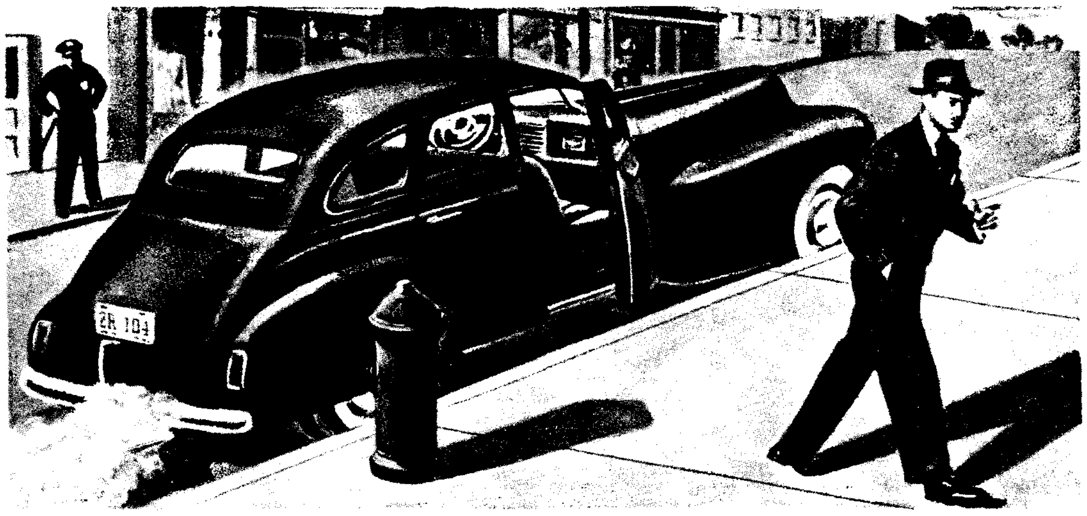
Is he as good a driver
as he thinks he is?

Do you know somebody who thinks he's the world's best driver? Here's how to take him down a peg. Try this quiz on him. If he's as good as he says he is, he ought to get at least four out of the five answers right.



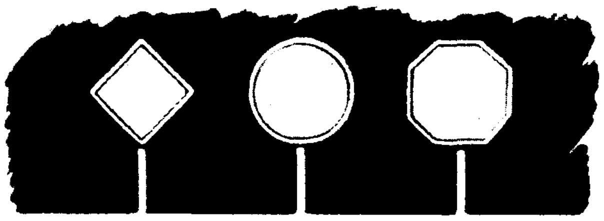
1. A school bus has just stopped in front of you to discharge passengers. Which would you do?

- **A** *Slow down and pass to left.*
- **B** *Stop, sound horn and then pass.*
- **C** *Stop and wait until bus proceeds before starting up again.*



2. The owner of this car has parked it for a moment while he does a bit of shopping. Can you see at least three things he's done (or left undone) that might get him into trouble?

1 ____________ 2 ____________ 3 ____________



3. Here are three of the standardized U.S. road signs. You might be too far away to read them, but their shapes tell the meaning. One says "Stop!", one says "Slow down!" and one says, "Railroad Crossing!" Which is which?

◇ *means?* ○ *means?* ⯃ *means?*

4. At forty miles per hour, what is the absolute minimum stopping distance for a car *after* the brakes are applied.

15 feet ☐ *55 feet* ☐

25 feet ☐ *75 feet* ☐

5. When you stop for gasoline, the way to get the best is to—

- **A** *Ask for "high-test" gas*
- **B** *Look at the prices on the pumps.*
- **C** *Ask for ETHYL.*

Answers:

1. **(C)** If you're a careful, good driver, you'll stop and wait until the bus proceeds before starting up again. In fact, to pass a standing bus while children are getting off is illegal in many states.

2. **(1)** He's left the engine running—an invitation to motor thieves. **(2)** The car is parked on a hill and the front wheels are not turned in to the curb—an invitation to trouble if the car started to roll. **(3)** Parking in front of a hydrant invites a ticket.

3. ◇ *means "Slow down!"* ○ *means "R.R. crossing!"* ⯃ *means "Stop!"*

4. Under *ideal* conditions it takes 55 feet to stop a car traveling 40 miles per hour. Under *average* conditions it would take 97 feet. Neither distance includes the time it takes to get your foot on the brake.

5. **(C)** is right. The surest way to get top-quality gasoline is to look for the Ethyl emblem on the pump. Experienced drivers know that there's nothing like high-quality gasoline to bring out the best performance of a car—give you the effortless response that makes for smoother, safer car operation. That's why so many of them always ask for ETHYL.

PROFESSIONAL DRIVING
CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

LOOK FOR THE ETHYL TRADEMARK

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Please send me a free copy of "Professional Driving."

Name ____________________
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address ____________________
City ____________ *State* ____________

For Fun and Laughs See Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy

The Kid from Brooklyn

STARRING

DANNY KAYE

AND

Admiral

RADIOS

Danny Kaye and Admiral Radios . . . they both get star billing in Samuel Goldwyn's sparkling comedy, "The Kid from Brooklyn." It's a hit picture you'll certainly want to see . . . and for the best in radio get a new 1946 Admiral at your dealer's, now!

Beautiful Virginia Mayo listens intently to a fight broadcast heard on an Admiral Portable Radio in "The Kid from Brooklyn." In the movies . . . in millions of American homes, you can count on Admiral Radios . . . America's Smart Set . . . for stellar performance. See the latest models now. Admiral Corporation, Chicago 47, Ill.

Admiral

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS WITH AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS

The Week's Mail

Editor you stop print stuff like that
B.T.

BARNEY TOBEY

Dear Editor:

Re your editorial in the current issue, Congress Should Raise Its Pay, we disagree heartily. Congressmen and senators should be limited to two to four years—one or two terms. After that they are no good anyway.

JOHN H. MYERS
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Editor:

Very few congressmen or senators or governors are elected from the poorer groups of our population. The majority of them (about 95 per cent) are rich men. They could perhaps—many of them—serve as dollar-a-year men.

How about the state legislators and senators? Most of them receive the handsome sum of $500 per year, and they like their jobs. I wonder why.

LOUIS EFFRON
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor:

My, my—what a tirade your editorial writer got off his chest in FCC Rides Again. Whoever briefed him had the Goebbels technique down pat.

Certain conclusions are evident: (1) He hadn't read the Federal Communications Commission's Social Responsibility of Broadcast Licensees report for himself. (2) He isn't sure about historical facts when he speaks of the FCC being "slapped down by an angry public opinion on previous occasions." (3) He doesn't realize that the listeners (whose air lanes the broadcasters use without charge and in whose living rooms they do their selling) hire the FCC to safeguard their interests.

Let's bury that red herring—listeners are beginning to smell it.

HAROLD A. ENGEL
Madison, Wisconsin.

Dear Editor:

The article White Hope of Housing in your April 20, 1946, issue contains what I believe is a gross error. It reads: "The mayor's salary was $15,000 a year, fixed by state constitution." The governor's salary is only $6,500 per year in Kentucky. All other officers are limited to not more than $5,000 per year.

CLARENCE N. BEATTY, JR.
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Beatty is correct. Our error. The mayor's salary is $5,000.

Dear Editor:

It is very encouraging to note that one of our best-known and progressive magazines is sponsoring a drive into the neglected fields of education. Many parents are illiterate and sadly in need of education if the present and future generations of children are to rise above the parental level.

MAY E. McCARTHY
Union City, N. J.

Dear Editor:

Just finished reading Our Schools Are a Scandal, by Kyle Crichton. I think it's a great article and should be read by all senators and representatives. I firmly believe in federal support for education. I have to take my children twelve miles to school, and there are two reasons for this: First, teachers are hard to get and, most important, our district cannot afford to run a school.

ROY STOUT
Kadoka, S. Dak.

Dear Editor:

Naturally I was pleased to receive a copy of Our Schools Are a Scandal, by Kyle Crichton. We educators have been aware of the situation for some years and have made a feeble effort to correct the situation and then suddenly a champion appears in the form of Collier's.

JOHN C. VALENTINE
Principal
Bantry, N. Dak.

Dear Editor:

I am rather surprised that you should permit an article such as Nickels Built the Factories, by Bertram B. Fowler, to be published in Collier's.

The many half-truths pervading the article should not escape an editor who knows his business.

Now I wonder if all of your articles are on the same level as the above.

E. W. CUMMINGS
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the Distinguished Congressional Service Awards, featured in your April 20th issue. What you did and the way you did it was magnificent and constitutes the greatest boon and inspiration for good government of this generation. It is bound to do a world of good in this difficult field, where increasing numbers of political "hacks" fill the average citizen with abject discouragement.

How proud the families of Senator Vandenberg and Representative Monroney must be with your award given by such an outstanding committee.

HERBERT B. LEE
New York City.

Dear Editor:

I have just read "Eat Less"—Sure, Why Not? in Collier's. After looking over the strangely contradictory statements from Washington, just what can I believe the real situation to be? Is it OPA, the weather or politics? Is there a real shortage of food or is it the result of bad governmental management?

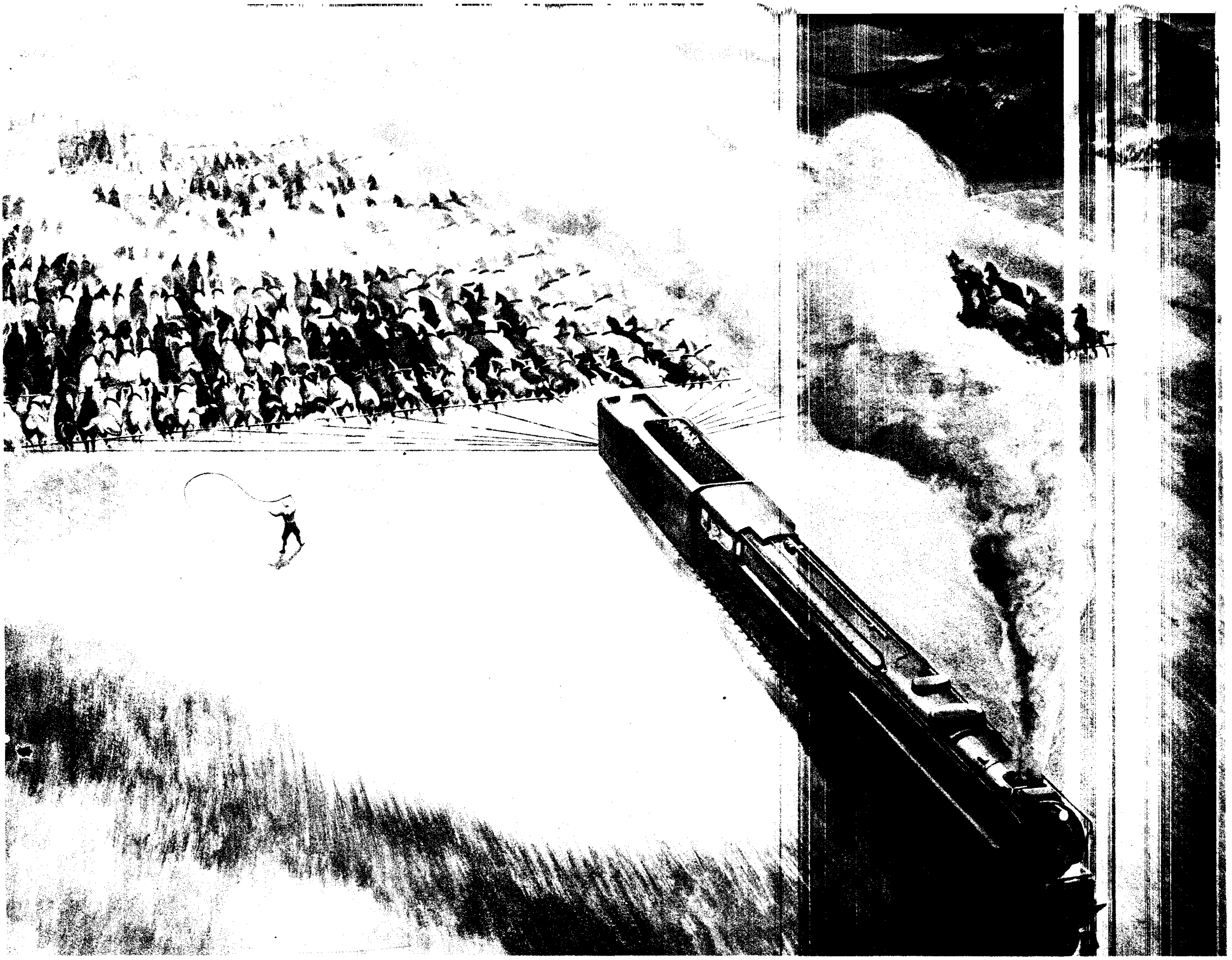
J. B. McCULLOUGH
Palm Springs, Cal.

Dear Editor:

I am wondering if the man who wrote that editorial in this week's edition of your magazine has ever had any experience with the Veterans Administration. I am also wondering if he is familiar with their double-talk, their incompetent and misfit medical personnel, their lazy and overbearing nurses, their bullying and bulldozing orderlies, the "another gold brick" attitude they assume the minute an ex-serviceman is admitted to one of their institutions.

General Bradley may be a "whiz" of a soldier, but as an administrator of the V.A. he would make a good watchmaker.

TRAVIS E. ANDREWS, D.D.S.
Reno, Nevada.



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Just as Turbo Oil is a Shell original, Shell Research now brings you new lubricants and fuels. For example: the remarkable new Shell gasoline designed to pace the fine new cars. Even if you can't have a new car right now—you'll find the "next best thing" is a tankful of this new Shell motor fuel. Your motor will prove to you, with your first trial, that new Shell Gasoline is *4 ways better* . . . more power without knock, quicker starting, faster pickup, more mileage! Try a tankful today.

Horizons widen through Shell Research

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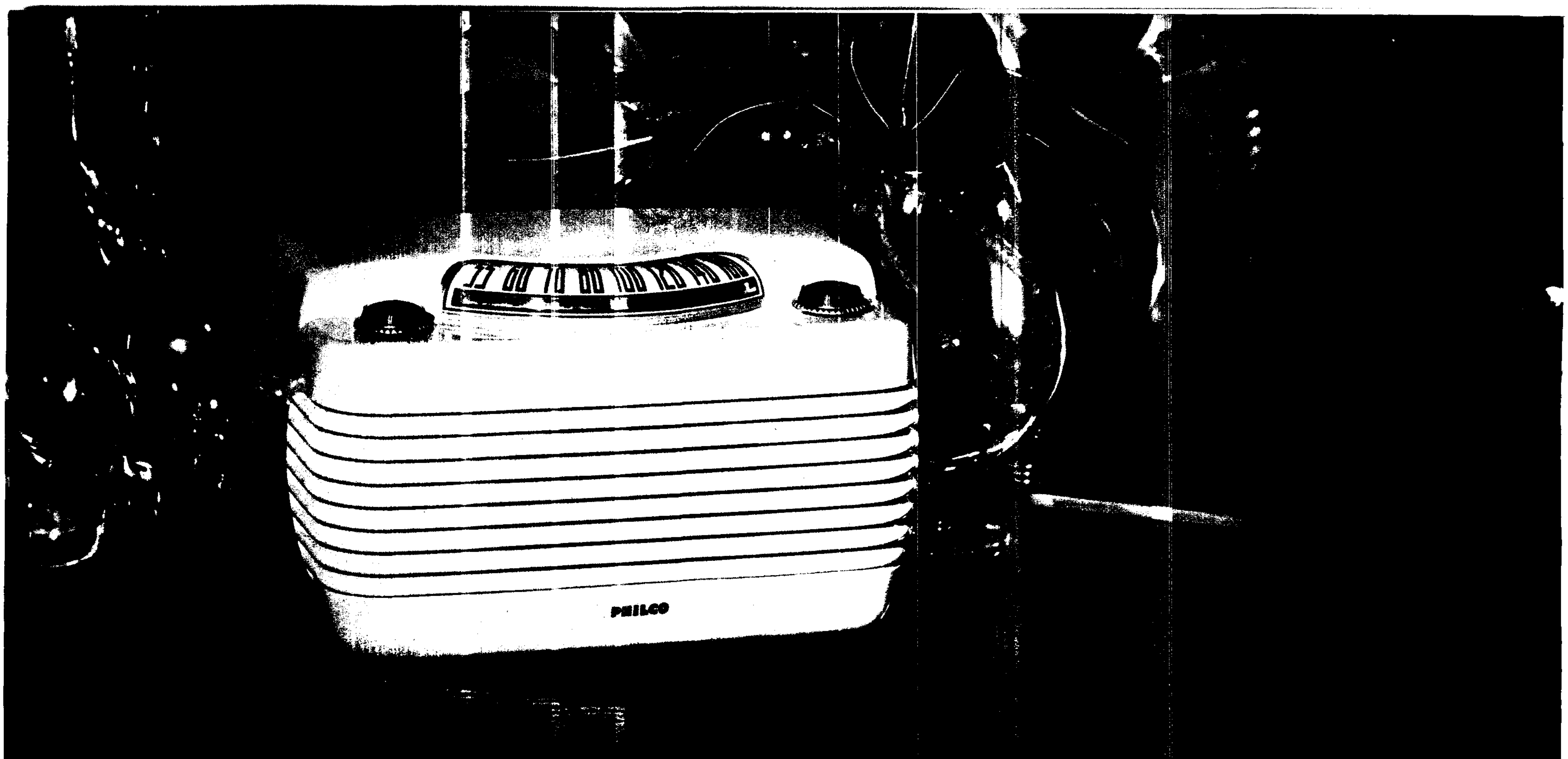

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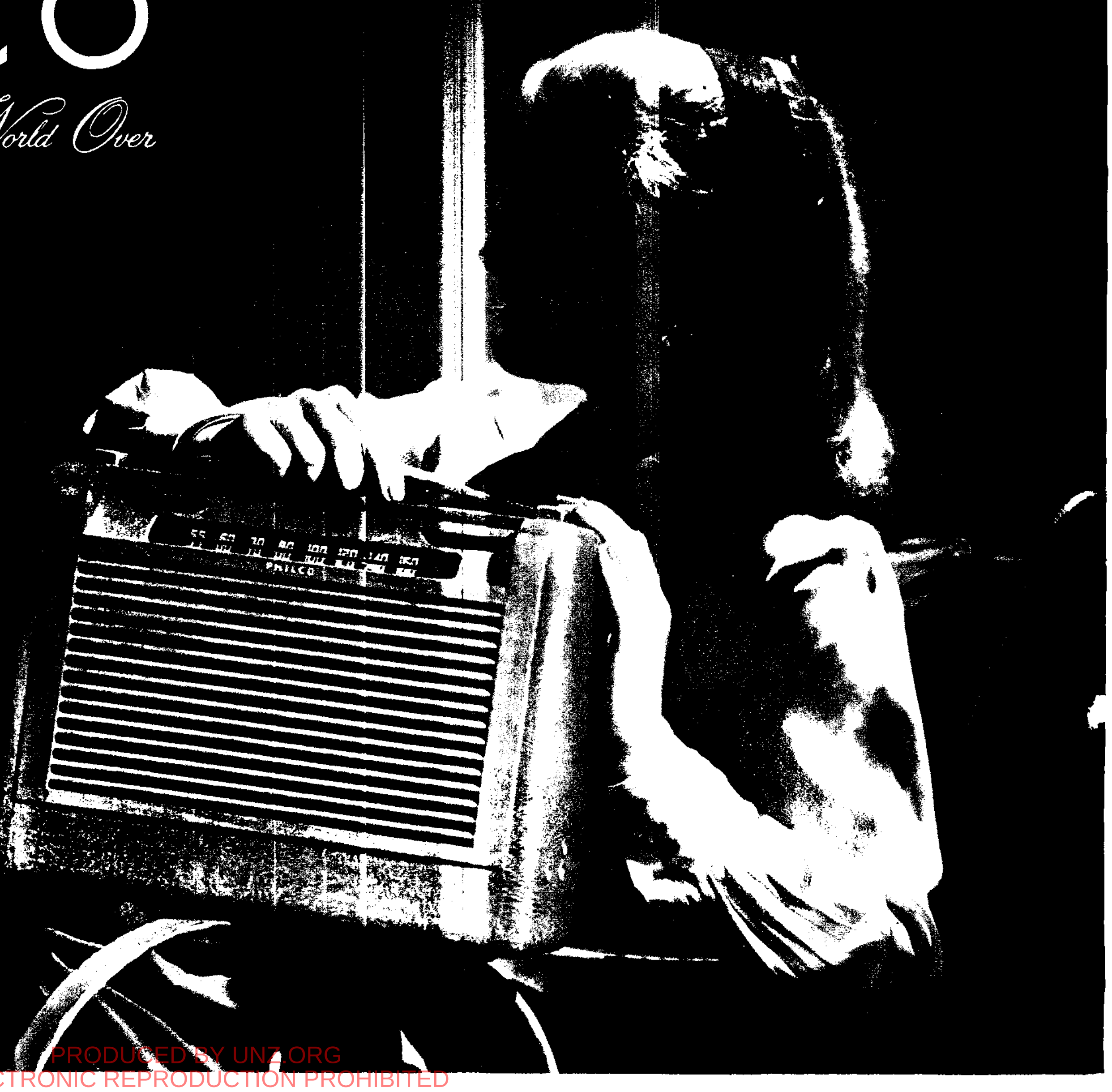
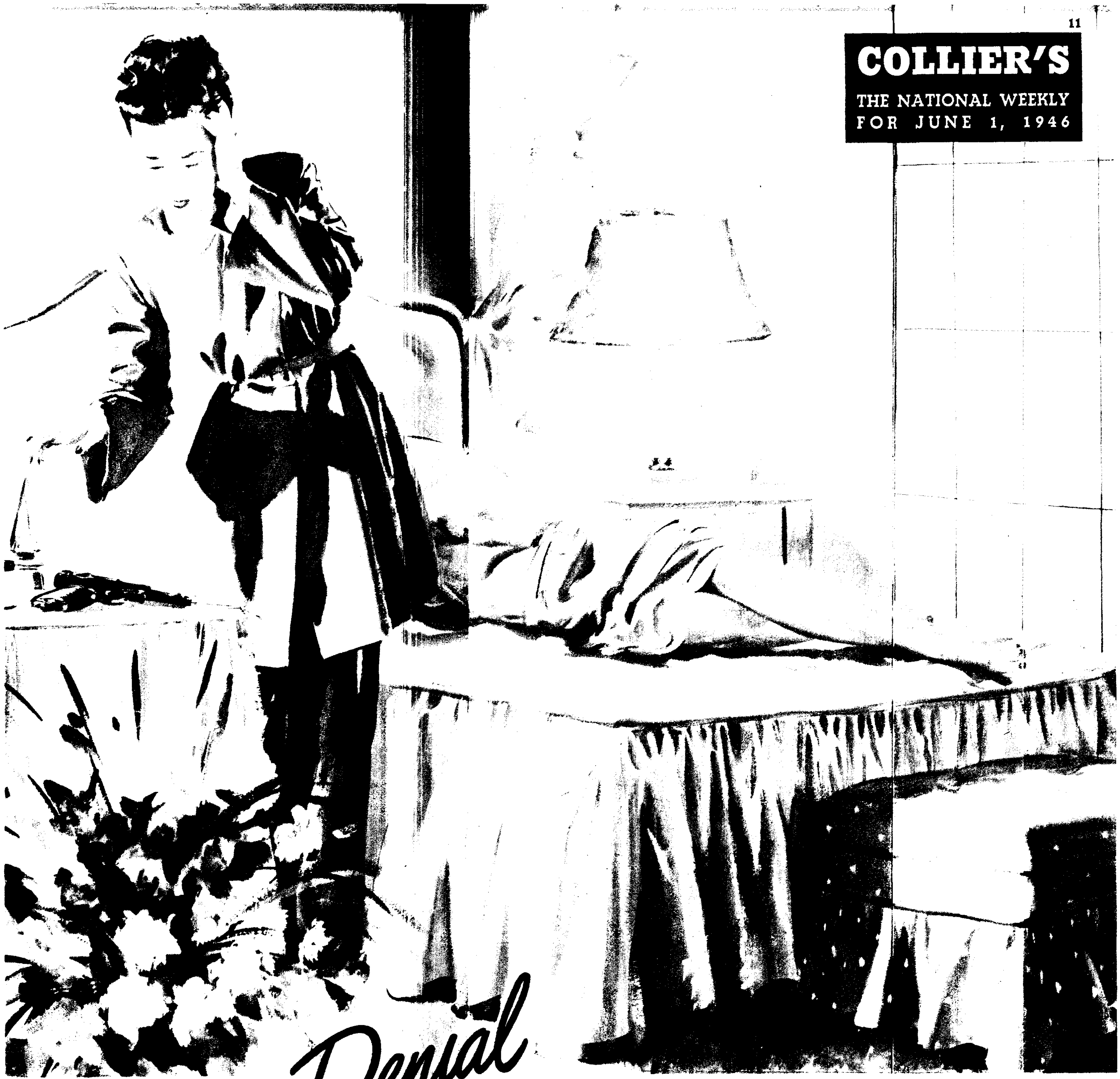


COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JUNE 1, 1946



All right, that's the end of it, Bess thought. I should be sorry, but I'm not. She turned from Marylynn and automatically began to straighten the room and then stopped . . . the police wouldn't want anything touched

The Long Denial

BY VICKI BAUM

Beginning the story of Marylynn, a glamorous illusion; and Bess Poker, who had eyes to see and a heart to suffer; and also of Luke Jordan, the man who was in love with a dream

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

"POLICE headquarters," Desk Sergeant O'Leahy said into the phone, glancing at the same time at the wall clock and writing 1:18 A.M. on the pad in front of him.

The voice of the woman at the other end of the line sounded casual, almost bored—or maybe only very tired. Methodically he started to write on his pad.

"Elizabeth Po . . . yes, I got it. P-O-K-E-R. Elizabeth Poker, that right? Forty-one Sutton Place South. Now, what would be the trouble, lady? What? Somebody's been shot? Well, why didn't you say so right away? Who? Marileen? Marileen who? You don't mean Marylynn? *The* Marylynn? The singer? The musical-comedy star? Killed? Why, I was listening to her radio show just a couple of hours ago. Hold everything. Our men will be right there. Yeah, an ambulance, too. Say, you wouldn't have any idea who did it?"

The tired voice at the other end said, "Yes. I did. I shot her myself." And then there was a click and the phone went dead. . . .

After putting down the receiver, Bess Poker stood for a moment listening to the complete stillness of the house. No rain yet. All day long it had been unbearably hot, and under its sweaty blanket of clouds the city had been chafing, panting, tossing, waiting for the rain to break. There had seemed to be a moment of relief as she had fired the shot, a coolness, and beyond the roaring inside of her ears something like the calm, soothing sound of a thin summer rain. But now the night over the river outside of the windows seemed heavier than before and the world was still holding its breath. Bess looked at the moist backs of her hands, went to her dressing table, poured some Eau de Cologne into her palm and rubbed her forehead with it. She was completely spent and empty. What next? she thought, trying not to meet her own face in the mirror.

She had never liked to look at this face of hers, although at times she had studied its shortcomings with painful absorption. It was a plain face, completely lacking in prettiness and yet not ugly enough to be interesting—or so Bess Poker thought. To her, who suffered from an almost aching weakness for beautiful people and things, her face with its heavy, blunt features was nothing but a bad joke, and at this moment she was afraid to look at herself and encounter all the new bitterness and hatred which a few minutes ago had exploded in that shot. Mechanically she began to brush her hair back from her temples and up from the damp nape of her neck. I'll have to put on a dress, she told herself. She had been in her green lounging pajamas, ready to go to bed, when Marylynn had begun talking. Methodically she went through the closet picking out a thin gray Shantung dress. Fresh white gloves and a little sports hat. The distance between one step and the next seemed immeasurably long and exhausting, and beyond the next step there was nothing. A raincoat? she thought, and that made her grin at herself. People in prison had not much use for raincoats. The door to Marylynn's bedroom stood open, and Bess braced herself and walked through.

IN THAT small, tightly locked compartment of her mind where she kept her dreams, most of her feelings and all of her private heartaches, Bess might have hoped for a miracle. Turn back the clock an hour, make undone what was done, find Marylynn on her bed as if nothing had happened. But life had taught Bess that miracles don't happen; even the miracle she herself had worked in creating Marylynn had been the fabrication of years of very patient, very hard work. And now she herself had shattered the thing she herself had created. She stopped inside the door and, stepping out of the numbness that had mercifully enveloped her during the last ten minutes, she realized with a sharp, biting clarity that for once Marylynn, over there on her bed, was not simply lying there—beautiful and lazy as usual—but was dead, or else was dying at this very moment.

At various points of their tightly entangled lives Bess had proved that she was no coward; but now she lacked the courage to touch Marylynn, and she didn't dare step close enough to see whether any breath was left in that lovely, still body.

The room was luxurious: deep white carpets, mirrored walls, Marylynn's initial embroidered in Napoleonic dominance on every pillow and cover, engraved on every silver brush and etched on the crystal bottles which held the perfume named after her. Marylynn's evening dress, carelessly flung over the back of a chair, was a shimmering, exquisitely simple creation of the particular shade of aquamarine which Bess had launched into fashion under the name of Marylynn-blue. On the floor stood one of Marylynn's sixty-four pairs of shoes, two little golden shells with genuine aquamarine clasps. All this luxury was shrewdly designed to impress Marylynn's image and personality on the hard-boiled cynics who made up most of the New York audiences.

This was one Marylynn. The other one, over there on the bed, was loosely wrapped in a fluffy, cheap, pinkish negligee of the sort to which her own gaudy taste was given, and her sloppy old mules buried their scuffed noses in the white carpet as if she had just kicked them off as usual. The only difference was that Marylynn's lovely tan—that trademark of her golden beauty—was tinged with a sickish gray now, as if she had been lying there for a week without being dusted off. What made the scene so much worse was that horrible old doll, Emily, carefully bedded on her own little pillow next to Marylynn and staring at Bess with wide-open glass eyes. As Bess' glance traveled from the real Marylynn to the costly and effective props which she herself had designed for Marylynn, The Star, there was once more a second of that fleeting coolness and relief and almost satisfaction. "You wanted it, Mary," she said. The sound of her own voice startled her and she closed her mouth tightly over that bitter new grin of hers.

In the room still hung the echo of their last talk, culminating in Marylynn's casual announcement that she had decided to give up her career and retire into an existence so drab and humdrum that it seemed absolutely unbearable to Bess. She still heard the unfamiliar metallic sound in Marylynn's voice: "No use arguing, Pokey; I've made up my mind and I know exactly what I'm doing. You've outlived your usefulness. Thanks for everything, but I'm through playing

"All she's got is a range of four notes," Luke said, as he played for Mary. "But they're

notes that go right down your spine." Bess was more impressed than she cared to show

the monkey for you and your crowds. I never had a life of my own. It's time I start one before it's too late."

Like a cracked record Bess' mind turned round and round, repeating and repeating and repeating Marylynn's last words: "I'm sorry, Pokey, but this is where I get off." Then the slamming of a door and everything turning white, everything empty; then something breaking inside her, a blind desperation, a rushing as if through fire, a sightless groping, and then the shot. And immediately after the shot that cool sensation of clarity and relief that had not left her since. All right, Bess thought. That's where you get off. That's the end of it. I should be sorry but I'm not.

Automatically she began to straighten out the room as she had done every evening of all these years, but stopped when she remembered that the police wouldn't want anything to be touched. Abruptly she left Marylynn's room and went downstairs to the living room of the small, patrician house to which they had returned after Marylynn's divorce from her husband, Luke Jordan.

After tonight's radio show, Dale Corbett had taken Marylynn to the Sans Souci and Bess had come home all by herself. She had been upset by an unpleasant little disturbance in the smooth current of the evening, more upset than she wanted anyone to notice. Going up in the elevator of Radio City to their show, they had encountered Luke Jordan, and Luke had ostentatiously pretended not to notice them. It was childish, and no gentleman would have behaved that way. Of course, Luke was childish; but he was also something much better than a gentleman: he was—within the limitations of Broadway's conception—a genius. Marylynn had been too preoccupied to notice the insult. But then, Marylynn had never been in love with Luke.

And so Bess had come home alone, with a small, sharp needle of pain stuck into her, and had tried to chew down her irritation in solitude. She had taken out the letters Luke had written her during the years, and the sketches of his earliest songs: a rich snowfall of letters with snatches of music scrawled between Luke's always amusing and sometimes burning sentences; notes marching like drunken little men across the space from one line to the next. She had managed to spend a consoling evening with these relics of the past. Looking back from where she stood now, this evening seemed to have taken place on a different planet.

Automatically she emptied the ash tray, because cigarette smoke in the house was bad for Marylynn's frail voice. She took the solitary highball glass into the pantry, rinsed it out; and then she stood empty of all thoughts, holding her hands under the tepid water of the faucet. Then she heard the sound of a siren, faintly and distantly, like the meowing of a giant cat. And still the weather didn't break, the rain didn't come. Bess returned to the living room and closed the piano. Hastily she picked up the letters and carefully locked them away in a drawer of the big office desk that stood somewhat incongruously in the corner of the elaborately elegant room. It certainly was nobody's business that just before the shooting she had indulged in a sentimental hour with Luke Jordan's early compositions.

Now the nervous screeching of the siren rose, came very close and stopped. This would be the police. Bess went into the hall to open the front door.

INSPECTOR JAMES FOWLER, a slim, quiet-spoken young man with eyeglasses, looked more like a college professor than a policeman. Solicitously, patiently, and helpfully he was trying to assist Bess Poker in making a confession that the police could use as a basis for prosecution. He had offered her his own cigarettes and politely lighted them for her; he had brewed her some coffee on his own little percolator; and he had, with a slight smile at the formality, warned her that anything she said might be used as evidence against her. And then he had tried to break her frozen muteness by treating her as if she were a patient and he a doctor to whom she had come for help. It was twenty minutes past three and he had not made any headway. The girl seemed as composed and calm as she had been from the first. Not a wrinkle in her dress, not a hair out of place, her white gloves still spotless, and not the slightest sign of a nervous crack-up. Remarkable person! thought Fowler, who was beginning to feel exhausted.

"You are not too tired to go on, Miss Poker?"

"Thanks, no."

"You really should follow my advice and get yourself an attorney."

"Thanks, no. I'm used to taking care of myself. I don't need a lawyer."

"You're only making it hard for yourself."

"I told you that I shot Marylynn. I called the police myself. What else do you want of me?"

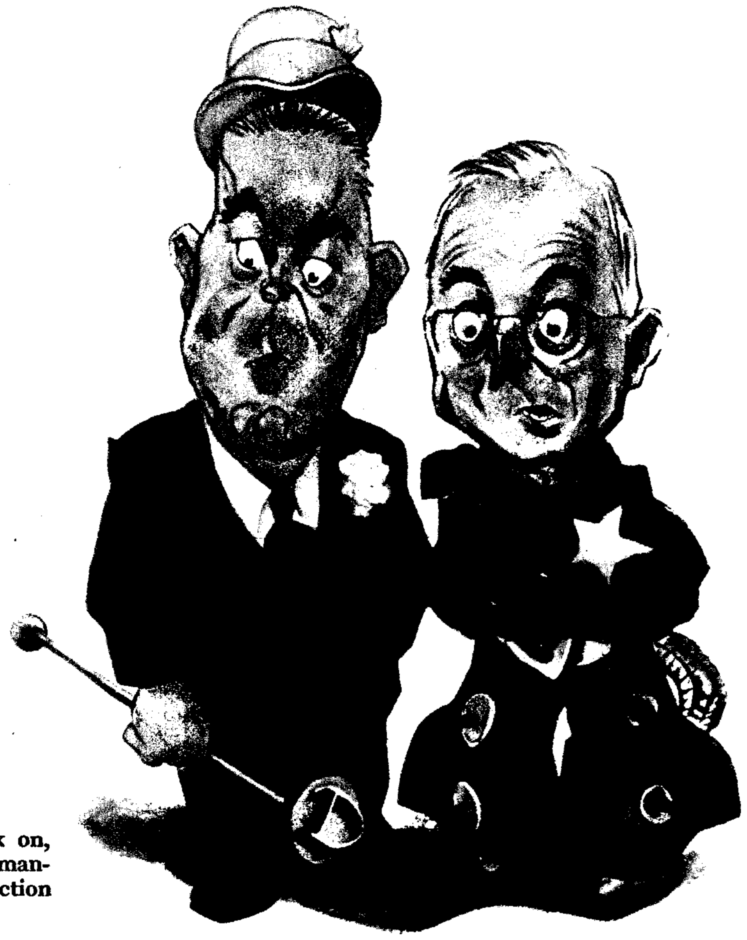
"Look here, Miss Poker: before the law it isn't enough if you tell us that you shot Marylynn; before the law you are innocent until *(Continued on page 38)*

RUDDY RODEO

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM BERMAN

The left-wing political mavericks are wandering all over the range while half a dozen bushwhackers try to drive them into a single herd. Their numbers and the noise they make have the old-line politicians worried



While worried Hannegan and Truman look on, range riders Wallace, Ickes and Hillman try manfully to corral maverick liberals for next election

WHEN Franklin Delano Roosevelt died, four or five million otherwise unbranded voters, suddenly left leaderless, tossed their heads, uttered frightened laments and galloped off in all directions—still, however, keeping left of center. Today a dozen experienced political bushwhackers are riding herd on them. They've managed to round up a few thousand—twenty-five or fifty—but their voices are strange and discordant and are frightening the scattered herd. They lack the Old Master's cunning with the rope, lassoing one another more often than the coy mavericks, and not always by accident, either.

It was these four or five million votes—radical, socialist, liberal, progressive or merely disgusted—that elected Mr. Roosevelt in 1940 and in 1944. You may call them independent votes if you wish, or marginal. But they were not organized as such; they were Mr. Roosevelt's and no one else's. They acknowledged no other leader nor any single political philosophy. They were his in even greater numbers in his domestic New Dealing before the war; they followed him in his internationalism during the war. Today they're four or five million in search of a leader, purposeful but bewildered, hopeful but confused.

There's Sidney Hillman riding two horses, a foot on the back of each—the C.I.O. Political Action Committee (C.I.O.-PAC) and the National Citizens Political Action Committee (NC-PAC). His mounts are nicely matched for color—a glossy chestnut—but not for size, C.I.O.-PAC being the larger and better-nourished.

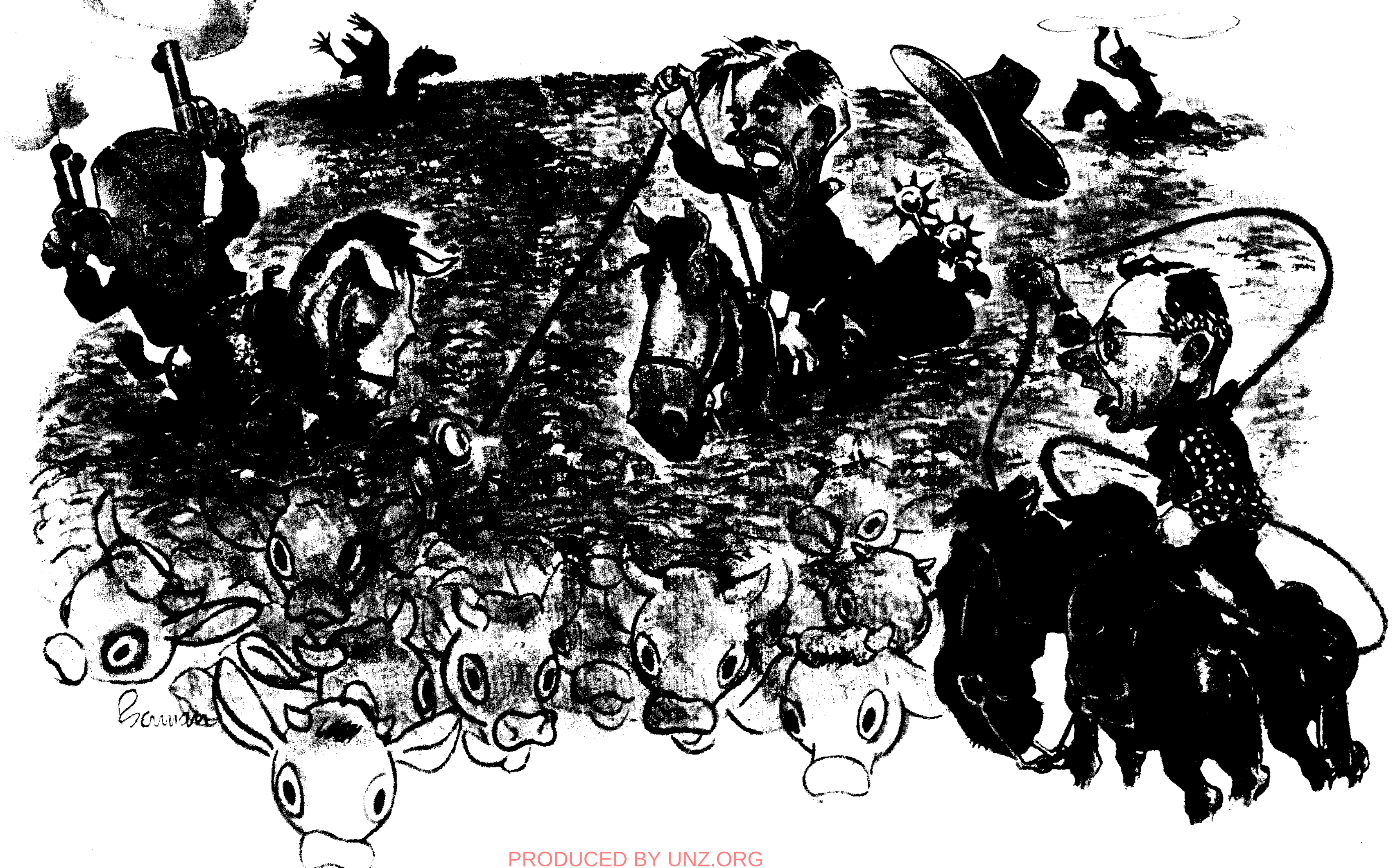
There's Harold Ickes furiously bouncing as only Mr. Ickes can on the back of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions (ICC).

There's the Honorable Henry Wallace, Secretary of Commerce, with no horse of his own, leaping with agility if not always deftly from mount to mount. Mr. Wallace, who may turn out after all to be the man behind whom the Roosevelt strays might reunite, is welcomed everywhere except by Mr. Ickes, the lone, lone ranger.

Thus far the roundup isn't getting anywhere in particular, because there are too many range riders. Joined with the Messrs. Hillman, Ickes and Wallace in the bushwhacking are lesser wranglers, operating wholly on their own. For example, there is James Loeb, Jr., riding a sedate nag, the Union for Democratic Action, which, its earthier rivals say, uses a Phi Beta Kappa key for a bit. Nevertheless UDA, like the others, is ambitious to be national in scope and influence. Its national chairman is Reinhold Niebuhr and among its honorary sponsors are Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, R. J. Thomas, lately president of the United Automobile Workers—C.I.O., and A. Philip Randolph, president of the Pullman Porters Union.

Concerned more with the Southern strays is the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. This organization is piloted by James A. Dombrowski from headquarters in Nashville, Tennessee.

(Continued on page 61)



Brother Emory and The Bishop

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

In a moment of terror and understanding a child learns that prayer can be a forceful weapon against fear and hate

I WAS saying it to myself, the way that I had learned it, not aloud. I was on my knees, and I heard their footsteps by my door but I did not stop.

"Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name—"

I did not move as I heard them go away, down those creaking steps of my grandmother's house. At last I crawled into bed. But I was hungry. I got up and went silently, tiptoeing down the stairs, meaning to get into the kitchen. And I heard them talking in the parlor, my grandmother and Brother Emory.

"He oughtn't to do that," said Brother Emory.

Grandmother's voice was sharp. "Oh, nonsense, Brother Emory."

"He oughtn't to pray with his eyes shut, Hattie. It's not right. Why, it's as if he were afraid, as if he thought that he might see Whom he is praying to—"

"That's reverence."

"Not with his eyes shut, Hattie—that's not reverence. He's going to be a man, and men—Hattie, I want that boy to visit me."

"You're planning something, Brother Emory."

"I am," he said, speaking in that strong, positive tone of his. "Something he needs. Send him to me."

That was the first I heard of it. I was twelve years old that winter, and at twelve a boy can learn things that he'll never learn again, for he is still a child with a child's sensitiveness but there's the beginning of a man's setness in him. I think that Brother Emory realized that. I think he knew that if ever I was to understand the thing he thought I must, to grow into the man he thought I should, right there was the time for it.

My grandmother, of course, had her doubts about all this. Before I left, she gave me a lecture on how I must act and what I must say and above all what I must think of Brother Emory.

"Your Brother Emory's never been a married man," she said to me. "There's no one at that farm of his except that colored man he's always had, that Walter. And Walter's always worshiped him. Now if there's one thing that confirms a man in his peculiarities it's having someone think that everything he does is perfect. Your Brother Emory's not perfect, son. He's always lived the way he wanted to, and some of it has got the devil in it. But he's your own grandfather's brother—he's my Joe's brother. Well, never mind that now. Did Classy fix your lunch?"

"Yes, ma'am, Grandmuh," I said, and held the cardboard box for her to see. "Fried chicken, jelly sandwiches and watermelon rind—"

"That's nice, all good for boys. Now don't get messy on the train. Don't push your nose against the window glass—they sweat these chilly days. And when you get off at St. Bethlehem—"

That sounded wonderful. It could have been Guthrie or Trenton or Hopkinsville, but I was going to St. Bethlehem. There was something in that, a churchly sound, a rich something that was like the smell of wax candles or their light on smilax in a transept, or like the singing of the doxology with a high, cold voice among the warmer ones. And while the train was grinding out the cinder-laden miles, stop after stop where they would take on milk, I heard the wheels clacking a rhyme of it: St. Bethlehem, St. Bethlehem, St. Bethlehem. . .

St. Bethlehem. As if a star would shine above it. But all of it was just a sign tacked on a weather-beaten clapboard shack, just a stop that the railroad made because it had grown up with Kentucky, the railroad had, and maybe was a little sentimental about keeping a stop labeled St. Bethlehem. The conductor helped me down, then handed me my bag.

"Well, sir," he said, "don't let 'em give you any wooden nickels here."

"I won't," I said, trying to make it have that hearty sound that men used when they joked.

"So long," he yelled. The engine chuffed.

"So long," I cried.

STEAM whoofed at me from beneath the train. And in a moment I was standing there beside the railroad's clapboard, empty shack, my bag close to my feet, feeling a little scared. For there was just that shack, and then the railroad's tracks that ran both ways convergingly from me, and all around me the emptiness of cornfields with their dreary winter stubble. Nothing could be so desolate as that. The broken stalks, the frozen redness of the earth, my breath that hung before me in a tiny cloud. I knew then why men huddled into towns. The country, raw, molded into little, rolling, naked hills, the darkness on the earth where trees grew thick—this was Kentucky. Dark and Bloody Ground. I could believe that. And I could be instinctively afraid of it as only a boy, alone in it, feeling so lost, could be afraid.

A clopping sound stopped that. I heard that curious grating noise of buggy wheels in icy ruts.

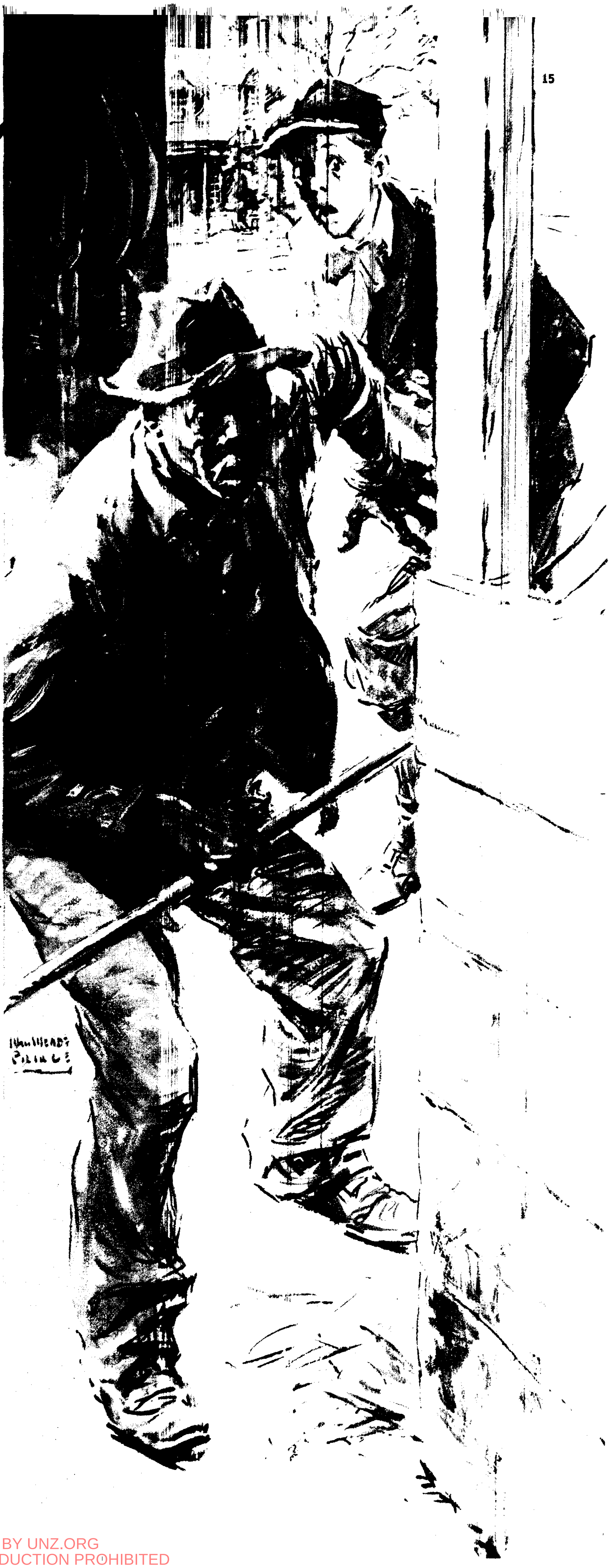
"You, boy!"

Then I saw Brother Emory. He seemed immensely tall as he sat in the buggy, the reins that ran back from his bay horse loose within that hand that I remembered, that hand that had no thumb to it, only the scar where his tobacco knife had sheared it off. Immensely tall and gray and gaunt, the way a Druid priest would look, his head with all that boniness that made his eyes seem deep and dark. He did not smile at me.

"You, boy," he called again. "Pick up yo' bag and climb in here. Climb in between us, boy—"

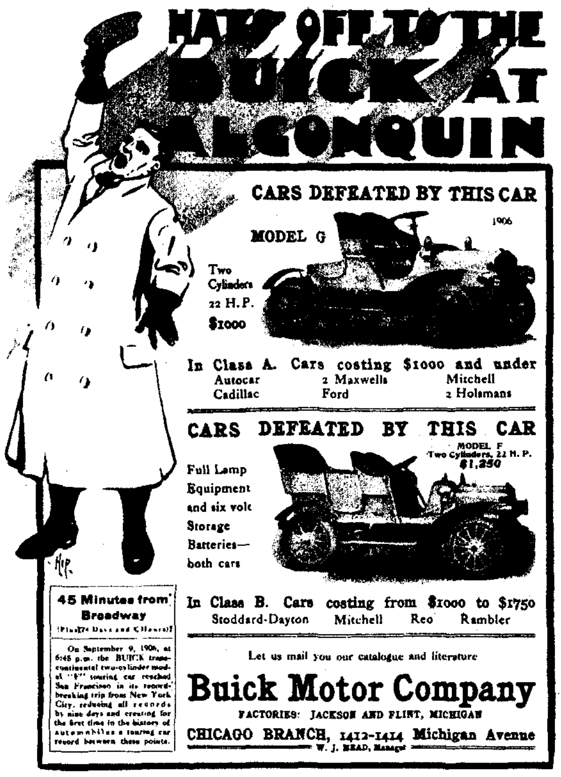
For there were two of them. The man with Brother Emory held down to

(Continued on page 50)



Walter's long arm moved at me. "Go 'long, boy. You better run. Tell Mister Emory . . ." His voice cracked like a rifle shot

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



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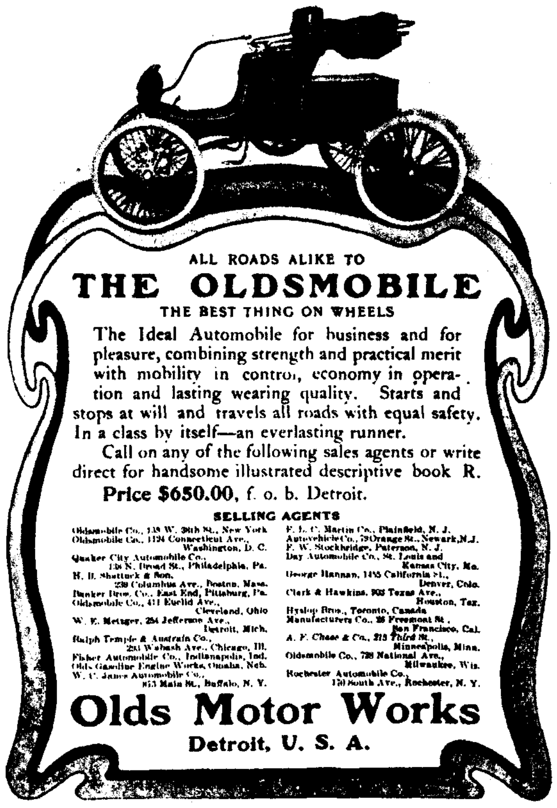

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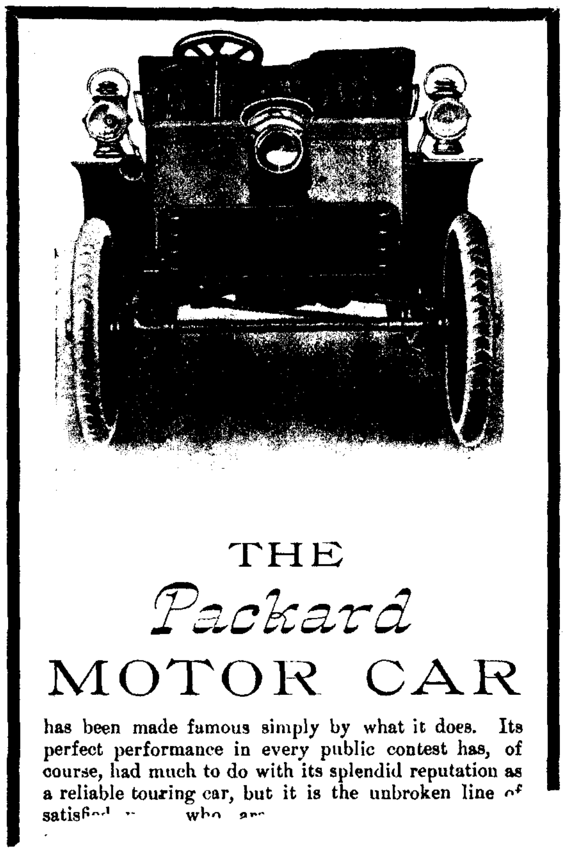
The famed curved-dash Oldsmobile sold for $650 in 1901, and would "start and stop at will." The first Oldsmobile was a three-wheeled steam car



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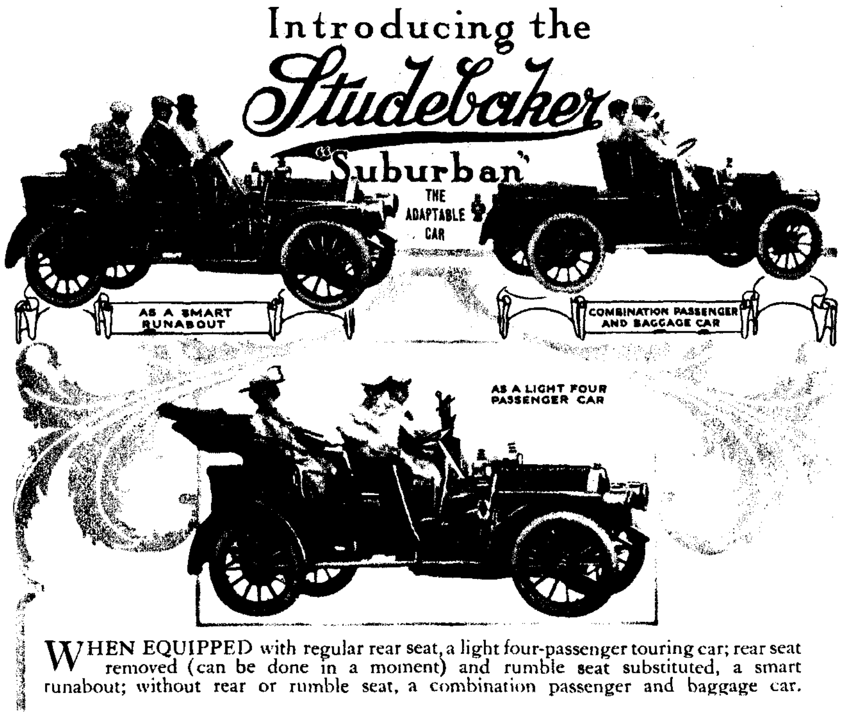
Headlights were something of a problem in 1903. Packard began solving it by adding a center lamp, meanwhile retaining the standard buggy side lamps



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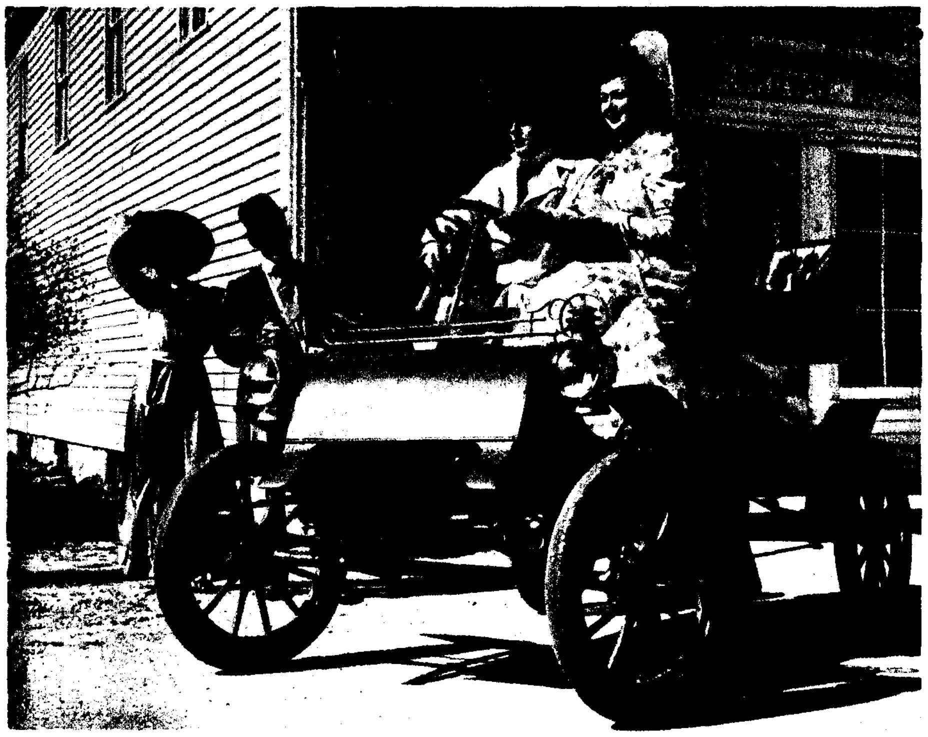
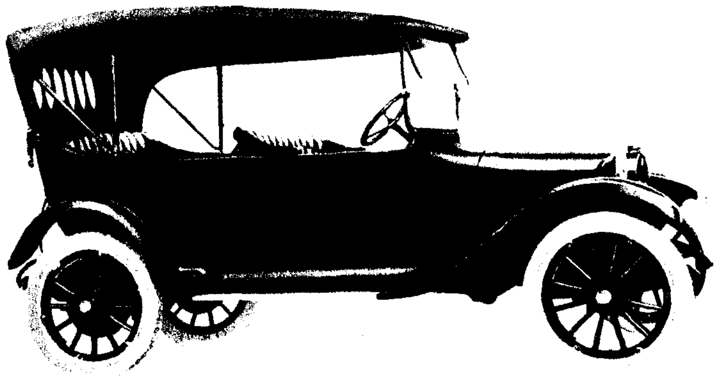
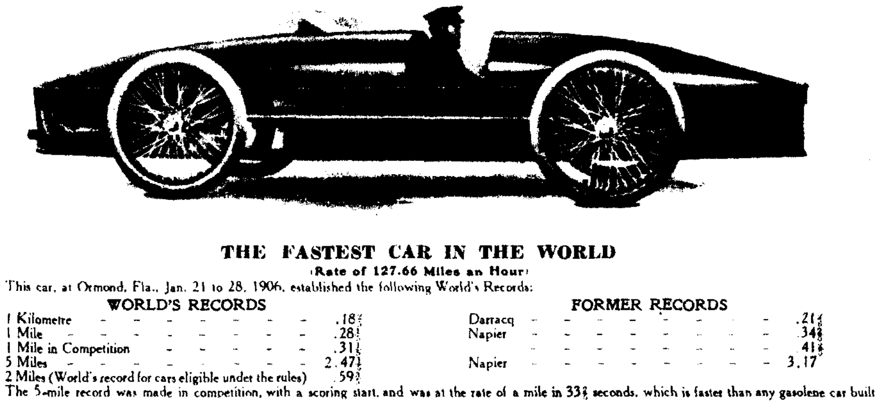
Studebaker, in 1903, appealed to progressives with this three-way convertible—runabout (with rumble seat), light truck and touring car



Forerunner of the famed Model T was this 1903 Ford runabout. It sold for $900, and advertising said it was the equal of cars in the $2,000 price class



The original Dodge made its appearance in 1914, and boasted the first all-steel body. This touring car had a top speed of 63 miles per hour



THE FASTEST CAR IN THE WORLD

(Rate of 127.66 Miles an Hour)

This car, at Ormond, Fla., Jan. 21 to 28, 1906, established the following World's Records:

WORLD'S RECORDS		FORMER RECORDS	
1 Kilometre	$.18\frac{2}{5}$	Darracq	$.21\frac{2}{5}$
1 Mile	$.28\frac{1}{5}$	Napier	$.34\frac{2}{5}$
1 Mile in Competition	$.31\frac{4}{5}$		$.41\frac{3}{5}$
5 Miles	$2.47\frac{1}{5}$	Napier	3.17
2 Miles (World's record for cars eligible under the rules)	$.59\frac{3}{5}$		

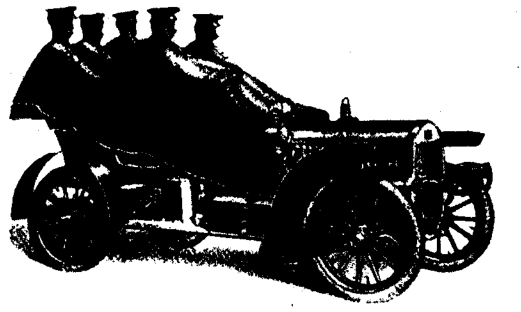
The 5-mile record was made in competition, with a scoring start, and was at the rate of a mile in $33\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, which is faster than any gasolene car built

Speed was the stock in trade of the Stanley Steamer. This is the 1906 model. Its record, 127 mph, still stands for stock cars weighing less than 1,600 pounds

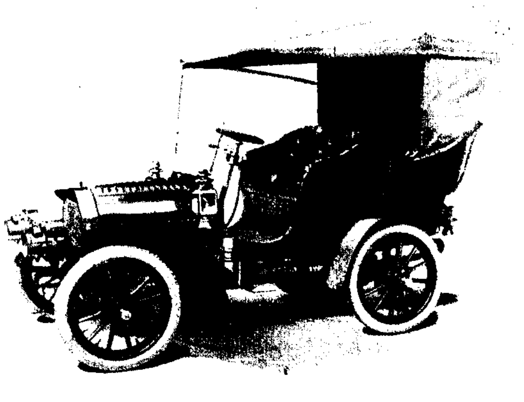
IT'S HERE TO STAY

BY FLOYD CLYMER

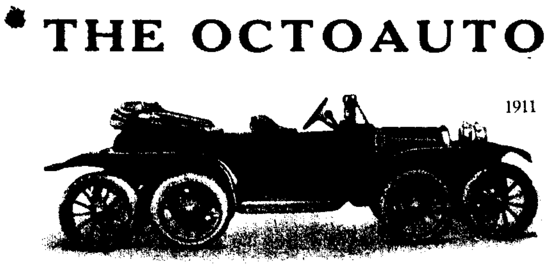
Grandpa, it seems, knew a good thing when he saw it, but the first fifty years were the hardest



All-encompassing rubber aprons were standard equipment for those who preferred topless cars



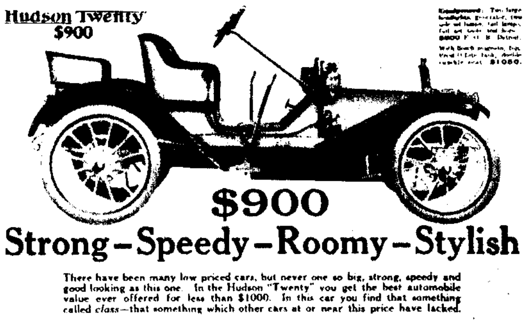
Gearshift levers mounted on the steering-wheel column were old stuff to 1904 motorists. Among cars using this idea was this Pierce Arrow



THE OCTOAUTO

1911

In 1908, the Reeves eight-wheeled "Octoauto" drew a paean of praise from Elbert Hubbard

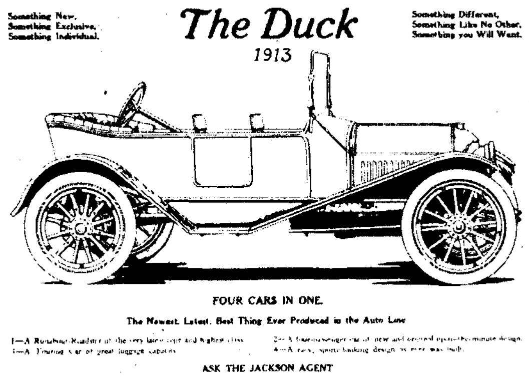


Hudson Twenty
$900

$900
Strong–Speedy–Roomy–Stylish

There have been many low priced cars, but never one so big, strong, speedy and good looking as this one. In the Hudson "Twenty" you get the best automobile value ever offered for less than $1000. In this car you find that something called *class*—that something which other cars at or near this price have lacked.

Hudson called attention to its "racy-looking lines" and roominess in advertising its 1910 model



Something New,
Something Exclusive,
Something Individual.

The Duck
1913

Something Different,
Something Like No Other,
Something you Will Want.

FOUR CARS IN ONE.

The Newest, Latest, Best Thing Ever Produced in the Auto Line

ASK THE JACKSON AGENT

The 1913 Duck, steering from the rear seat, was one of hundreds of experiments that failed

ON MAY 29th and June 9th, the American automotive industry will commemorate its Golden Jubilee, giving itself a well-deserved preening on a half century of progress and achievement.

A lot of things have happened in Detroit since that day in 1896 when a gasoline-engine manufacturer named Charles B. King cranked up his homemade horseless carriage and gave the astonished citizens a preview of the contraption that was destined to make their city famous throughout the world. And looking back over the trials of the fumbling infant industry, it seems a minor miracle that the automobile ever managed to survive its growing pains.

The real heroes of the automobile's infancy were, in retrospect, the hard-shell enthusiasts who bought and drove the first cars. No one in his right mind would buy a car today if he knew that he might be required to take it apart and hide it in the woods on the approach of a skittish horse. Or stop every mile to send up a rocket, waiting ten minutes, before proceeding cautiously, meanwhile firing Roman candles. Yet the pioneer drivers took these and other equally absurd laws in their stride, thinking no more about them than they did about being hooted at, shot at, sued, blown up, singed, maimed and jailed.

They kept right on buying cars and driving them.

And the auto makers kept right on making them.

In the last fifty years, approximately 2,200 different makes of automobiles have been manufactured in the United States. One hundred and twenty-five of these were steamers, approximately 100 were lightweight cyclecars and another 100 were electrics.

The trials and tribulations of the pioneers of the automotive industry were serious and at times funny. The terrific competition made millionaires of a few and poor men of most of the others.

Advertising played an important part in the early efforts of each maker to gain a foothold, and the illustrations on these pages are a fair sample of the unabashed opinions of car makers concerning both their own and their competitors' products.

As the popularity of the automobile increased, lawmakers in many instances tried to prevent automobile drivers from monopolizing the highways. Owners of automobiles were plagued with laws that tended to retard the sale and operation of automobiles. Probably the most drastic were those laid down by an organization of Pennsylvania farmers who called themselves the Farmers' Anti-Automobile Society. They were responsible for the rocket-Roman-candle law, and, being automobile haters, they advised their members to hit the highways on Sundays, to shoot at motorcar drivers and threaten them with arrest.

A Kansas City ordinance of 1904 required the motorist to have four qualifications before he could drive a car on the streets: skill, experience, capacity and sobriety. And he had to prove it. A driver had to appear before a Board of Automobile Examiners to establish his fitness to operate a car.

In Fort Worth, Texas, any person riding or driving a horse or other domestic animal could, by putting up his hands, cause the machine to stop and remain still long enough for such animal to pass. Each car had to have a bell or horn that could be heard 300 feet away. The penalty for any violation was a fine of up to $100.

As competition grew, each automobile manufacturer tried to outdo his competitors in new features, advertising stunts and exploitation. Safety guards, the forerunner of bumpers, were announced by some and the Grout Steamer actually had a front guard looking exactly like the cowcatcher of a locomotive. Rambler, Buick and a few others had an automatic safety device that prevented the starting crank from engaging until the spark lever was in retarded position, eliminating the arm-breaking "kick." Buick also had a tilting steering wheel to aid stout people in getting in and out of the driver's seat. Autocar had spark and throttle controls built into the steering wheel so that they could be operated like a motorcycle handle-bar grip.

The coining of slogans became popular. In the ads of the day appeared Maxwell's "Perfectly Simple—Simply Perfect"; Jackson's "No Hill Too Steep—No Sand Too Deep." Buick advertised "The Car of Quality" long before its later famous slogan appeared, "When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them." The Marmon was "A Mechanical Masterpiece." Overland was "An Amazing Car at an Amazing Price." Velie offered "The Climax in Auto Value." The Empire was "The Little Aristocrat." The Bergdoll was "Backed by Millions." The Brush was "Every Man's Car." Oldsmobile used "Nothing to Watch but the Road." The Stearns was "No Experiment." Studebaker was "The Automobile With the Reputation Behind It." The Sears-Roebuck was "The Business Man's Car." The Maytag was "The Hill Climber." Cadillac was "Standard of the World," and Hupmobile, "The Smartest and Best Little Car Ever Marketed in America at Anything Like the Money."

New ideas and models developed rapidly. One inventor by the name of Uriah Smith of Battle Creek, Michigan, constructed his unique vehicle with a replica of a horse's head mounted on the dashboard. The idea was to fool old dobbin and prevent runaways. Smith called his vehicle the "Horsey Horseless Carriage."

The Model T Is Born

In 1908 a man named Henry Ford, after many ups and downs with two-, four- and six-cylinder models, brought out an unusual car with left-hand steering, thermo-siphon cooling, enclosed planetary transmission and low-tension magneto and called it the "Model T." His slogan was "The Universal Car." It was only a short time before the public affectionately termed Henry's car the "Tin Lizzie." Ford decided to standardize his production and refused to offer a choice of colors as a few other manufacturers had been doing. Millions of Model Ts flooded the highways of America. Thousands of jokes about the Model T helped Henry Ford to popularize his product.

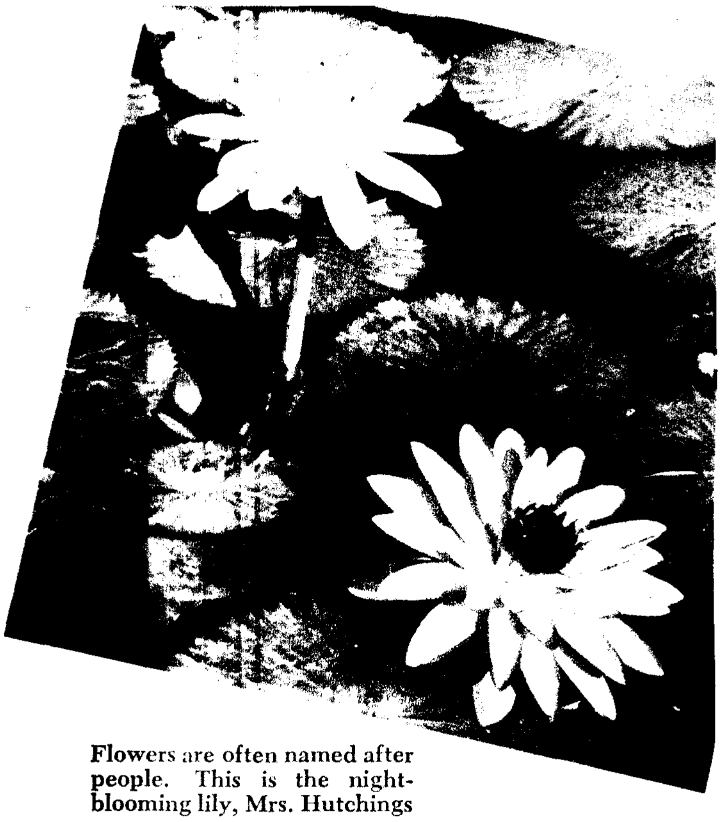
Other makers were fighting valiantly to gain a foothold. New and unheard-of makes were being announced almost daily. Incidentally, Cleveland, Ohio, was once a contender for Detroit's position, with 82 makes of cars being made in that city.

Makers were trying hard to find the proper type of engine. Knox and Corbin were building both air-cooled and water-cooled cars. Franklin and many others advocated air cooling. Steamers were in the battle for supremacy, and for a time it appeared that they might win—in early years there were more steam cars registered in some states than gasoline cars. The acceleration and power of the steamer and its smooth operation intrigued many a prospective buyer. Even as early as 1906 Fred Marriott in a Stanley Steamer at Ormond Beach, Florida, established a world's speed record of 127 miles an hour, a record that still stands for cars weighing less than 1,600 pounds.

As the battle for supremacy raged, manufacturers appealed for public favor with startling innovations in policy. Cadillac, for instance, declared they would never build a six and they never did, nor did they build a two-cylinder car in the days of two-cylinder popularity. Cadillac did much in early days to increase the popularity of American cars abroad. In 1909 this make won the famous Dewar Trophy in England because of its precision manufacturing. Four Cadillac single-cylinder cars were dismantled and the parts thoroughly mixed. The four cars were reassembled from the mixed parts and with these cars Cadillac made a perfect score and won the Dewar Trophy. Interchangeability of parts, emphasized by Cadillac, was unknown in Britain at that time.

As progress continued, the *(Continued on page 74)*

The day-blooming Judge Hitchcock, one of the garden's prize beauties



Flowers are often named after people. This is the night-blooming lily, Mrs. Hutchings

Beauty on the Water

BY DOROTHY WILLIAMS

WATER lilies from such far-off places as Siberia and Zanzibar are blooming in fragrant profusion in the Potomac River marshlands—all because a Civil War veteran grew homesick for his native Maine.

The veteran, Walter B. Shaw, had lost an arm in the Battle of Spotsylvania Court House. He had come to Washington because its relatively warm climate suited his frail health and had gone to work as an accountant in the United States Treasury Department.

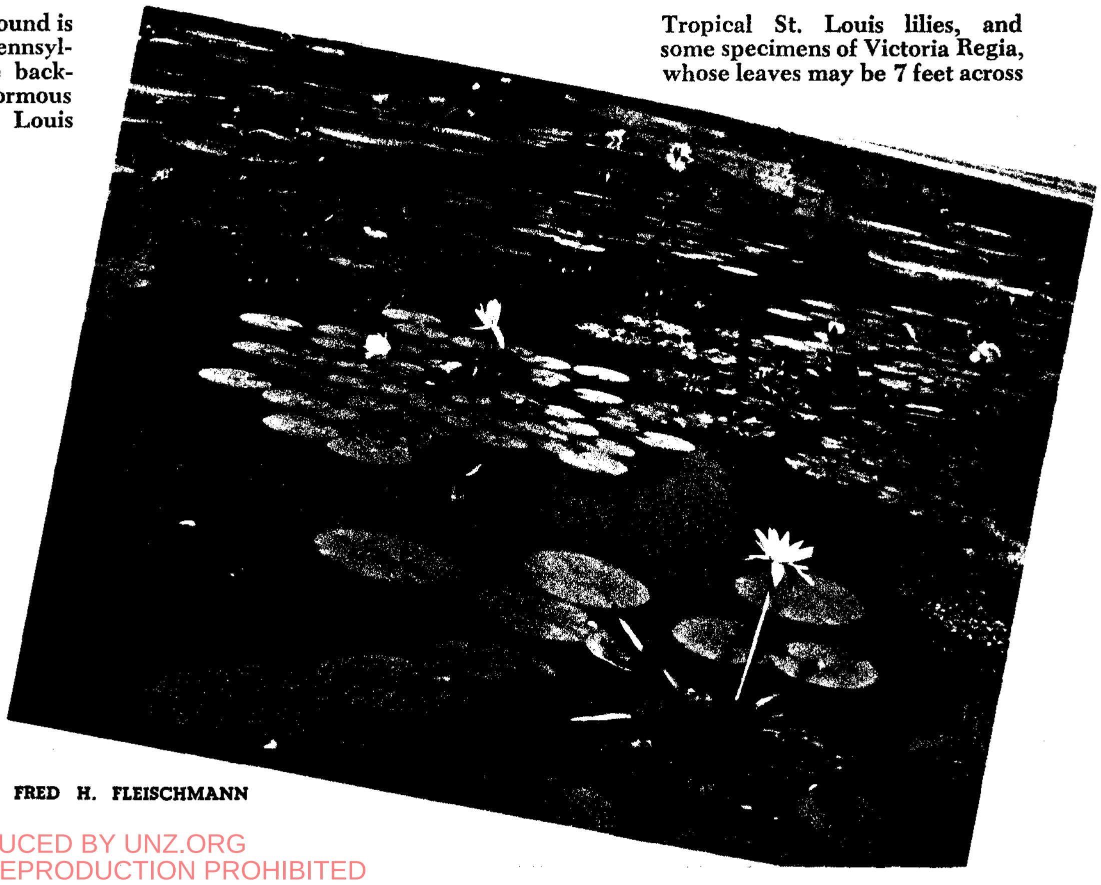
But he could not forget his native Maine, and one night in [illegible], when the air was heavy with the odor of spring and the piping of the frogs rose shrilly from the marshes, he determined he would send north for some New England water lilies.

So he wrote to a friend in Maine and before long a package containing six wild white water lilies arrived. He planted them and they flourished in the small pond amid the brush of his lower pasture.

Before long he discovered he had introduced a horticultural novelty to Washington. Friends pleaded with him to sell them the heavily fragrant waxen blossoms. They wanted to buy roots, too. Presently, other would-be customers came by train from the capital to seek his help in starting their own lily ponds. Shaw's nostalgia for his cold north country had started something.

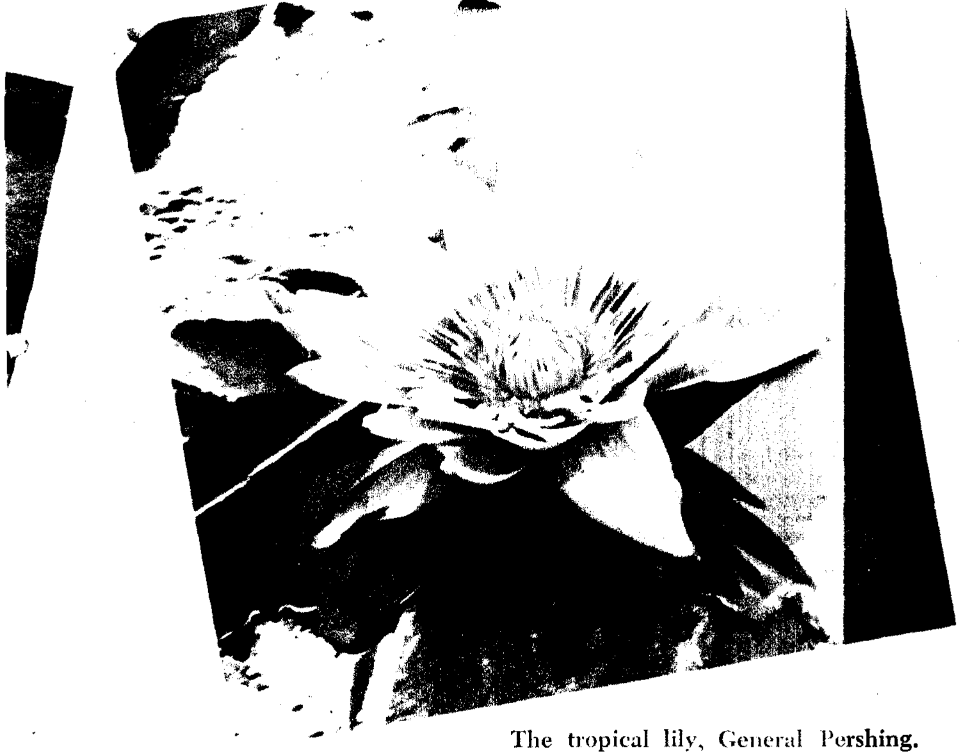
He sent away for rare lily bulbs and seeds. He sought them first in this country and then in ever more distant lands. He began experimenting with crossing

In the foreground is a tropical Pennsylvania; in the background an enormous tropical St. Louis



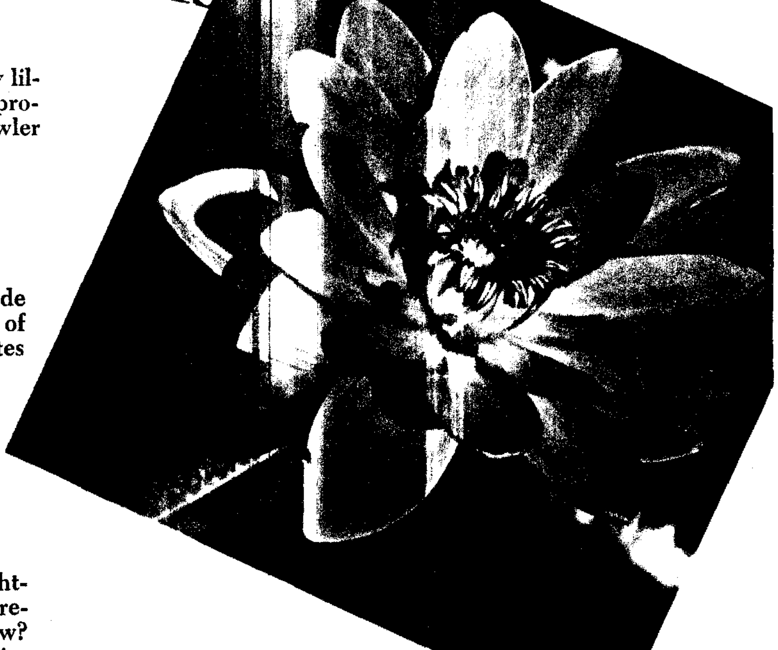
Tropical St. Louis lilies, and some specimens of Victoria Regia, whose leaves may be 7 feet across

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED H. FLEISCHMANN



The tropical lily, General Pershing. Note the resemblance to the enormous Judge Hitchcock on the opposite page

One of these hardy lilies, Rose Arey, was produced by Mrs. Fowler



Night-blooming Pride of California is one of Mrs. Fowler's favorites

Another of the night-bloomers—Frank Trelease. Hard to grow? Not if you know lilies

[illegible] plants to produce greater. [illegible] horticulturists credited him [illegible] development of at least a dozen [illegible] hybrids. Probably the finest of [illegible] tender, shell-pink lily which [illegible] name. It is a highly fragrant [illegible] and often unfolds to measure [illegible] in diameter.

[illegible] less than six years Shaw discovered [illegible] amazement that his lily-growing [illegible] had become a profitable enterprise. He hired a foreman and workmen to operate his garden.

[illegible] his ever inquisitive mind [illegible] delight in growing water plants [illegible] him into a second business. [illegible] by sowing the seeds for a [illegible] such as aquariums require to [illegible] for fish. Before he realized [illegible] was happening the public was [illegible] these aquarium plants, and [illegible] himself the first person in the [illegible] engaged in the business of raising [illegible] them.

[illegible] of his lilies, also, was com[illegible] flower-hungry public to his [illegible] meadows and, incidentally, yield[illegible] business which eventually [illegible] daughter searching three con[illegible] for rare plants.

[illegible] Shaw is no longer living, but [illegible] died, he and his daughter—[illegible] Fowler—built and planted forty-two exotic flower-filled p over *nine* acres of onetim along the Anacostia branch tomac River. Today the U government owns the wil area—known as the Kenilwor Gardens—and thousands of v year travel the five miles capital to marvel at their beauty.

Mrs. Fowler is *still* alive— so. She is seventy-one and white-framed home on th edge, where she enjoys remi discussing the flowers—esp lilies.

"Everyone loves water lili plains. "They're so mystica ful and they're the easiest of to grow."

They don't have to be w they don't have to be watere

All they need is quiet, relat water, open sunshine and ric a few fish in the pond—go charm to a small pool—to e quito larvae and your pr solved. Frogs help, too, an have the lily pond the frogs pear from nowhere. But kee away. Turtles have a way of tails from the goldfish.

(Continued on page

Mrs. L. Helen Fowler, whose father, Walter Shaw, started the gardens in the middle 1880s. She is a very real authority on lily-growing

The Kiss on The Wrist

BY MARLISE JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

Beware the wife who's taken for granted. Beware the woman who yearns for glamor. Beware Belinda who did something about it!

BELINDA was having breakfast with Joe in The Tropical Room. Although it was just a sunlit geranium-splashed porch, open to the lake, they always referred to it as The Tropical Room because the boys kept their tropical fish and their chameleons there in glass tanks. And there were the two rubber plants that would not die and that Belinda did not have the heart to discard until they did. And the pot of fuchsias.

They were having popovers and cheese omelet for which Belinda had risen an hour earlier than usual to prepare. It was an exceptionally elaborate breakfast for the Wilkens home. *No trouble is too much for those you love.* Treatise five.

Joe took his fifth popover.

"Why do you bother like this when you're working, Linda?" he asked amiably.

"I like to do things for you," she said smugly. *All men love flattery.* Syllogism six.

He dropped his paper on the floor, where it lay in a nasty, crumpled tent. Belinda eyed it silently. *Never nag; your husband comes before your house.* This was what her new job had taught her. Obliquely. If she could write this advice and get paid for it, she could take it herself.

Joe eyed her, suspicious of the silence.

"What's eating you, Linda? You seem queer. Ever since the boys left and you've been working, you've been this way—if you can call giving advice on how to hook men work . . ." he said, grinning.

"And my research," she said sharply, forgetting the rules. The research was the thing. Looking up answers for all the questions in the reference books. Volumes and volumes of them.

"IF IT'S so exhausting, why do you work? I keep you in nylons."

"I never said it was exhausting." This could slide into an argument and she never intended to have any more of those. They were what made the gold leaf of romance chip off, the glamor flake and shred.

Joe walked over to the fish tanks and sighed. "I wish I'd never promised the boys I'd cope with the fish," he said. "Where did that imbecile cleaning woman put the siphon?"

"You mean Hilda? She probably broke it. She breaks everything."

"I'll have to siphon it out with the bath spray and that's so dangerous."

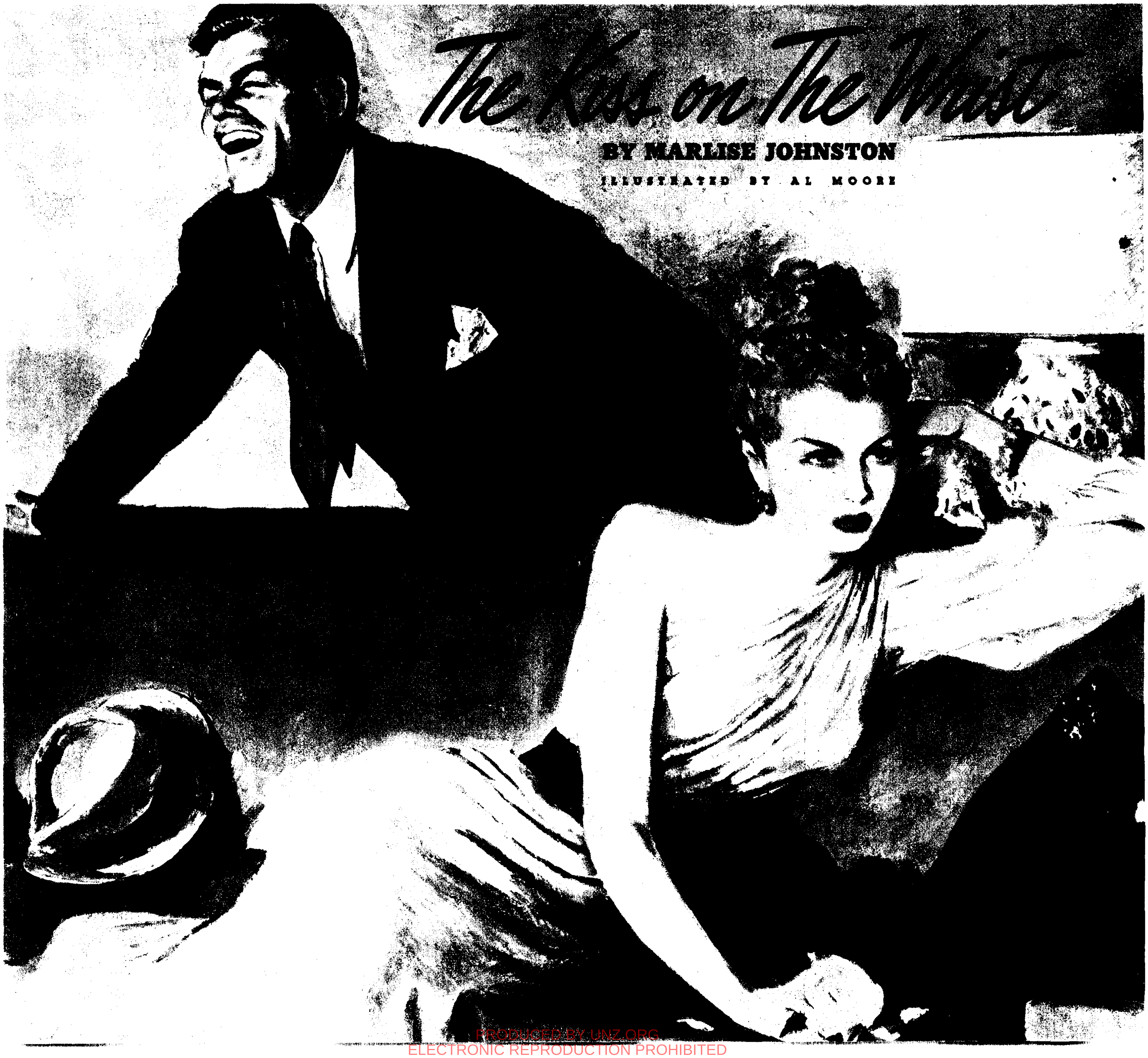
"How do you mean—dangerous?"

"The hand is quicker than the eye, the body than the mind. You start breathing in and at the exact right second you have to stop or the stuff comes out in your mouth. I'm always afraid I'll get a fish stuck in my windpipe." He went off slowly to look for the bath spray.

Belinda's mind went flicking back to that lonely morning after she and Joe had seen their two sons off to summer camp. Joe had driven her home and left her and she had gone into the empty house, feeling like the last soul left living. No screams of Indians, no roller

(Continued on page 68)

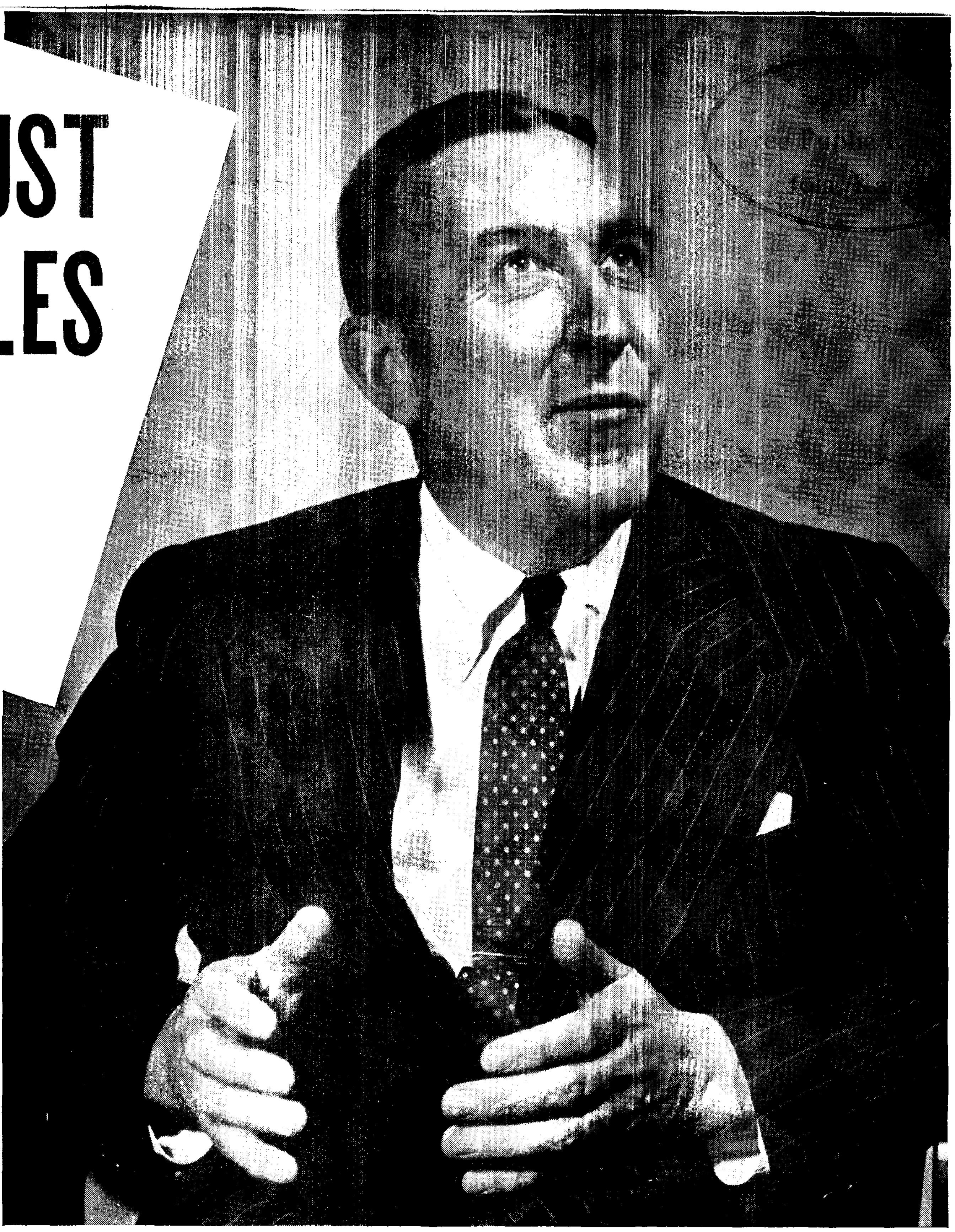
"You look as though you were just back from the Yukon," he howled. "And your hair. You ought to be holding up a porch." "I think I look quite nice," she said



BOOM-BUST OR BOWLES

BY FRANK GERVASI

The decision on price control may determine not only whether we will have a very disastrous inflation-and-depression, but also whether our democracy will live



THERE was the atmosphere of a wake in the squat, gray building down on Second and D streets where the Office of Price Administration is housed. An old friend, an experienced newspaperman who'd left his trade to work for the OPA when the war came, buttonholed us in a corridor. He was heavy with gloom. He told us he was looking for a new job.

"The OPA," he said, "is washed up. I've worked in this town for 20 years and I know the signs. We just got word from the Hill. The boys up there didn't dare to kill the Price Control Act outright, public sentiment for the OPA being what it is, but they sure amended it to death. They'll be closing this place up any day now.

"I'll be needing a job, pal. So will a few hundred friends of mine here. But I'll tell you something. I'm not as sorry for myself or for the others who'll be out of work as I am for 135,000,000 Americans who are going to have one helluva time making ends meet from now on.

"Just watch the prices go up and up and out of sight and watch the strikes for more wages. We're off to the races, we are. Let me know if you hear of anything, will you?"

Although the OPA was not yet dead, our friend had cause to worry. In the House, the conservative coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats had just passed, by 355 votes to 42, a Price Control Act which ironically extended the OPA's life for another nine months after June 30th, but which was so amended as to make it useless in the fight against inflation.

The House amendments extracted the Price Control Act's teeth and left it a helpless, bleeding thing. The Act as it stood when the House dentists were done with it made impossible both control of prices and restraint of those forces urging the nation up inflation hill toward a disastrous depression.

The congressmen ignored the reiterated warnings of Economic Stabilizer Chester Bowles, Price Administrator Paul Porter, Secretary of the Treasury Fred M. Vinson, Elder Statesman Bernard M. Baruch and scores of other responsible citizens.

Bowles and the others told Congress that to drop the leash on prices would start a race between prices and wages which would produce an inflationary boom and, eventually, a deflationary bust with possibly catastrophic results to our own economy, to the world's financial stability and to our own democratic system.

The House wreckers of the Price Control Act ignored not only the testimony of experts, but the will of the vast majority of the American people who voted overwhelmingly in favor of price control in mid-March in one of George Gallup's public-opinion polls. White-collar workers approved the OPA and its work by 5 to 1, professional and businessmen and laborers by 3 to 1 and farmers by 2 to 1. Of those polled, 80 per cent believed that the agency had done a good job of keeping prices and the cost of living down and 83 per cent favored extension of the Price Control Act, without amendments, for another year.

By its action on April 17th, the House heeded the babble of the enemies of price control and not the voices of the voters. Congressman Adolph J. Sabath, the octogenarian Democrat from Illinois, eloquently reminded his colleagues of this in a speech denouncing their amendments, which potentially added billions to the people's cost of living and billions to the profits of a few manufacturers, producers and merchants. Sabath's was a lonely voice in the House as he cried:

"You have voted to guarantee profits to business. I wonder if your action today means that you are willing to guarantee full, steady employment and decent wages to all working people . . . but that, I know, is far from your thoughts. . . . I say to you gentlemen on the Republican side, and to some of you from the Cotton States—who went South on this bill—that you will not be able to explain your vote to the people. You will not be able to explain the scuttling of price control, and the invitation to a tremendous increase in the cost of living, which is bound to bring about a disastrous inflation that will plague us for years to come. You are not acting in the interest of the nation. I am amazed at your disregard for the rights of the masses.

". . . What you have done today will fall with greatest burden on wage and salary earners, small businessmen, veterans, the millions of people with small, fixed incomes. We are aiding the starving abroad, and properly so. But in a short time we will have to aid millions of our own who will not be able to buy food at the increased prices which will result if OPA is rendered powerless to enforce the residue of those sections (of the Price Control Act) not repealed.

"Not only have you gentlemen emasculated this bill, you have murdered it."

Sabath's probably prophetic speech failed to sway the House just as it failed to find its way into the newspaper and radio reports of the action of the House. One by one, 10 in all, the amendments were whipped into the bill. One alteration added $1,000,000,000 to the cost of the clothing Americans will buy in the coming year, or roughly $30 for each average family. Another loaded $2,500,000,000 onto the cost of the consumers' food, or $70 for every family. Still another proposed upward revision of all food prices and might increase the cost per family by $125 a year.

The amendments rolled in and were put into the Price Control Act with a whoop and a holler. One upped rents by from 10 to 15 per cent and another tore the ceiling off cotton prices and opened the way for wild speculation in the cotton market. Cotton is already selling at 27 cents a pound, more than four times its prewar price. The removal of ceilings on cotton prices now would mean adding about $50,000,000 to Americans' clothing bills and fabulous fortunes for those who've bought cotton at current prices and are holding it for the price jump which will come if ceilings are removed. April 17th was a lobbyists' holiday in Washington, for the House did everything

(Continued on page 29)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Betty Ann Mills, talented twenty-three-year-old painter from North Carolina, who is regarded as the Hall's baby. She has been there three years

Andrew Carnegie built Carnegie Hall in 1891. Here we see Joseph Boston, the painter, who took a studio there in 1911 and wouldn't move out for anything!

NAME YOUR CULTURE

BY STANLEY FRANK

Whatever it is, you'll probably find it taught or practiced in the Carnegie Hall Studios, an adjunct of the famous Carnegie Hall. The Studios have produced some of the greatest artists, musicians and actors, and also some of the greatest phonies and screwballs

ONCE upon a time there was a dancing bear so lavishly endowed with talent that Clyde Beatty, its owner, was seized by a bright idea. The bear was an accomplished exponent of the Spanish dance, and Beatty thought it would be nice if the beast learned an Oriental routine. Yeichi Nimura, the famous Eurasian dancer, enthusiastically accepted the bear as a pupil and made an appointment for the first lesson in his studio the following day. The elevator operator, an unaesthetic lout, refused to accept the bear as a passenger when it waddled into the building on a leash.

The incident is noteworthy only because it marked the second time in fifty-five years that the management of the Carnegie Hall Studios in New York has balked at a tenant's eccentricity. The other occasion involved a voice teacher who believed the road to grand opera and the concert stage could be leap-frogged by producing sounds after the manner of animals. The walls of the building are five feet thick, but they were not soundproof against the braying, grunting and squealing that emanated from his atelier. He was asked to transfer his menagerie elsewhere.

Carnegie Hall, the concert auditorium, is familiar to everyone as the shrine all musicians hope to attain. Yet few New Yorkers among the thousands who daily pass the sprawling yellow-brick pile, that looks like nothing so much as a warehouse, are aware that there are 193 studios and housekeeping units equipped with running hot and cold culture in the same building.

Here authentic geniuses have lived and worked—and some of the most brazen fakes and phonies ever turned loose upon the public have attempted to flourish. The crazy combination, though, shows a balance heavily in favor of enduring art.

The heart of midtown Manhattan, raucous with traffic noises, would seem to be a highly improbable location for creative talent, but it is the one address in America known to artists all over the world. On a typical day a few weeks ago, a young ballet dancer from New Zealand and a man named Steffanson, in this country to record the folk songs of his native Iceland, tried to rent studio space. They were told the waiting list was closed two years ago when more than 3,000 applications were on file.

Studio 61 alone serves as a magnet attracting talent from all points of the compass. Every famous ballet dancer of this century, except Pavlova and Nijinsky, has taught or studied in the school founded by Isadora Duncan in the early 1900s after she was hooted off the stage downstairs for appearing in bare feet and a short tunic. Twenty-five years later, Ted Shawn caused no furore on the same stage when he danced the Death of Adonis wearing only a fig leaf. Times, like the teachers in 61, changed.

Where Genius Was Discovered

Mikhail Mordkin rehearsed students pounding out the rhythm with a pogo stick and signaling for breaks with a startlingly round, ripe Bronx cheer. The Fokines, the Denishawn group, Alys Bentley, Anton Dolin and Aubrey Hitchens, Pavlova's last partner, have taught there and turned out Markova, Sono Osato, Mary Martin and Bambi Linn. Ballet became an integral feature of Broadway musical comedy after Agnes de Mille rehearsed Oklahoma! and One Touch of Venus in the big room.

A hallowed niche in the tradition of Studio 61 is reserved for Mr. Wang and Mme. Ting, the superbly arrogant and cross-eyed Siamese cats owned by Nimura. It says here in large type that a Siamese cat is not of noble ancestry unless its eyes meet at a point just short of a complete merger, which makes Mr. Wang the purest-bred animal on record. Mr. Wang was a pretty haughty observer of the goings on in the studio until the graceful, lissome ballerinas inexplicably began to fall flat on their faces during rehearsals.

This went on for several weeks before it was discovered that the magnificently cockeyed Mr. Wang was throwing them all for a loss by staring at them. Mr. Wang promptly was banished, but before he left he showed his contempt for the nonsense by climbing to a transom and taking off in a stupendous leap that made the dancers practicing jetés look like spavined elephants.

Although the bizarre behavior and interests of some tenants would give ordinary rental agents the screamy-weamies, the people who run the Carnegie Hall Studios have learned to take all crises with tolerance and equanimity. The concentration of so much artistic temperament, and delusions of same, under one roof often makes for extreme provocation, but the management steadfastly holds to the principle of aesthetic freedom even when a padded cell is indicated as a more appropriate residence for a bemused tenant.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX

There was a quixotic fellow who originated the "Earthworm Dance," positively never performed elsewhere, in which he solemnly wiggled through holes cut in yards of cheesecloth in cadence to a rhythm heard only by him. The house left him strictly alone and presently he went away quietly. There also was a sweet, lavender-and-lace old lady who regularly rented a studio twice a month and gave recitals to rows of vacant chairs in a delicate, off-key soprano. Nonmusical tenants insist the best critic the building ever had was Marcella Sembrich, a cat that hated sopranos. She was owned by E. Presson Miller, a vocal coach, and whenever a lady pupil took off and reached for a high one, Marcella reared up on her hind legs and hissed fiercely.

Some of the most preposterous pap ever set in type has been dreamed up in Carnegie Hall by mystics, self-ordained philosophers and parties who claim to have found the Divine Secret of Life in ancient aboriginal dance rituals. People deluding themselves and indulgent patrons have turned out gaudy monstrosities resembling exercises in finger painting by backward children and have managed to pay the rent. The periodic visits of Louis raise no eyebrows on the premises. Louis is a blind, white-haired patriarch who affects Roman costume, calls himself a disciple of Christ and serenely collected signatures on a petition to impeach Senator Bilbo recently while a free-for-all raged around him in Times Square.

Success Means Hard Work

"Only the phonies and the nuts studying to be characters are eccentric," says Eugene Molyneaux, the vice-president of the studios. "Successful artists work too hard to have time for horsing around. They lead lives as dull and prosaic as ordinary business people. The so-called Bohemians always have been the pseudo artists and the freaks on the lunatic fringe. Sure, they're pretty temperamental, especially the musicians, and the people who have a rush of no talent to the head often are vain and arrogant, but they get over it quickly if you listen and throw in a sympathetic 'yes' in the right places."

Molyneaux was a Wall Streeter before he moved to the studios. He admits life among the artistes is "a different world."

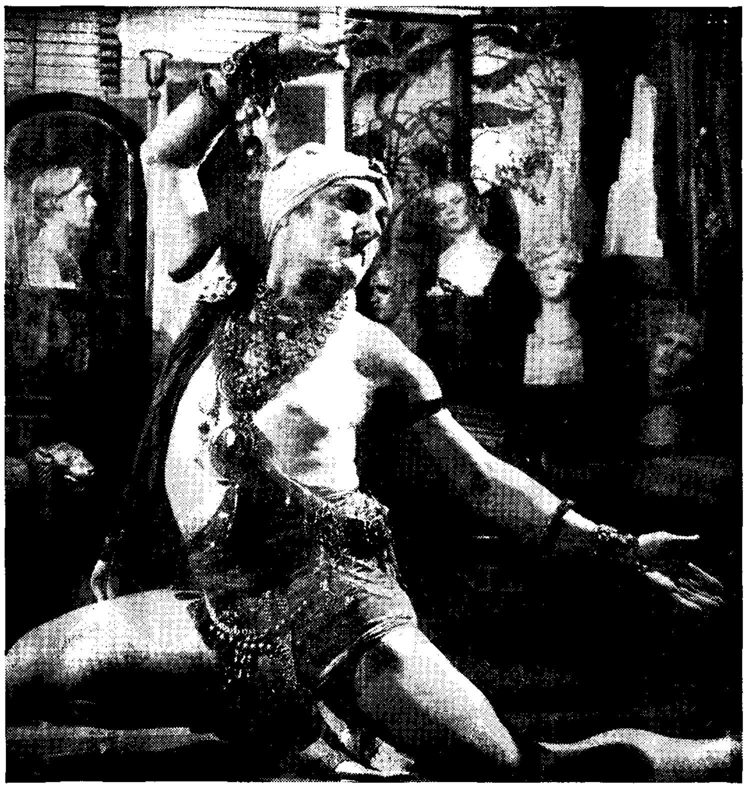
Harmony is maintained among the clients by a diplomatic arrangement that is the result of long experience. The "silent arts"—painting, sculpture, dramatics—are on the north side of the building. The musicians and dancers have to abide one another's racket in the opposite wing. Sometimes painters, who insist on getting studios with the prized north light, baffle the rental people by proceeding to hang heavy dark drapes over the windows. Hovsep Pushman, the Armenian who specializes in still life, has blacked out his elegant, ceiling-high windows save for one small pane. He says it focuses the equivalent of a spotlight on the canvas and helps him achieve the chiaroscuro effect for which he is celebrated.

Charles Dana Gibson occupied Studio 90 for thirty-three years and had a fit whenever the management offered to redecorate the place. He had waited fifteen years for the walls to get nice and dingy, he yelled, and he wasn't letting any silly innovations spoil them. Paul Swan, once billed in Paris as the most beautiful man in the world, now occupies the big room where the Gibson Girl was created. Swan, who has a profile that looks like a series of steps, paints, sculps, gives pantomimic dance recitals, designs tapestry, writes poetry and dabbles in philosophy in his spare time. He sleeps in a bed pitched on a stage to escape the world's harsh realities.

(Continued on page 35)

Estelle Platt, voice teacher, is the oldest individual tenant of Carnegie Hall. She has lived there about fifty years

Sculptor Walter Russell is one of the Hall's most distinguished old-timers. He was once Art Editor of Collier's


Paul Swan, once billed in Paris as the most beautiful man in the world, now occupies Charles Dana Gibson's old studio

John Bruno, noted glamorizing photographer, who entertains the theory that some of his long-haired neighbors are nuts!

Nimura, the famous dancer, shows his Siamese cats, Mme. Ting and Mr. Wang, to Lisa Maslova, featured dancer of Lute Song

A class in acting at the very old American Academy of Dramatic Arts, which moved into the Hall the day it was opened

Stranger's Return

BY DONALD HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

Carol knew what Marty's friends were saying. But she didn't care—until Marty came home and she read doubt in his eyes, too

HE HEARD the door close behind him; and he set down the suitcase and turned to look at her, remembering that she liked to pose against things: doors, porch columns, trees. She stood now with her back to the door of the apartment, stripping off her gloves slowly; standing there a little as if forestalling any attempt to escape on his part; a full-bodied girl of slightly more than average height, wearing a short fur jacket over a straight tailored dress. When you looked at her you saw the mass of light, almost blond hair; and you saw the fine muscular legs.

When he looked at her he saw the Quonset hut where the wood stove smoked them out and they necked in the car while waiting for the smoke to clear; he saw the boardinghouse in Seattle where they had pretended not to be married and found it made no difference to the landlady; he saw the dock in San Pedro in the rain. He saw, also, the anchorage at Ulithi and the launch coming alongside with the mail, and the plain white envelope with a Millerstown postmark and no return address. He had read the letter through at a glance as you might read an advertising circular and had laughed and crumpled it and thrown it aside in the same way.

Then the small growing doubt had sprung up inside him, and he had retrieved the crumpled ball of paper, smoothed it, reread it, and put it in his pocket; and it was still there, and the doubt was still there. He did not, after all, know anything about her except that he had married her. He had met only two of her relatives: an aunt who had come down for the hurried wedding; and Carol's cousin, a shipmate of his, who had introduced them. They had been luckier than many in the amount of time they had had together, but the scattered breathless days of leave, always in a different place, always a continent removed from his home and family, had not really told him what he needed to know about her now.

He watched her come away from the door to stand in front of him. She had a way of looking at you as if you were the only man in the world; and when she looked at you like that her lower lip came out a little, challenging you, asking you what you, the only man in the world, intended to do about her, the only woman in the world.

"Aren't you at all glad to see me, Martin?" she murmured.

There was only one answer to that, and he kissed her and felt her come to him eagerly but the doubt came between them and it was no better than the embarrassed peck at the station with his parents watching. She stepped back and studied him for a moment, her face expressionless; then she turned away and walked to the sofa, unpinning her hat.

"Did your mother tell you about dinner tonight?" she asked without looking back.

"Yes," he said.

"There's a dance at the country club tomorrow if you want to go."

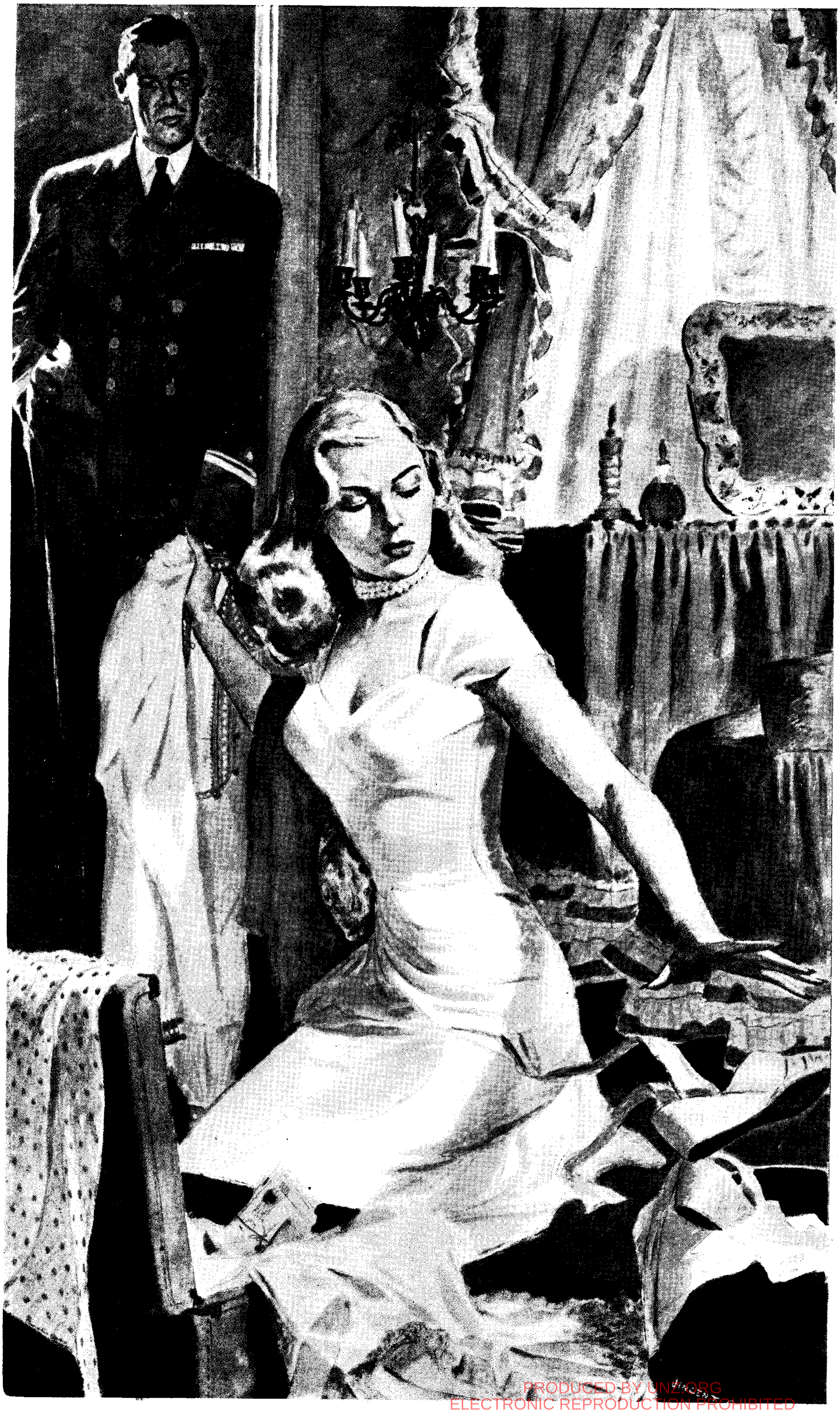
"All right," he said.

"I've been seeing your old girl friend around," she said. "We got quite chummy talking about you."

He looked at her quickly. It always startled him when she mentioned Ellen, as if Ellen were a secret he had kept from her. Yet he had told her about Ellen the night they met in San Francisco: he had been that lonely. It had been pleasant to be able to talk to somebody; and he had not thought he would ever see her again. He was shoving off in the morning.

But the ship had stayed a week longer, and before the end of that week, with a poker game going in the wardroom, he had written to Ellen. *Dear Ellen,* he had written, *I hope I can make you understand. . . . Dear Ellen, I . . .* It was a difficult thing to tell a very nice girl that perhaps you loved her but it was going to be a long war. *Dear Ellen, I'm getting married tomorrow.*

(Continued on page 75)



"You'll ruin your dress like that," Martin said, as he watched her kneeling on the floor. "What do you care?" Carol answered. "You won't have to pay for it"

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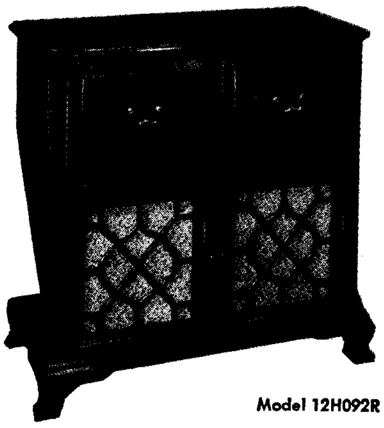
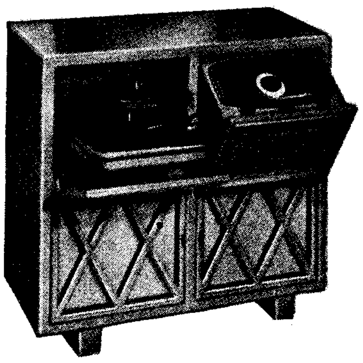


Model 12H092R

Radio-phonograph console, mahogany 18th Century design. Cobra Tone Arm; Silent-Speed Record Changer; Standard Broadcast, FM and international Short Wave. 64 tonal combination Radiorgan.



Model 12H094E

Radio-phonograph console, modern bisque mahogany. Cobra Tone Arm; Silent-Speed Record Changer; Standard Broadcast, FM and international Short Wave. 64 tonal combination Radiorgan.

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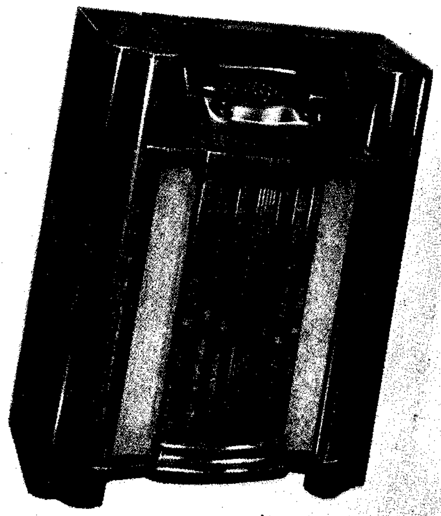

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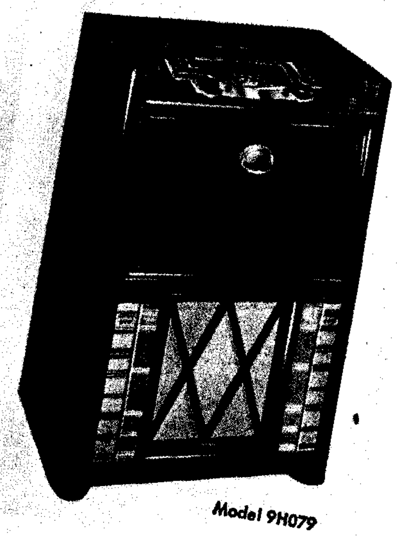

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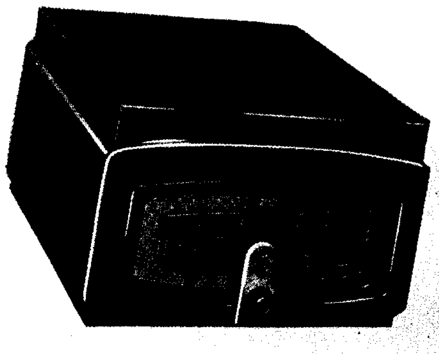

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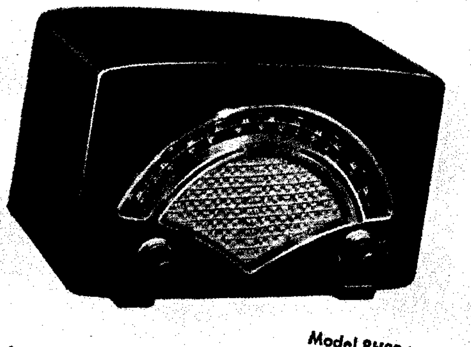
Deluxe Table Model Radio-phonograph, featuring Silent-Speed Record Changer and crystal tone arm. Powerful Alnico 5 dynamic speaker, new improved Wavemagnet. Beautiful modern cabinetry—Walnut, Mahogany, Bisque.



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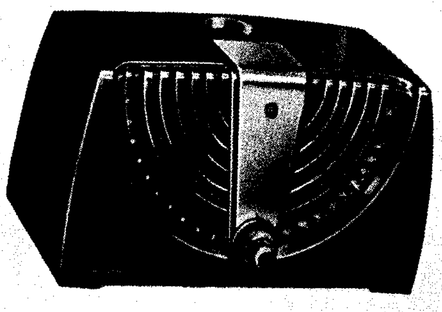

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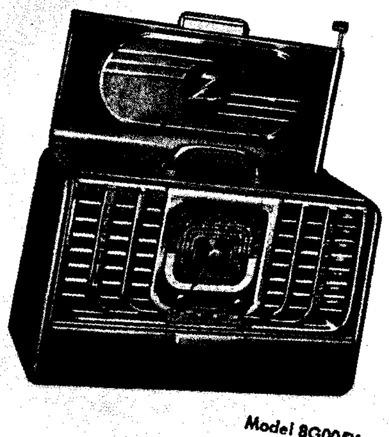

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Boom-Bust or Bowles

Continued from page 21

they'd been asked to do by the pressure groups since the OPA came into existence right after Pearl Harbor.

There was hope, of course, that a more rational and public-spirited Senate would reverse the House's decision, write a sound price control bill and prevail upon the House to accept it without crippling amendments. The debate over the price control bill was probably one of the most important in the nation's history, at least as important as the debate which decided against American participation in the League of Nations after World War I. The final outcome of that debate was bound to affect America's capitalistic system and perhaps the democracy itself.

Not only because he's an advertising man with a flair for slogans, but also because he is aware of the enormity of the perils to our way of life, Chester Bowles called his and the administration's fight against inflation the "battle of the century."

Bowles—a tall, affable, loosely coupled Connecticut Yankee with a big chin and a smile with a famous starboard list—has been the administration's most vigorous and courageous inflation fighter. He began battling this Hydra-headed enemy the moment he stepped into his first Washington job as boss of the OPA back in November, 1943. He left the agency in February, 1946, turning it over to Paul Porter, the big Kentuckian who'd served as administrator of the Federal Communications Commission—to become Economic Stabilizer. But Bowles hasn't stopped fighting. He'd like to have, come June 30th, an economy to stabilize.

Bowles' fight won him the support of the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. and the Political Action Committee. Certain editorialists, columnists and radio commentators tried persistently to discredit Bowles by identifying him exclusively with what they consider to be the undesirable radical elements of our society. His support, however, derives not only from the left, but from the conservative center of businessmen, farmers and white-collar workers, and the extent of his radicalism can be measured most accurately by what he hopes to accomplish—the preservation of American democracy.

"Ours isn't a perfect society," he says. "It contains many inequities, but it's better than what anyone else offers. We can keep it only, however, if we prevent another uncontrolled boom and another uncontrollable bust—avoid another cycle of phony prosperity and painfully real depression. To do so we've got to check inflation—now."

Inflation, in case Congress still doesn't know, is a phenomenon produced by (1) high demand, that is, a lot of people needing a lot of things and having lots of money to buy them with and (2) a scarcity of the things they need. Today both those conditions exist in a degree only slightly less exaggerated than during the war. The spendable income of the country ran at the rate of almost $140,000,000,000 a year during the first quarter of 1946.

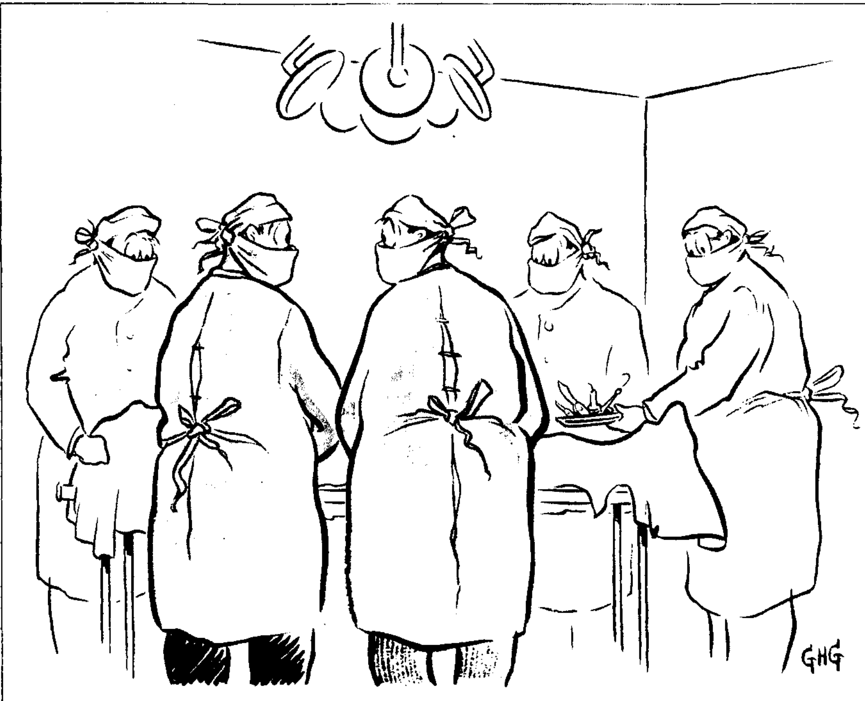
Billions Waiting to Be Spent

Swelling this income there were wartime savings totaling $145,000,000,000. A sizable chunk of those savings was in the form of cash and bank deposits and cashable War Bonds, so that the temptation to spend was particularly strong. On the other hand, the supplies of all the goods people required, production of which was cut back or eliminated during the war, were low. It'll be months before the supply can possibly catch up with the demand.

In 1946, for example, the automobile industry will produce no more than 3,500,000 cars as against the 8,000,000 to 15,000,000 cars now eight years or more older and other millions of automobiles which people would like to replace. The same thing is true, although in lesser degree, of refrigerators, nylons, flatirons and radios.

When demand is high and the supply is low, prices go up unless the government steps in to hold them. Prices are promptly reflected in the cost of living. When the cost of the things people eat and wear and live in goes up, workers demand higher wages. Unless prices and wages are under control, this leads to a race in which prices are always way ahead of wages. The process produces booming profits and it's difficult to believe that the prosperity isn't real. But it isn't. An inflationary boom never lasts. The prosperity it brings can't be maintained. This has been proved by the history of every nation in Europe as well as our own.

With living costs outstripping incomes, the day finally arrives when the market just won't support the higher prices. The minute that fact becomes apparent, orders for goods are canceled, prices sag, businessmen rush to sell what goods they have on hand before prices drop further and the dizzy climb turns into a dizzy drop. The value of goods on the shelves is slashed, profits turn into losses, unemployment grows and, with the resultant shrinkage in workers' incomes, the bottom drops out of the farmer's market too. When city folk aren't working and have no wages with which to buy food, the farmers can't sell their produce.



COLLIER'S "I've developed a bad slice, lately" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

An inflationary boom, with prices running away from wages, always ends in a deflationary bust. And down to this last war, every war in our history has brought an inflationary boom that's ended in a collapse. After the Armistice ending World War I, our pent-up demand fed an 18-month extension of the wartime boom and then, in a short year from the middle of 1920 to the middle of 1921, our economy fell flat on its face.

Factory employment was cut by 5,500,000. Corporation profits dropped from a plus of $6,500,000,000 to a minus of $55,000,000. Reserves built up during the war were wiped out by an $11,000,000,000 loss on the goods which speculators bought while prices were relatively low and then held for price increases. Farm prices were cut in half and farmers' income plummeted down to a third of what it had been. In the next five years, nearly 500,000 farmers lost their farms through foreclosures.

The whole economy was shaken by the collapse of 1920-1921 and it took farmers 20 years to recover. It is this which Bowles has in mind as he argues and pleads for continuation of price controls until supply can be brought into reasonable balance with demand. He hopes that, having done so vastly better a job during World War II than in World War I, we won't make the mistakes of 1918 and plunge into another boom-and-bust cycle.

To Bowles, inflation is not simply a question of prices getting out of hand. That, he knows, is just the beginning. Inflation is a forerunner of depression and Bowles knows that depression means unemployment, hunger, disease and insecurity. Long ago, at Yale, he studied economics, this science of "the laws of governing the production, distribution and consumption of wealth or the material means of satisfying human desires" and politics, the "science of government."

Depressions cause social and political chaos as well as economic damage. Everyone knows that without the unemployment of the early thirties and the hopelessness and despair which it brought to Europe generally and Germany particularly, the Fascists and the Nazis could never have come to power.

"And what happened in Europe," argues Bowles, "can happen here. In Europe, people confronted with a choice between freedom and security—the ballot or a full stomach—chose to eat rather than vote. It's the function of popular government to prevent the conditions which oblige a desperate choice between freedom and security or what passes for security.

"The last time we went through a boom-bust cycle, a Franklin Delano Roosevelt came along and saved us from possible revolution with his New Deal, its government-financed public works and its social legislation. The 'made jobs' and unemployment compensation, the old-age pensions and the disability insurance provisions of his program provided the great masses of the people with that minimum of security which turned them away from violence and from thoughts of yielding any of their democratic freedoms.

"But who can guarantee that the next time it might not be a Nikolay Lenin or a Huey Long instead of a Roosevelt?"

Bowles—now a man of forty-four who was a lad preparing to enter Yale when the Yanks came marching home after World War I—is not alone in his gloomy appraisal of the potentialities of another depression. He is seconded by a wise and older man, Baruch.

Baruch had fought inflation in World War I. He knew it to be a stubborn beast, not to be beaten with slogans, handouts, pamphlets and speeches. Inflation could be defeated only by the co-ordinated efforts of the people and the government, of labor and industry and the farmers acting together according to a well-defined plan. And Baruch, testifying before the House Banking and Currency Committee weeks ago, urged extension of the OPA's life for at least another year. He advocated restraints on wages, too, and the maintenance of a careful balance between them and prices, raising one or the other only when absolutely necessary to maintain the workers' purchasing power and to enable industry to produce at a reasonable profit.

"Otherwise," he warned, "we shall soon find ourselves in the morass of confusion that will bring us either to Fascism or Communism and our form of government will have been lost."

Subsoil Workings of Inflation

Both men—Baruch publicly and Bowles privately—fear that serious damage has already been done to the nation's economic structure by the subsoil workings of inflation. And both are aware that the forces which can produce another inflationary boom and bust are even greater today than those which generated the up-down spasm after World War I.

Inflationary pressures have been at work for six years. Their effects are measurable in many ways but the simplest and most accurate indexes are prices and wages. Prices, as reflected in the cost of living, have generally risen by nearly 32 per cent, just about half as much as the rise which occurred during World War I up to the Armistice and only a third of the upsurge to the 1920 inflation peak. Wages have gone up by 45 to 50 per cent, less than half as much as during the World War I inflationary period. On paper, therefore, we've got inflation licked. Wages are ahead of prices.

But inflation isn't beaten. To begin with, the 32 per cent figure is a much disputed one. The C.I.O. insists that the cost of living has risen by at least 45 per cent and possibly more than 50 per cent. The A.F. of L. is more conservative and puts the over-all rise in the cost of living at about 40 per cent. There's some basis for labor's contentions. Food and clothing, the two biggest items on any moderate-income family's budget, have gone up in price by about 51 and 50 per cent respectively according to the very conservative figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The C.I.O.'s slide-rule boys maintain that those figures should be 70 per cent for food and 80 per cent for clothing.

Whoever's right it's obvious that inflation's at work. It manifests itself in many invisible ways not reflected by the statisticians' computations. The effects of upgrading, scarcities, black markets and tie-in sales are all inflationary. You feel them when you pay Grade-A prices for Grade-B eggs, are obliged to buy heavy whipping cream to make butter, buy $10 worth of groceries merely to be able to get a package of soap flakes or toilet paper and pay $5.50 for a pair of $1.69 nylons.

On the whole, however, the nation's efforts to confine the inflationary current behind a dike of price and wage controls were fairly successful throughout the war, largely due to the OPA and the WLB. These agencies kept prices and wages from sprinting off in a disastrous race. Throughout World War II excess profits taxes and high income taxes helped to siphon off surplus buying power and to reduce the pressures on prices. The scarcity of goods was at least partially overcome by rationing available supplies and spreading them out over the greatest possible number of consumers. The well-heeled could invest in the uncontrolled real-estate market and in the stock market. And everyone could, and did, invest in War Bonds.

V-J Day, however, brought innumerable complications. Overnight there was a rush to return to normalcy. Labor wanted to determine just how much it could get out of industry through free collective bargaining as before the war. Industry wanted competition, and not government, to decide the prices of its goods and the amount of profit to be derived from the sale thereof. Both demanded and obtained abolition of the War Labor Board. The only check on wages and the only machinery then existing for regulating their relationship to prices was destroyed.

Labor immediately demanded higher wages, for with V-J Day had come a return to the 40-hour week which meant an overall reduction in workers' take-home pay of about 15 per cent and, in some cases, as much as 50 per cent. The administration, believing in industry's ability to pay wage increases out of a backlog of profits which, the Commerce Department said, were about two and a half times higher, after taxes, than they'd been in the four years before the war, supported labor's demands.

Industry, shackled in the war years by priorities and taxes, insisted upon an immediate return to a completely free economy. To its leaders, or to those who claimed to speak for industry, a managed economy smelled of socialism. Of those administration bureaucrats most concerned with the country's economic future, Bowles opposed the industrialists but Snyder and Krug acquiesced. Only production could ultimately win the fight against inflation. But Snyder and Krug believed that the nation would get most production by (1) dropping priorities and thus allowing free flow of materials into the factories for civilian goods and (2) abolishing all taxes which limited profits. Industry's views prevailed.

The results weren't what had been expected. Materials did flow into factories, but only into those of the big fellows who were able to buy at the high prices resulting from removal of price ceilings and restrictions. Allocations under the priorities system had kept materials flowing equitably into channels where they were most needed. Now it was a free-for-all and lumber, for instance, went into race tracks and night clubs, according to the Federal Housing Administration, instead of into homes for veterans.

Six months after V-J Day, in the critical weeks of February, the cumulative effects of the administration's efforts to return as rapidly as possible to a nonexistent "normalcy" became tragically evident. Industry's resistance to workers' wage demands had generated a wave of strikes which cost the nation more lost man-hours in the preceding six months than in the war years from 1942 to 1945 inclusive: nearly 45,000,000 man-days lost as against about 38,000,000 in nearly four years of war.

The administration had dropped the leash on wages. But not all industries could or would soak up wage increases with the blotter of wartime profits. One of these was the basic steel industry. The fat government orders for bulk steel were over. Production costs had slowly risen. Bowles recognized this and as long ago as last November had favored an increase to the steelmakers of $2.50 a ton. But steel said it needed a price rise of $5.

Hordes of Anti-OPA Lobbyists

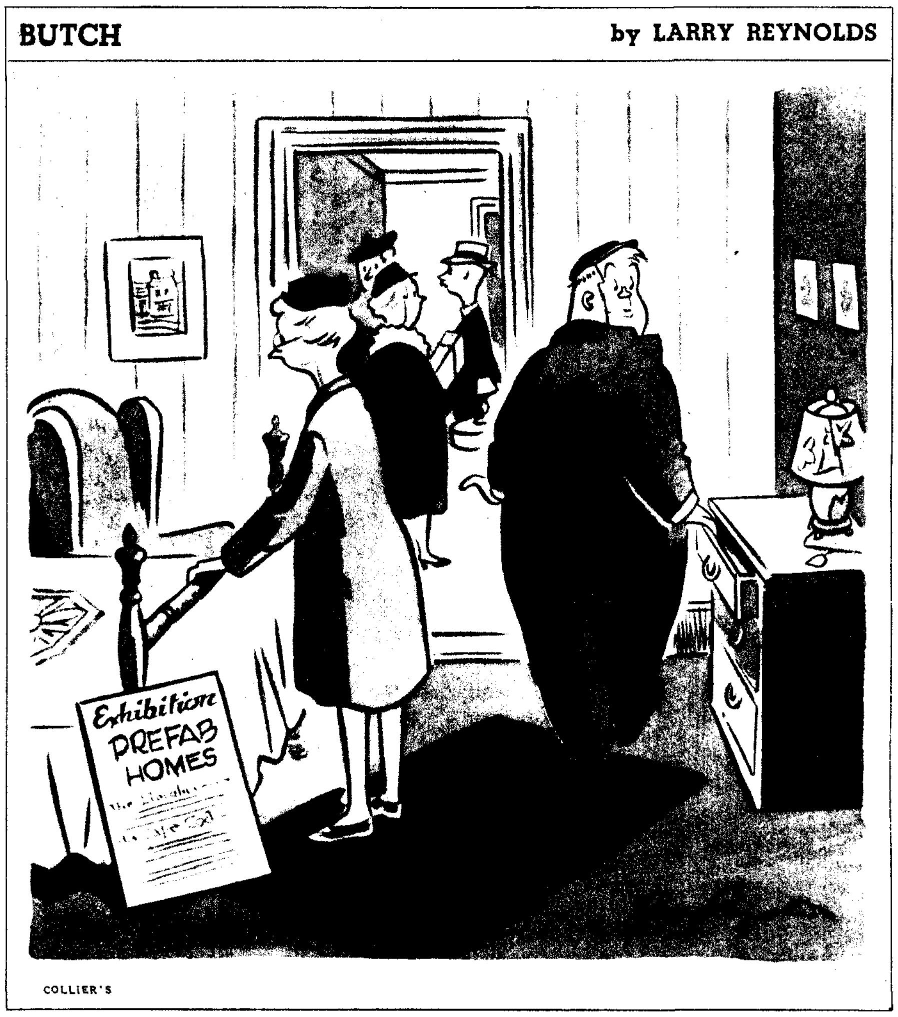
Steel production practically stopped while the industry negotiated with the administration for its price increase, and finally got it. Encouraged by this, other manufacturers intensified their efforts to break price locks and sweep away the OPA. Their 1,500 lobbyists swarmed all over Washington, elbowed you out of the way at the bars of the Press Club and the hotels and flooded the capital and the nation with anti-OPA propaganda. Behind their desire to return the nation to a free economy was the less noble one for fatter profits, but they based their argument on the premise that industry would provide the production with which to stifle inflation.

The National Association of Manufacturers led the campaign. In an advertisement inserted in newspapers throughout the country on February 19th, the NAM argued:

"Remove price controls on manufactured goods and production will step up fast. Goods will then pour into the market and, within a reasonable time, prices will adjust themselves naturally—as they always have."

The nation's economy was uncontrolled during the postwar boom of World War I, cautioned Bowles. Prices didn't readjust themselves naturally, they broke and fell after zooming to prohibitive heights. And, furthermore, he said, in an unmanaged or completely free economy, production during

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



THE NATION SAYS
Jayson
SHIRTS
PAJAMAS
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SPORTWEAR

The excellence for which Jayson shirts are famed is embodied in Jayson pajamas and Jayson sportwear. Fine tailoring, perfection of fit, and fashion authenticity . . . every advantage that adds to smartness, comfort and practicality . . . these are the reasons why *the nation says Jayson.*

World War I rose by only 24 per cent. During World War II a managed economy produced a production boost of 116 per cent.

The powerful forces at work posed President Truman a pretty political problem. The opponents of the OPA constituted at most the upper third of the country's more conservative manufacturers, big farmers and businessmen and their salaried executives and middle-of-the-road dependents. The friends of the OPA, however, comprised the lower two thirds of the nation's income groups and, therefore, the bulk of the voters. But most large campaign contributions come from the top income group, not from the masses.

His own feelings "for the economic underdogs" of our society and the advice of Bowles, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, Mr. Vinson, Secretary of Commerce Henry Wallace and others swung President Truman into the fight to keep the OPA.

Political Prestige a Factor

It was probably as much out of recognition of Bowles' political stature, last February, as for any other reason that the President lined up with him in the fight over the OPA. Bowles, at the time, was accused by his enemies of having Presidential ambitions and his friends sincerely hoped that he had. He was being urged by Democratic Party leaders to run for the governorship of his home state of Connecticut or for the Senate. He had at least as big a following among the A.F. of L., C.I.O. and PAC voters as Henry Wallace and probably a larger one among businessmen, white-collar workers and farmers. Bowles was, in fact, a whale in a pool of political minnows.

Bowles vigorously opposed the $5 increase to steel. But he yielded, provided all other controls on rents, foods, clothing and the multitude of other items from automobiles down to whisky would be kept. Steel got its increase and Bowles was promoted to Economic Stabilizer with even greater powers over the nation's economy than before. Those of Snyder were proportionately reduced.

A new wage-price policy was worked out whereby wage increases will be granted wherever necessary to recruit man power for essential industries and when inequities exist—but not if such increases are to be made the basis for rises in the prices. Manufacturers may obtain increases in prices for their goods whenever they can show that they're operating at a loss or are making less money than they did in the prosperous years between 1935 and 1939.

But some manufacturers were not satisfied with this complex but workable wage-price adjustment machinery. The lobbyists of real estate, meat packing, clothing, big farm and other interests continued to press for removal of price ceilings and destruction of the OPA. Price increases were granted to hundreds of manufacturers, but it was too late for appeasement. The increase in the cost of steel, for instance, actually raised the price of an average automobile by only $8, but OPA economists report that some car makers wanted, and obtained, increases of $85 a car and up. The race of selfishness, as Baruch described it, was on.

The OPA and the Office of Economic Stabilization are the only safeguards the government has against runaway inflation and another depression. If these are removed or their powers are too drastically curtailed, disaster is possible. You have not only Bowles' word for that, but Baruch's and the testimony of hundreds of leading economists and businessmen and of history itself. The two offices—OPA and OES—are interdependent; if the OPA goes, or is rendered impotent, there will be little left that an Economic Stabilizer can do to head off trouble.

What hope exists for ultimate enactment of a workable Price Control Act with sufficient powers for restraining an already lively inflation rests in the statesmanship and responsibility of our legislators.

As for Bowles, he, like his former colleagues in the OPA, will be looking for a job if Congress kills price control. He'll have to say "Yes" or "No" about running for governor of Connecticut. But it's a safe bet that he has cut out for himself a large chunk of public life somewhere.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

bundle of cash in his hand. She had a home for her chauffeur. The housing shortage was over.

WE'VE just received a perfume catalogue. Therein we are told that for one price and another we may, with a sprinkle or dash or even a dab behind our ears, "change a passing glance into romance." We are having some trouble though making a choice. We teeter between a scent which is "flirtatious as a flip of veil" and another "as haunting as remembered laughter." Yet another is "perfume with a pagan perspective" and we feel ourselves weakening. However, we may try a bottle claiming to contain something "poised and patrician" but again we wonder whether "essence of high glee" wouldn't suit us better. Perhaps we shall settle for a few bucks worth of "promise of a stirring future." On second thought we've thrown the damned thing into the ash can. Whether you like it or not we shall struggle onward and downward smelling as usual. We for one have got used to that.

ANYWAY it was spring in Washington and we decided to sit out an hour or two in Lafayette Park opposite the White House. But all the benches were filled, most of them by hatless, well-dressed, serious gentlemen with brief cases. *They* were not filled with spring's lassitude either but were terribly alert, conversing solemnly with one another. We spoke to Mr. Dominick Di Biassi, a park attendant, about it. Mr. Di Biassi leaned upon his broom and explained that it was probably all Mr. Bernard Baruch's fault, Mr. Baruch having started something. However Mr. Di Biassi didn't think much of the Bench Brains we were looking at at the moment. "What they got *on* the benches is about the same," said Mr. Di Biassi. "The rest is phooey." Also, Mr. Di Biassi said, Mr. Baruch always cleaned up after him when he left. . . .

AND a six-page, typewritten, single-spaced letter from Pfc. Aaron G. Leuterbach of Ephrata, Pennsylvania: It tells, we think, what Pfc. Leuterbach and 12,000,000 other servicemen are going to do when they get home and organize. But it's his brief postscript that we understand clearly: "P.S.," writes Pfc. Leuterbach. "What I mean is: Do you know where I can get a good job?"

SOCIAL note from Romantic Alta, Utah: "If you see in the papers," writes Mr. J. Dielks, "where Sam Ward sit out that reception to Mayor Watson last Saturday night in his overcoat, it was on account the zipper on his pants, and the wife wouldn't stand for it."

AND you can, if you have time, imagine the surprise of Donald A. Evans, CMOMM, U.S. Navy, when he read in the front page of his home-town newspaper, the Clermont Courier, Batavia, Ohio, the following hot flash: "The Methodist Guild will have gin this week at Holy Trinity Church, Batavia, with 8:30-o'clock Mass on Friday. They will close with services and a procession at 8:00 o'clock on Sunday, at which more than twenty priests from neighboring parishes will assist." . . .

W. D.

Great Gifts for Graduation

FEW gifts, somehow, are as appropriate for graduation as a fountain pen and matching pencil. This year Wearever presents distinguished gift sets of matchless beauty and rugged dependability. They are sheathed in gleaming, modern plastics. The pens write easily, unfailingly—thanks to such features as "C-Flow"* feed, 14 Karat gold points, larger ink capacities. The pencils are gems of mechanical perfection. Choose guaranteed Wearever sets for *your* graduation gift giving. They are made by America's largest fountain pen manufacturer, this year celebrating its fiftieth year in business. David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N.J.

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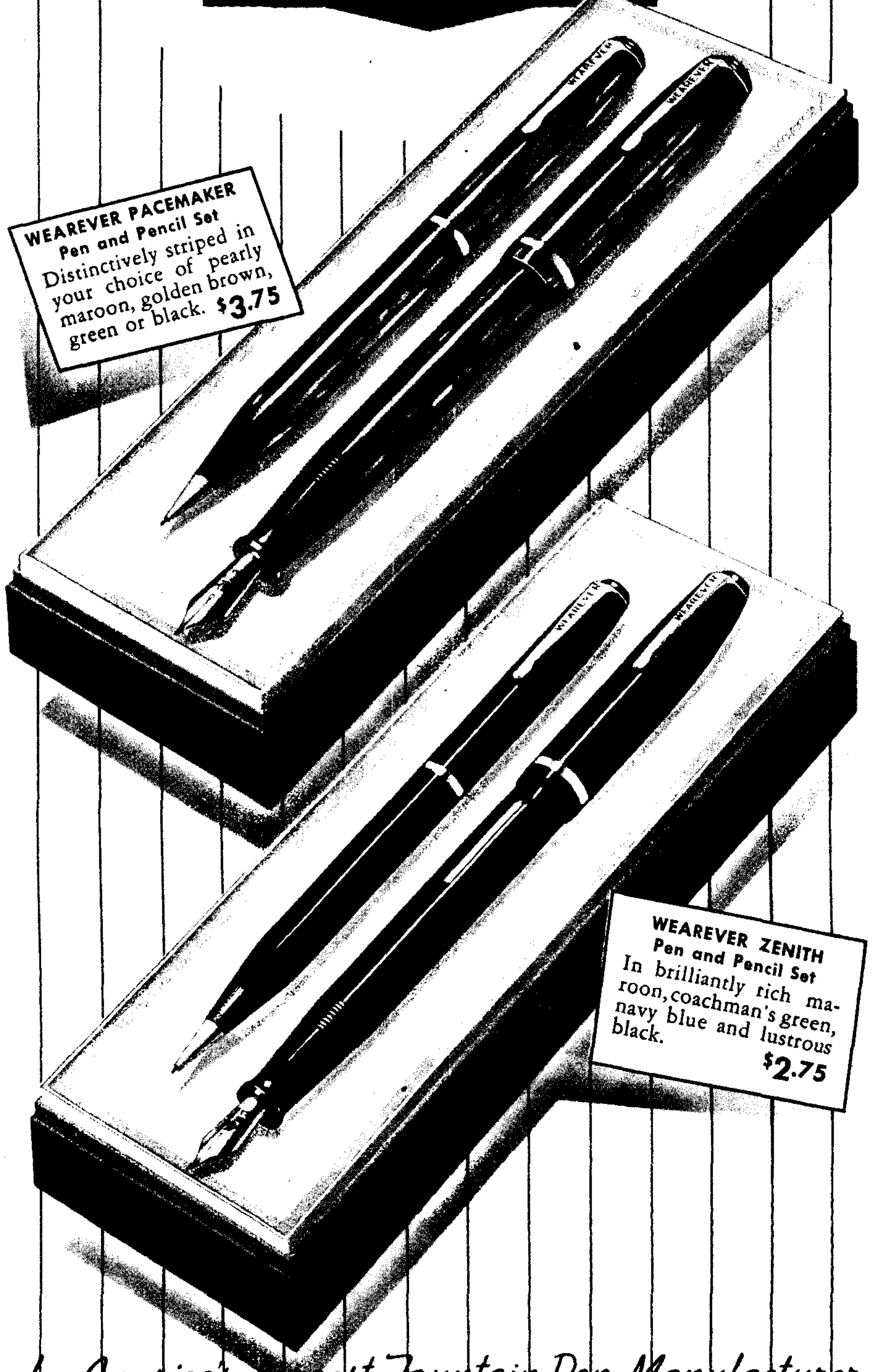

WEAREVER PACEMAKER
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Distinctively striped in your choice of pearly maroon, golden brown, green or black. $3.75

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In brilliantly rich maroon, coachman's green, navy blue and lustrous black.
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Fish To Taste

By Ruth Carson

In New York City there's a restaurant where they really know how to prepare fish. Here the experts who run it tell some of their secrets

ON Fifty-first Street in New York there is a little piece of New England called Gloucester House, where fish-hungry New Yorkers celebrate Friday every day of the week. Regular customers know enough not to expect any certain fish when they come in. It's the day's catch that decides the menu.

So if it's been stormy weather, Conductor Leopold Stokowski won't count on his favorite broiled bay scallops. Mrs. Wendell Willkie will stand in line, waiting her turn for a table, even though she knows the snapper for her special red snapper Creole didn't come in that morning. They know, along with five to eight hundred others who flock to the place each day, that there will be plenty to pick from, and all of it delicious.

A wartime necessity has turned out to be a feature of the place, better than a menu for making a choice. There is no service entrance, so all deliveries must come through the front door. Before the war, they were scheduled for early morning, not to disturb the customers. Now it's still: Take it when you can get it. Great white barrels, stamped Rockland, Me., packed with lobsters, come rolling in the door any time. Boxes of shrimp from Florida, crabs from Maryland, oysters from West Chatham, Cape Cod, are toted right past the delighted customers who point and exclaim: "Look, crabs just coming in. That's what I'll have."

Men who generally dine at home come into the Gloucester House sometimes instead, bringing their wives. They order a specialty of the house, broiled fish—any fish that's best on the market that day. ("Our special way of cooking fish," says Mr. Edmund C. Lillys, proprietor of Gloucester House, "if you can call it special, is broiling it and not spoiling it with sauces and things.") So this broiled sea bass, say, comes on the table, all buttery browned and hot, of just the right moist tenderness, each mouthful a delectable morsel. And the men eye their wives triumphantly and say, "How about it? How about some of this at home?"

At which Mr. Lillys comes promptly to the rescue of the wives. "It can't be done," he says, "at home. The broiler heat in the usual range isn't hot enough. I'm constantly battling with the Edison Company to get the pressure up here. See how hot that is," and he invited us to stick our hand under the broiler. We saw all right.

You can get the same heat at home with charcoal. So any time the man of the house wants fish broiled at home, he can get out the charcoal brazier and get a good hot, broiling mess of coals going in the fireplace, or outdoors in your picnic spot. He can even do the whole job, from catching the fish fresh to broiling it to a sputtering, golden brown.

Or, if he doesn't, you can sauté your market fish at home. That's what the Lillys family does. Edmund Lillys lives with his mother and father, and his young sister Elly, who helps him up front at the desk in the restaurant. At home they have a regulation gas stove, with none of the extra pressure demanded at Gloucester House. So Mother Lillys, who is a fine cook, sautés her fish.

How to Sauté a Fish

This is the way to sauté a fish: If it is a small fish, cook it whole. If it is a large one, cut it in pieces if you like. But once it is cut, don't wash it any more. If you do, it will simply get waterlogged, and blister and steam to tastelessness when you cook it. An hour before the fish is to be cooked, salt it. This is very important, bringing out the fine, delicate flavor. Now cut the skin of the fish down its length so that it can't draw as it cooks. Dip in flour, shake off every bit you can, and sauté the fish quickly in hot, unsalted butter, enough to cover the bottom of the pan an eighth of an inch. Have whole sprigs of parsley in the pan.

Mind that parsley in the pan. "Parsley flavor is subtle yet pungent. It's necessary to good fish cookery." If you can't get butter, use a good shortening. Ten minutes should see the fish as buttery golden as though you had broiled it, a tender and delectable bit of eating. Serve it on a hot plate with French fried potatoes. Pass fluffy baking powder biscuits, serve a tossed green salad and a simple dessert. You've duplicated the kind of meal that packs them into Gloucester House.

Such undisguised cookery, which, like a good meat and potato dinner is America's favorite kind of eating, has to depend on something other than fancy fixings for its appeal. It has to be perfection in itself. "You can't disguise things the way you can in stew," says Mr. Lillys. "That fish has to be the best, because you taste every bit of it. Everything you put into these simple dishes has to be absolutely right, or you'd know it." He has his little tricks, though, to enhance the perfection.

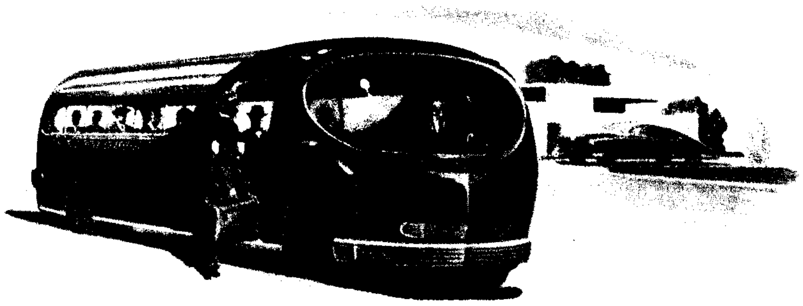
Those French fried potatoes, for example, are sliced out of Idaho baking potatoes. A little more costly, yes, but such a crisp brown on the outside, such a flavorful, mealy white inside. ("Nothing here is pulled out of a hat. Technique and recipes are fine, but you've got to have the right ingredients.") You can be sure, whatever the new emergency flour is like, they'll use the best of that, too.

Gloucester House salads are something Gloucester House fans reminisce dreamily about, even write in about. They are made with a mixture of any greens to be found in the market, leaving out only the delicate ones that wilt too quickly for restaurant service. But it's the dressing that has the customers smacking their lips and begging to buy little bottles full to take home. Its secret? Onion and garlic juices, freshly pressed out, added to a French dressing. "None

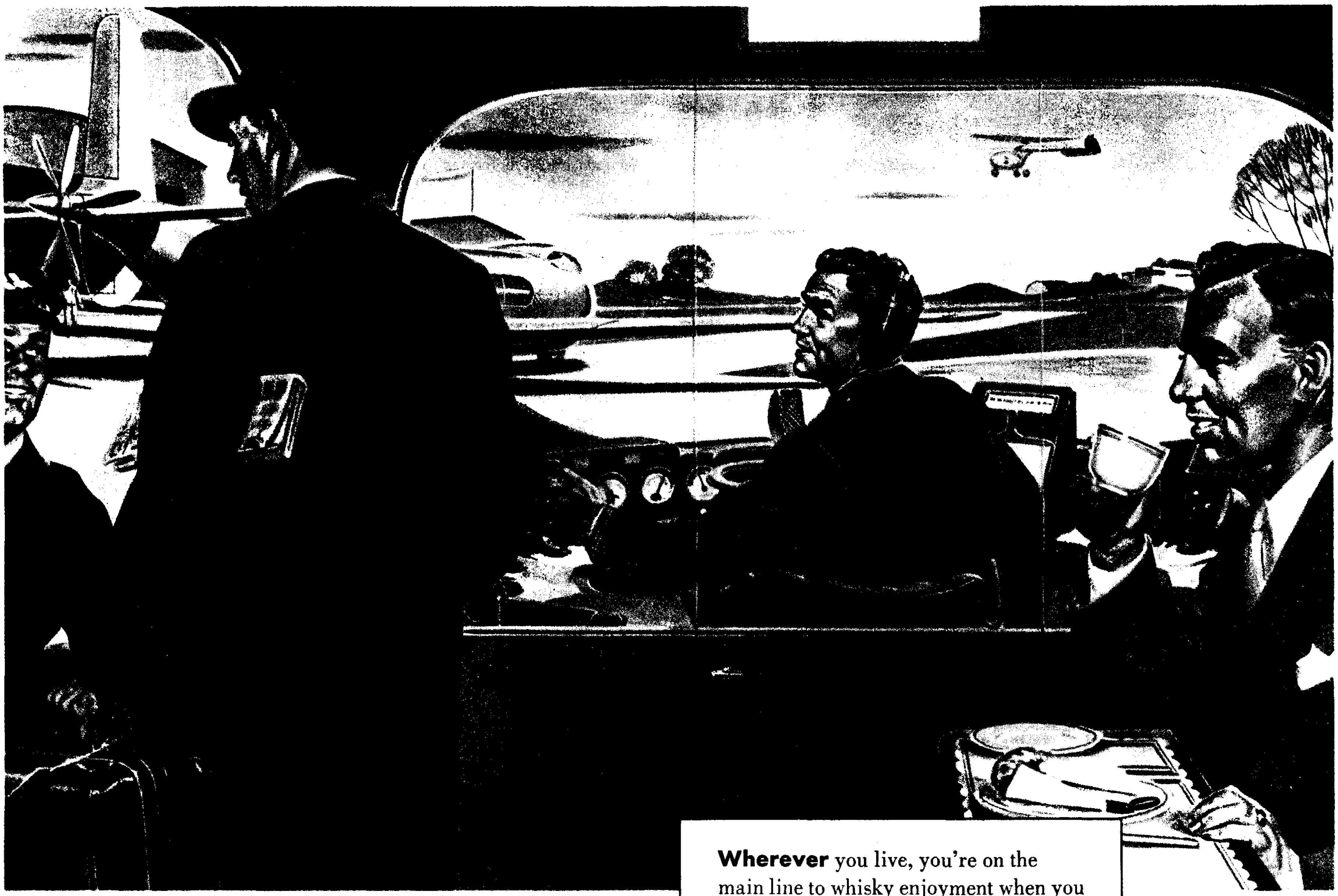
Above: Lobsters packed in seaweed arrive at Gloucester House by air from Maine the day they were caught, supplementing regular shipping. Below: Edmund Lillys in role of food sampler

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

Airline Office on Wheels
is your Taxi, too...



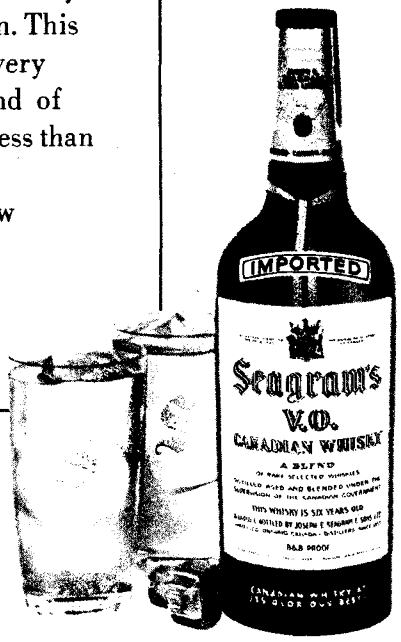
by Men who Plan beyond Tomorrow



Wherever you live, you're on the main line to whisky enjoyment when you ask for Seagram's V.O. Canadian. This imported whisky—very light, very *clean-tasting*—is a superb blend of Canada's finest whiskies, none less than 6 years old. Taste it tonight, you'll tell your friends tomorrow that Seagram's V.O. makes the world's lightest highball.

This Whisky is 6 Years Old 86.8 Proof.
Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

If you live off the main line routes, your trip by air Tomorrow starts right at your front door or office. Phone for the bus...it picks you up, and as it takes you to the nearest feeder airline connecting with the major routes, you're served with food, while the operator, in touch with both main and branch lines by radiophone, arranges for tickets and time. From door to destination, every detail will be arranged.



Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

TOO BAD HE'S A

SNOW MAN*

*TOO BAD HE HAS
DANDRUFF
PURCHASING AGENT

HE NEEDS JERIS

FOR FIVE-IN-ONE HAIR CARE

1 Corrects loose dandruff

2 Gives antiseptic protection

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4 Cleanses the scalp

5 Keeps hair in place

JERIS
Antiseptic
HAIR TONIC

Start your Five-in-One hair care today. Ask for Jeris at your favorite barber shop or drug counter.

JERIS ANTISEPTIC HAIR TONIC

of your dried stuff. None of your powders. Onion juice you can scrape out. For garlic juice, chop and mash through cheesecloth."

This simple meal was heartier than you might have suspected. By now you may be ready for a dessert as delicate as a freshly baked pear, so lightly sweetened it makes only freshness in your mouth. There are fine pies and cakes for those who are still able. But many a guest will prefer to finish with rice pudding, made the way Edmund Lillys' mother likes it—"just enough sugar to sweeten, but not enough to make a rich dessert out of it."

This creamy, mellow pudding, so popular with New Yorkers, is a simple one to make. With one quart of milk you need one egg, half a cup of rice and half a cup of sugar. Wash the rice well in cold water. Put everything except the egg together and cook without boiling, stirring frequently. It will take possibly three quarters of an hour—longer if you use a double boiler. The pudding will thicken as you stir, and the more you stir, the mellower it will be. After you have taken it off the fire, stir in the egg which has been beaten well and mixed slowly with a little warm milk. Grate in a little lemon or orange rind if you like.

Edmund Lillys' mother and father come frequently into his talk about cooking and about fish, because he grew up learning about these things from them. His father was a wholesale fish dealer in his native Kadirli on the Sea of Marmara, across from Constantinople. When the family moved to America in 1922, escaping the aftermath of the first World War, the senior Lillys opened a restaurant in Brooklyn. A fish restaurant, of course. Young Edmund helped around the place, learning as he worked.

Learning Facts About Fish

"When Dad tells you about fish," he says "you just know. You learn to tell from the shape of the head and back, and from the shade of its color where a codfish comes from. You can tell whether a rock bass was caught down South, or off the Jersey coast. The deeper and colder the water, the better the fish. It's all right for a Florida fish to come from Florida, but not for a New England fish to come from the South. No one but fishermen will believe this, but occasionally in the summer, a few pompanos will stray up North and be caught off Long Island. That day we feast. There aren't enough to put on the menu, so we have a private feast. We broil them."

Fresh-caught fish are the real, open secret of Gloucester House success. They're the reason cooking can go on right under the customers' noses, in a kitchen that's open to the dining area. You can look over the counter and see the chef frying prawns in butter for your delectation, broiling sea bass to perfection, hoisting lobsters out of the pot. Yet there's not a fishy smell in the place. Savory aroma, yes, what little escapes the giant ventilating hoods over the ranges. "Fish, like fruit," says Mr. Lillys, "has an aroma. Like fruit, when it gets old it doesn't smell so good. But cook it fresh. It will taste delicious and smell that way too."

If you don't catch your fish yourself, here are some Lillys' tips for market buying; especially in big cities where a necessary amount of time elapses from fishing boat to counter: "Size is important, for small fish don't keep so well as large. Soft kinds of fish like cod, haddock, small weakfish and small flounder keep their flavor only a day. The second day they'll be tasteless. The third day, fishy. Firm fish like halibut, rock bass, scallops, swordfish, red snapper, kingfish, keep their good flavor longer. Swordfish, salmon and fillets of fish are good frozen."

Until recently, Father Lillys insisted on doing the fish marketing for Gloucester House, rising at dawn every morning to go down to Fulton Fish Market. He still, at the age of seventy-six, comes into the restaurant at eight each morning to see for himself how things are going. "He does all our worrying for us."

Edmund Lillys takes his own fish marketing with equal seriousness, even to refusing the glamorous company of Gypsy Rose Lee. "She wanted me to take her through the market, but I said, 'No, ma'am.' You know what the men in the market do when they want to call attention to something happening. They bang on their scales with their big fish-barrel hooks. The whole place would be a din in a minute, if I took her in there. I'd never live that down. She's a very nice girl—smart, too—and I'd like to oblige her. But I couldn't do that."

It is Mother Lillys who comes into Gloucester House and criticizes, once things are cooked. "She's an excellent cook and has a very keen sense of all foods. I'll get up in the night sometimes, to try out some cooking trick I've just thought of. She'd know, without trying, how good it was."

This family concern for perfection is probably the secret other restaurateurs are seeking, when they come in to have a look around, wondering how Lillys does it. Lillys is proud of his place and pleased to show it off. Its kitchen is a housewife's dream of cleanliness, with its tile walls and floor that are hosed down every night—the stainless-steel shelves and cabinets stand away from the walls just enough to allow for this. And—here's a tip—the old-fashioned drip iceboxes are filled with chopped ice in which the fish is packed, the way you see it in the market. "Never just refrigerate your fish, or it will dry out. Keep it covered with crushed ice. See how that rock bass glistens? Sign it's fresh."

Now and then Edmund Lillys throws a party of his own at Gloucester House. One recent occasion for celebration was the arrival of some fine, imported olive oil. So he used a bit of it in baking a gala fish dish. You can use rock bass, sea bass or red snapper for this dish. Salt your fish and put it in a pan with some olive oil. Slice over it a lot of Bermuda onions. Scatter on sprigs of parsley, a lot of them. Add fresh tomatoes if they are flavorful; otherwise canned tomatoes. Put in garlic, a little salt to taste. Top with slices of lemon. An hour and a half in a slow oven will create a delicious mélange, the onions having cooked sweet, the parsley imparting every bit of its flavor, the lemon charred around the edges, good eating, rind and all. Every forkful is a celebration. If by chance there's any left over, it's just as good cold the next day.

The Finest Chowder Yet

If you are lucky enough to have some striped bass you can make the finest chowder yet, says Mr. Lillys. Not that sea bass isn't mighty good for chowder, too. Or codfish or fresh haddock. You can make a whole meal on a big, hearty bowl of chowder. Just don't be stingy with the fish. Use half a pound for each person. For four whole-meal servings, braise together in a quarter of a cup of chopped salt pork a scant cup of chopped onions and—for a special subtle flavor—eight chopped leeks in place of celery. While the onions are still white, put in your fish, a little more than a cup of cubed raw potato, salt and enough water to cover. Simmer for half an hour. Then add two cups of milk. If you want it a bit richer, mix in some cream. Heat, add butter as you would for oyster stew, and set to. This is a Leopold Stokowski favorite as is. But when they see Actor Ernest Truex coming into Gloucester House, they'll pop in a few oysters besides.

Probably the spiciest dish that is served at Gloucester House is Mrs. Willkie's favorite —red snapper with Creole sauce. But even this is mild compared with what you'd get in Creole land. The snapper is simmered in a small amount of salted water, in a covered pan, then served with the mildest Creole sauce that could possibly bear the name. "We're not a house that specializes in native dishes," says Mr. Lillys. "We do everything to suit the taste of people here."

That he succeeds so well is not due to luck. "Luck is welcome," he says, "but I want to know how it works." He does.

THE END

Name Your Culture

Continued from page 23

Nothing much ever changes in the rambling building, least of all the tenants. Anyone who has lived in Carnegie Hall less than a dozen years is looked upon as a Johnny-come-lately, and a resident is regarded as one of the old guard only after a quarter of a century. The all-time individual record for continuous occupancy is held by Miss Estelle Platt, a music teacher who isn't quite sure whether she moved into the studios in 1894 or '95. Miss Platt, at eighty, is as vivacious, and twice as charming, as a girl. She confesses that she has been carrying on a violent love affair in her studio for fifty years.

"It's with the Hudson River," she smiles. "I was born on the river at Tivoli, New York, and it's comforting to be able to see it from my window. Another reason I'll never move from here is that everyone minds his own business. It gives you complete protection from bores."

Runner-up to Miss Platt in long-term occupancy was the late Harriet Keith Fobes, a famous authority on Oriental gems, who lived and transacted her business in the same studio for forty-seven years. Eva Smith, a painter, also topped forty years when she died. One of the distinguished old-timers still producing first-class work is Walter Russell, the first art editor of Collier's, who covered the Spanish-American War in drawings for this magazine.

The oldest lease is held by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, which moved into the building the day it was opened and founded the strong theatrical tradition still in evidence. The three Barrymores once called this home, Daniel Frohman planned his productions here and David Belasco pulled Mrs. Leslie Carter by the hair around Studio 824 "to start a bonfire, the better to act, my dear."

It is virtually impossible to cast a Broadway or Hollywood production today without a graduate of the Academy. From these same studios sprang, among a thousand more, Spencer Tracy, Rosalind Russell, Edward G. Robinson, William Powell, Grace George, Jennifer Jones, Ruth Gordon, Lauren Bacall, Joseph Schildkraut, Pat O'Brien, Betty Field, Ezra Stone, Cecil B. de Mille, Howard Lindsay, Philip Loeb and Guthrie McClintic.

Carnegie Hall was built by the Scottish steel magnate in 1891 for his good friend, Walter Damrosch, a passenger on the same boat to Europe when Carnegie was on his honeymoon in 1887. Damrosch was searching for an angel to build a music center in New York and went to work on Carnegie for the money. The idea didn't take root at first, but Damrosch was invited to Kilgraston, Carnegie's estate in Scotland, and finally persuaded him to put up two million dollars for a concert hall.

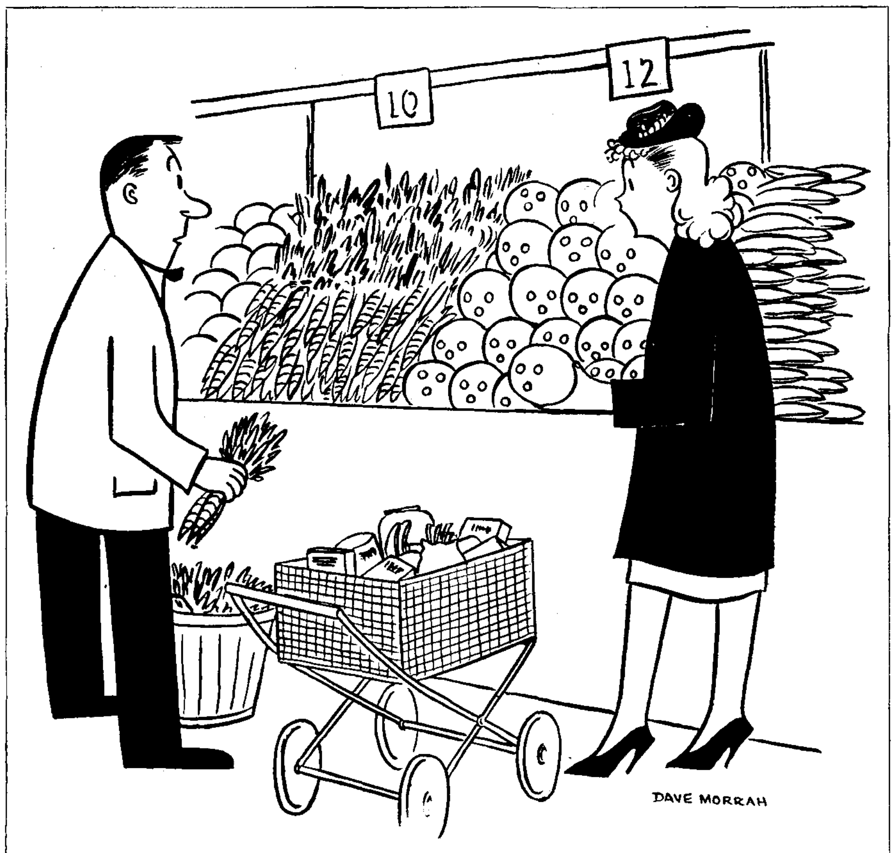
The site on 57th Street and Seventh Avenue practically was in the suburbs and was surrounded on three sides by blacksmiths' shops. The fourth side was a solid row of saloons which diverted the workers, much to the distress of Carnegie, a teetotaler. He bought up the grogshops two years later, added the studios on the north side and soon after built another wing on the other side of the auditorium.

It's Quite Easy to Get Lost

The interior of the old place betrays the piecemeal nature of its construction. The sixth floor on the 57th Street side suddenly becomes the eighth floor on 56th Street. The fourteenth floor drops five steps and casually continues as the twelfth floor. The elevators obey mysterious and capricious laws unknown to science and it is rumored that the ghosts of visitors lost in the labyrinthine corridors can be heard on quiet nights. It takes four or five months of groping before an explorer can set out to find a studio with reasonable assurance of reaching his destination. It seems that many of the first tenants were devotees of numerology and designated their studios as the spirit moved them.

Originally, no two studios were alike and the impact of successive creative artists giving expression to their individuality has made for some lovely living quarters and others that are pretty awful museum pieces from the Victorian era. Some have galleries built under the high ceilings reached by elaborate staircases, and most of the long-term regulars have installed modern baths and kitchen units in odd corners.

Until the housing shortage, the building rarely showed a profit, and rents still are



"Do you have any more coconuts? These all look so stupid"

COLLIER'S DAVE MORRAH

RUST RUINS AUTO RADIATORS

Du Pont Suggests

1. CLEAN OUT THE RUST

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Drain out your anti-freeze, and clean out winter's accumulation of scum, scale and rust. Neglect now may mean trouble and costly repairs later. Just pour a can of DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER into your radiator, run the engine 30 minutes or more, and drain. It dissolves rust—cleans thoroughly—improves engine performance. It's safe, sure and easy to use.

2. MAKE IT RUST-PROOF

with DU PONT ACID and RUST INHIBITOR

After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of DU PONT ACID & RUST INHIBITOR. It prevents rust forming, and keeps out acid, too.

3. MAKE IT LEAK-PROOF

with DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER

You can stop leaks quickly and securely—and make the cooling system LEAK-PROOF—by pouring in DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER. It will not clog the radiator.

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DU PONT NO. 7 POLISH

You can make your old car look almost new with No. 7 Polish. It removes dull traffic film, and restores the original sparkle and beauty. It's quick, easy to use and suitable for ALL car finishes. Try it!

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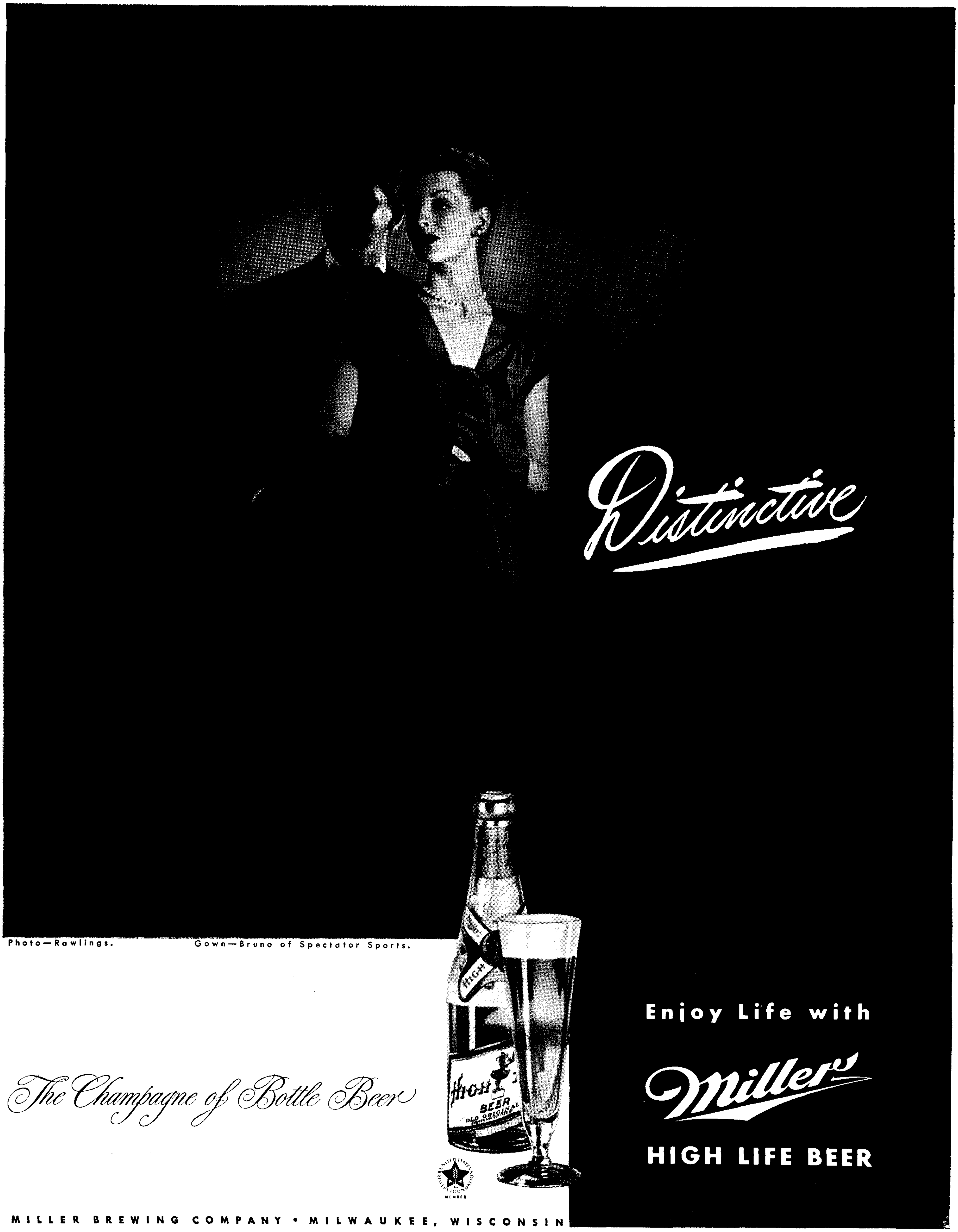
DU PONT SPEEDY WAX

Here's a wax polish made especially for the man in a hurry. It cleans as it waxes—does both jobs at once. It's easy to use, and does a swell job, too.

DU PONT DUCO-WAX

To get a beautiful lustre which lasts *for months*, and to *protect the finish* against weathering, clean first with Duco Cleaner, then apply the paste Duco-Wax. It seals in beauty and keeps out dirt!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surprisingly low considering the location and the combined living and working arrangements. Rents range from $25 a month for a cubbyhole to $300 for Studio 61, which is 80 feet long. Tenants are permitted to subrent their studios to as many people as they please, a privilege that enables struggling brothers in the lodge to meet their monthly installments.

Distinguishing between the phonies and legitimate artists always has been a headache for the management. This diplomatic chore is handled by Miss Leonora Shier, who has been the rental agent for the last twenty years. Miss Shier, once secretary to the manager of the Metropolitan Opera, is a theosophist and claims to have a sixth sense that warns her against cunning charlatans. Her intuition failed conspicuously on one occasion when a personable, darkly handsome youth looked at a store front and left a deposit on it for a florist shop. Everyone was plunged into a frightful tizzy the next morning when it was discovered that a troupe of gypsies had moved in during the night and was fixing to set up in the fortune-telling business.

Slight Error in Identity

That and a deplorable incident involving Frank Walker, former Postmaster General, have been the only instances smacking of class discrimination ever known in Carnegie Hall. After retiring from office a few months ago, Mr. Walker commissioned Sidney Dickinson to paint his portrait. Having decided to preserve for the ages his likeness in formal morning clothes, Mr. Walker arrived for a sitting carrying his frock coat and striped pants in a large, flat box. When he tried to go up the front elevator, a tenant told him to use the tradesmen's entrance.

Miss Shier's duties also require her to supply a convenient shoulder for sad stories of frustration or of the unappreciative public and a catch-as-catch-can information service. The latter is required chiefly by lady astrologers and crystal-gazers who lay claim to all the secrets of the universe but need help in locating the nearest delicatessen, misplaced umbrellas and straying cats.

Miss Shier confides that the studios are full of surprises. Such as the time she was chatting in Harriet Keith Fobes' apartment and her hostess looked up and remarked upon the beautiful sunset. Miss Shier sat back and enjoyed nature's splendor until she realized, with a double take of her consciousness, that the Fobes Studio had no skylight. The fire department arrived in time to control the blaze.

Like all the cliff dwellers of New York, the studio residents keep strictly to themselves and are not in the habit of passing the time of day when they meet neighbors. The practitioners of the various arts are clannish, Molyneaux believes, because their work is at once their livelihood, hobby and escape. There is no sneering down noses, however, between the classicists and the purveyors of popular stuff for the sweaty masses.

The tenants have gotten together on only one community enterprise, but they did it in the grand manner. During the war they ran a canteen for Allied servicemen which, according to guys who should know, was one of the best drop-ins on either side of the Atlantic. Residents chipped in to serve sandwiches, coffee and soft drinks every night, furnished a large studio attractively and the musicians contributed records and live talent. Girls from the dramatic and dancing schools volunteered as hostesses and the percentage of slick hepchicks was gratifyingly high.

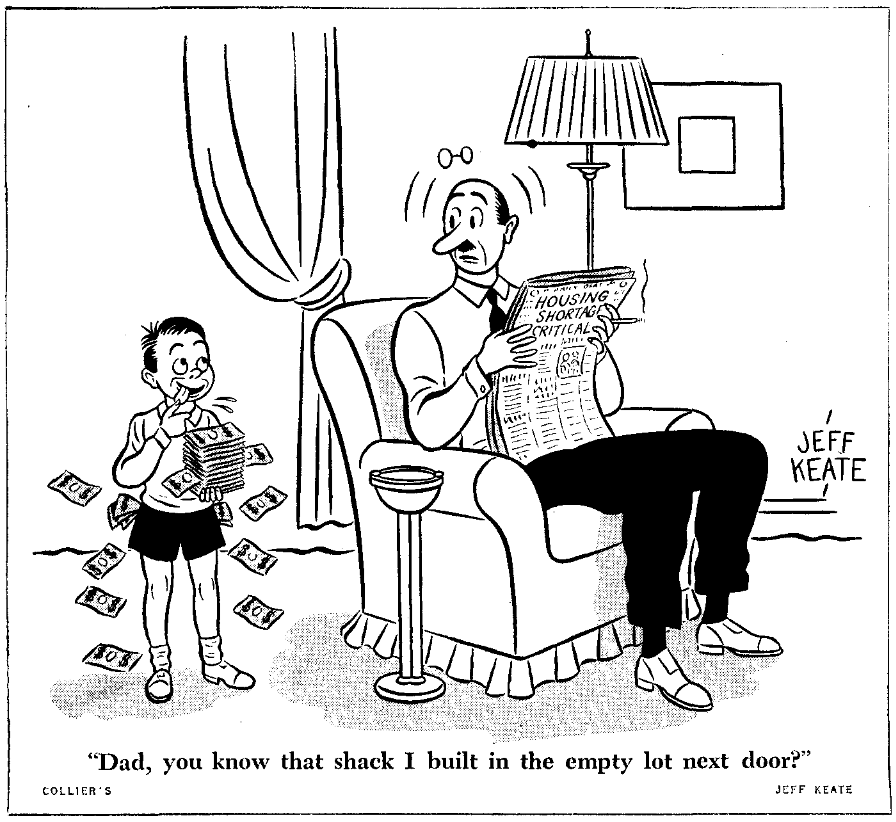
When professional commitments took many of the sponsors away for the summer, Mrs. Mary Stuart, a speech teacher, kept open house in her apartment for 3,000 Americans, Britishers and Australians—not at the same time, of course. Mrs. Stuart holds one other unusual distinction. She is the mother of the only child ever born in Carnegie Hall. This epic, and slightly premature, event occurred on New Year's, 1925. Last December 31st, twenty years later to the hour, her daughter Anne announced her engagement in the same room where Evangeline Adams, the famous astrologist, died.

"I think it is a splendid portent," Mrs. Stuart says reverently. "Something in the air here is hallowed and inspirational. Everyone who comes into this room catches a certain aura and vibration."

There has been only one suicide in the long history of the building, an unusually low incidence considering the notorious emotional instability of artists. Twenty years ago a painter named Gould jumped out of a window on the twelfth floor and crashed through a skylight three stories below. The management had to think fast to avert another tragedy when a musician broodingly announced he and his wife had made a suicide pact. The fellow was dissuaded from going through with it when someone remembered he had a concert downstairs that was sold out—with no paper in the house.

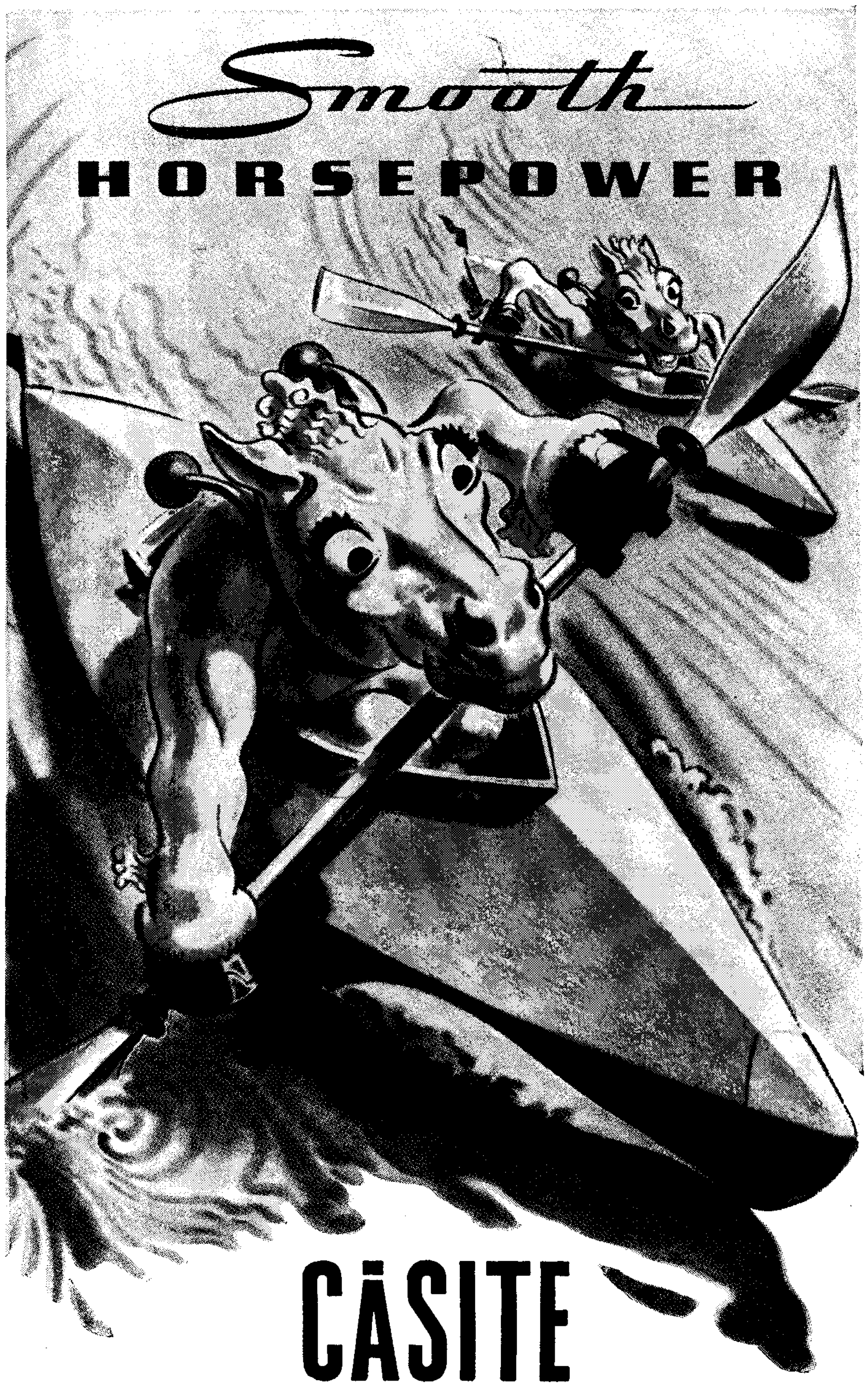
Vigilance had to be redoubled the following morning when the papers arrived. The critics knocked his brains out.

THE END



"Dad, you know that shack I built in the empty lot next door?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



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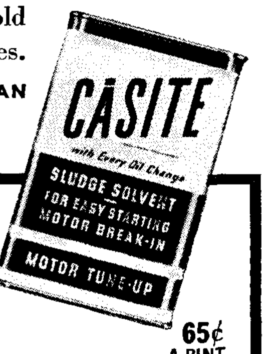

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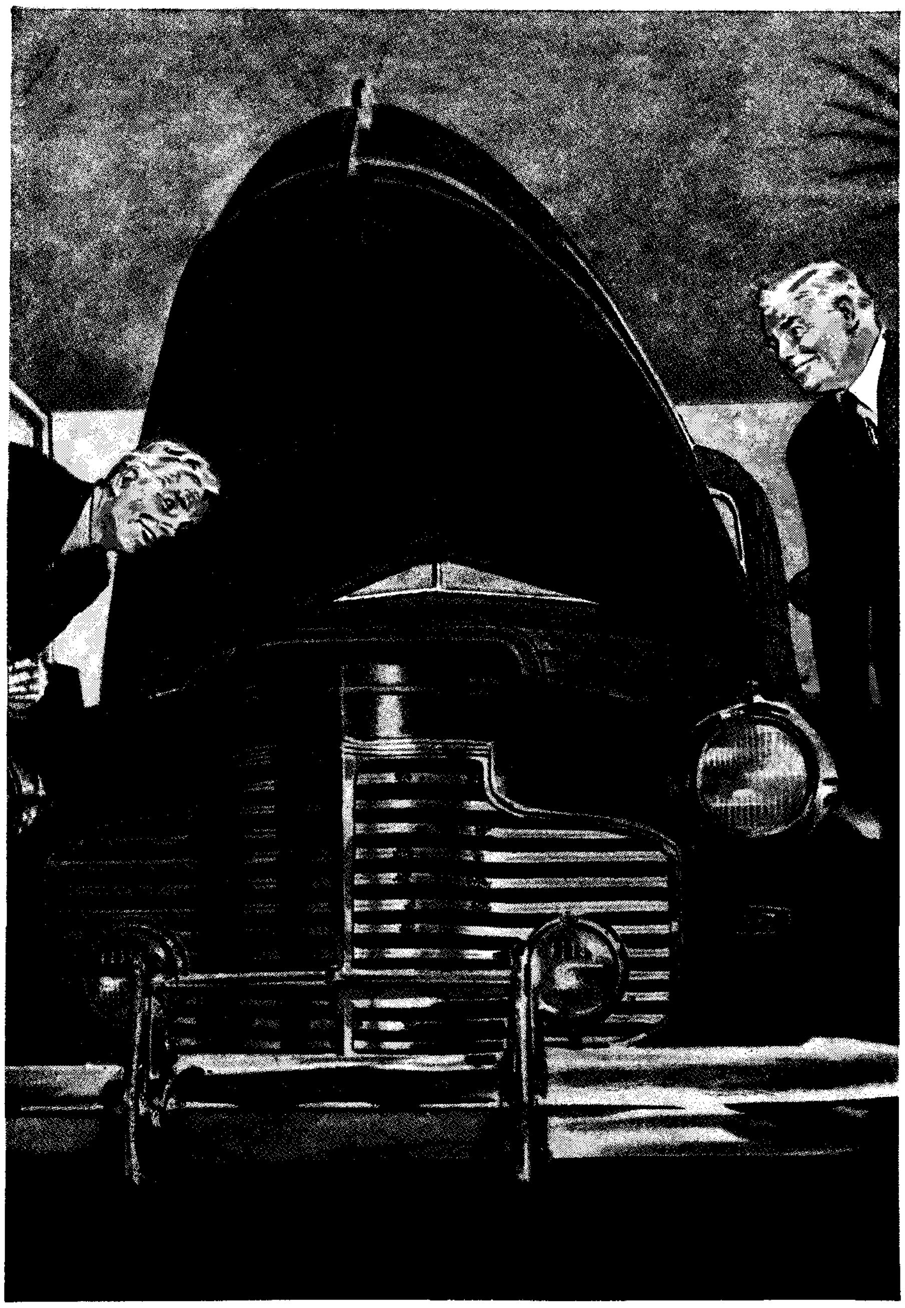

Heart Interest!

THERE'S something about the very smell of a new car that gives you a big thrill. The clean odor of new upholstery. A whiff of fresh paint. The firm, tough smell of brand new tires.

Then—the salesman lifts the hood. And there's that aroma of finely machined parts, a new and perfect motor, ready to go.

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May we make just one suggestion about it?

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If you did, let that experience lead you to start your *new* car off with Quaker State. For no motor oil gives a new engine—or an old—more tender care. Quaker State Motor Oil is made from pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil . . . and today, thanks to war-born refining improvements, it's a finer oil than ever before. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL

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For Almost Half a Century
The World's Premium Quality Motor Oil

MEMBER PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION

The Long Denial

Continued from page 13

we, the police, are able to prove that you did it. I know exactly how exhausted and miserable you must feel now. The best way of cutting this procedure short is by opening up and helping us to clarify the case."

Bess shrugged her shoulders at these intricacies of the law.

"Help you? How? What do you want to know?"

"The motive, for instance."

Bess shrugged her shoulders again: her heavy eyelids dropped for a second over her dry, hot, dark eyes. The motive? There had been a compelling, an irresistible force driving her when she fired that shot; but now it was all blotted out. Fowler noticed the small flicker of emotion on her impassive face.

"You had a fight with Marylynn?"

Bess gave him a small, politely regretful smile—as if he were a child for whom she felt sorry. "We never had a fight. What would we have to fight about?"

"Money, for instance. You managed Marylynn's business; there were large sums involved."

"Yes," Bess said quietly. "But we never disagreed in money matters."

"I understand that you had a very remarkable contract with Marylynn; instead of the usual ten per cent you took half of her earnings."

"I didn't take it; she gave it to me. You see, we were friends, first of all."

Fowler tried once more some of the reasons for which, according to statistics, most murders were committed: "Was it jealousy, then?"

"Jealousy of what?" Bess said, and for a second the inspector had the impression that she was making fun of him.

"Of the natural object: a man."

Now Bess smiled at him quite openly. "Did you ever see Marylynn on the stage?" she asked.

"Yes. In that hit—what was the name of it?—Why Not Tonight?"

"Well," Bess said, satisfied, and folded her hands in her lap.

"Well, what?"

"One didn't fight with Marylynn about men," Bess said. It sounded final.

There was a moment's silence and then Fowler tried another tack: "I understand that Marylynn was very fond of you?"

"I'm sure she was."

"And you were devoted to her?"

"Yes. Very devoted."

"And yet, you shot her?"

"And yet I shot her."

"Why? Why? Why?"

BESS looked down at her hands in the white gloves. "It's no use, Inspector," she said. "You wouldn't understand."

Lady, Inspector Fowler thought, you don't know how much we understand here. He filled her coffee cup again. "Try it, anyway," he said gently.

"All right," Bess said, after a moment's pause. "It was suicide."

"Suicide?"

"Yes. Suicide. An act of self-destruction," Bess said patiently.

At this, Fowler grew angry. "Now listen here," he said, "you confessed to the shooting. Don't try to pull any tricks on me now. It won't do any good."

Bess smiled at him, almost bored. "I told you that you wouldn't understand, Inspector," she said politely. "But it was suicide, all the same. I had come to a dead end. I wanted to kill myself. But, you see, I had no life of my own. My life was —Marylynn. And so I shot her."

Fowler's tension slackened and he gave a deep sigh. This wasn't the sort of answer that would sit well in a police report. "Okay, Miss Poker," he said wearily. "Let's start at the beginning. When did you meet Marylynn first?"

Three-twenty in the morning at the station house. No rain yet. The heat unbearable. A patient, tired police inspector. A painfully composed, tired culprit, trying to remember what she had done and why she had done it. Quiet. Somewhere on Fifty-first Street the abrupt screeching of brakes; the slamming of a door; the incessant, muffled sound of a radio somewhere in the building; the whistled snatch of a hit song as someone passed by in the corridor. One of Luke Jordan's early songs that had survived the seasons and become a perennial. . . .

"I met Marylynn almost ten years ago," said Bess Poker. "At that time, she stayed at my mother's boardinghouse in Brooklyn and couldn't pay her rent. . . ."

THE old house was always full of moans and creaks and sighs. It all waited for Bess and jumped up on her the moment she opened the front door, the way her little dog had waited and jumped in those happier days when her father was still alive. She was dripping wet, for she had to walk eight blocks from the subway station—one of the reasons for the low rents their boarders paid—and a stiff November wind drove slanting sheets of rain down the street. Stopping on the door mat, Bess shook out her umbrella and took off her rubbers.

"Darling, is that you? Why don't you close the door? It's drafty," her mother's gentle voice called from the parlor.

Bess closed the door, hung up her coat, dried her cheeks with her handkerchief, and went into the parlor. "Good evening, Mr. Isensteen," she said first, with the politeness due their star boarder. "Hello, Mother. And how's my girl tonight?"

"Oh, I'm all right. Really, I am," her mother said, waiting to be prompted into a complaint.

Bess knew her cue. "This weather can't be good for you. How're your pains?" she asked, patting the pillow behind her mother's back.

"I really don't like talking about it; it really is almost nothing. Just that it's gone into my left shoulder now," Mrs. Poker said, and gave her the brave, tired smile. "It" was an elusive pain, omnipresent, forever used by Mrs. Poker as a tool, a shield, a sort of universal weapon against the daily demands of life. Mrs. Poker had a very definite picture of herself: the helpless, frail but gallant woman—the sweet, silently suffering martyr—a portrait in dusty rose within a frame of faded blue and silver.

"I'm sorry you're not feeling well," Bess said.

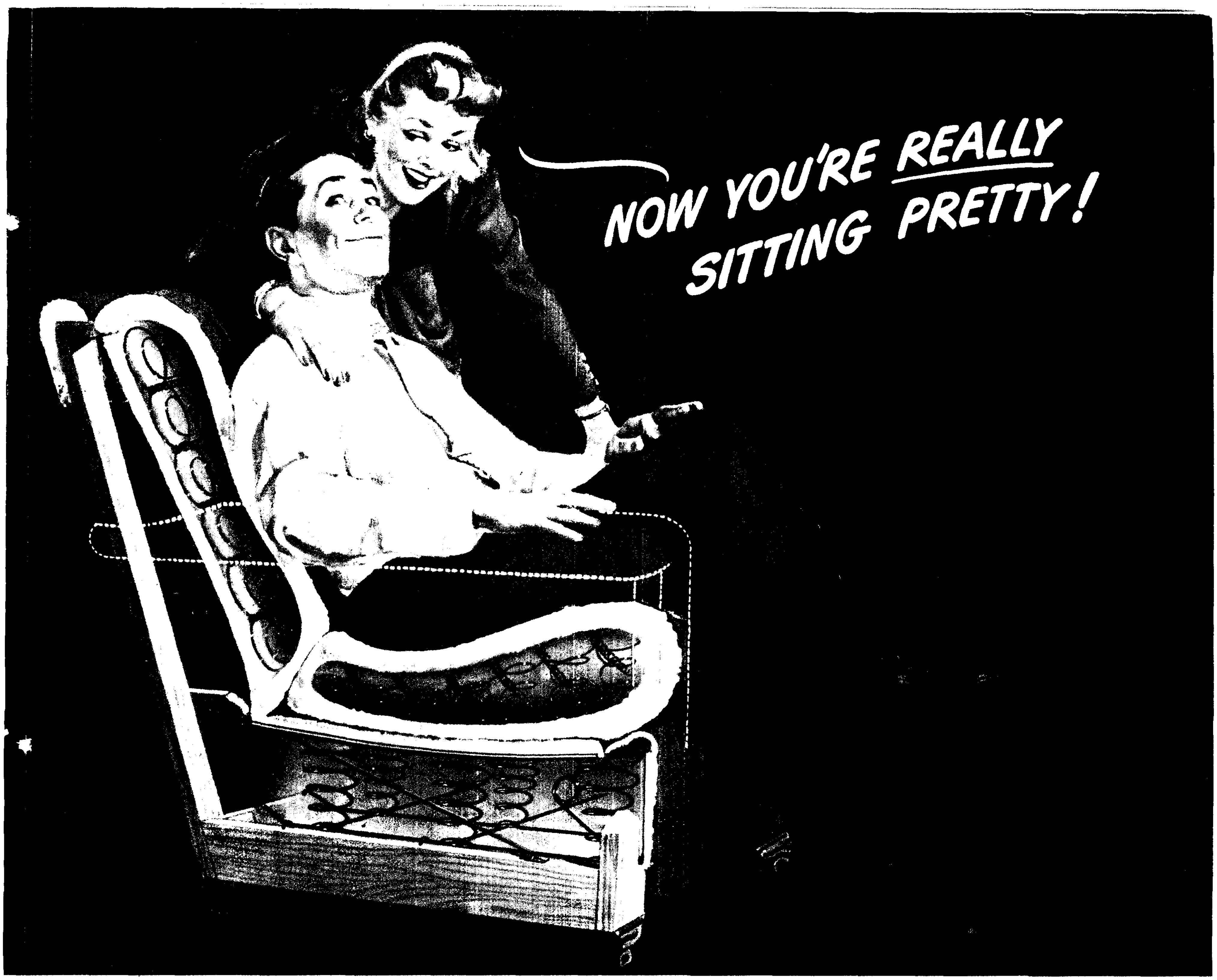
Bess threw a glance into the mirror over the cold fireplace. She didn't think she looked so awful, but maybe she was just used to herself. If I were a horse they'd call me beautiful, she thought defiantly. There was nothing wrong with her eyes, at least; lots of bones, though, high cheekbones, too much of a nose, too much of a mouth, an awful lot of strong, big teeth that must have somehow got out of control at a time when there was not enough money for braces. The whole thing was a bit out of proportion: too long, too strong, too coarse, too thin. She just happened to be the sort of girl at whom no man would ever whistle.

"Darling, would you go and see if Connie is asleep in her kitchen?" Mrs. Poker said sweetly. "It would be nice if, for once, we could have our supper on time."

"Yes, Mother," said Bess. As she went out, she heard her mother ask Mr. Isensteen: "Don't you think Bess looks more and more like her father did, the poor darling? Now, in my family—" Bess quickly closed the door over the rest of it.

"Lord, but I'm tired and wet, Connie," she said, letting herself fall onto the kitchen chair. "Will you have supper ready on time?"

"Sure, you know I will; your mamma's just having one of them days," Connie said good-naturedly. "Somethin' wrong with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you, honey?" she went on after one quick glance at Bess. "You look all done in. Want me to bring a tray up to your room?"

"Thanks, no. Mother wouldn't like that. It's just—there was just some trouble at the office."

"Want to tell Connie about it?"

"Not now. I've got to write some letters, damn it all!"

"Always swearin', ain't you, honey?" Connie said, patting Bess' cheek with her dark, soft, flour-dusted hand. Reluctantly Bess left the warm little haven, taking the little caress with her into her room.

It was not much of a room: two walls slanted down, there was a small dormer window and a few ramshackle pieces of furniture. The gas heater she lit to drive out the murky, damp chillness soon filled the few square yards with its smell. The better bedrooms and the better furniture were used for the boarders; at times Bess wished she too were a boarder in this house that she called home. Gloom was squatting in every corner, but Bess hated to feel sorry for herself; resolutely she pushed the dark mood away. Well, let's do something, she told herself. She sat down and began to compose a letter. It had to be aggressive, yet not too aggressive, different, but not so different as to frighten them, with just a dash of originality which would make the powers-to-be read it to the end. She opened the typewriter, pushed it under the little ten-cent-store lamp on her night table and went into deep concentration.

Brief Memo (Reading Time: 1 min. 27 sec.) she wrote down. Yes, that was a good start.

From: Elizabeth Poker, age 20, female, white. To: Her Future Boss. Purpose: Finding a New Job. List of qualifications:

Character: Reliable, plenty of initiative, conscientious, even-tempered.

Personality: Pleasant, unobtrusive if desired, aggressive if necessary.

Appearance: Just the sort of girl your wife would hire for you.

Experience: Plenty. Accomplished clerk-typist and stenographer, filing and confidential secretarial work. Employed at the New York office of the advertising agency of Grayson, Caldwell & Grayson until recently. See enclosed letter of recom . . .

ABRUPTLY she stopped, pulled out the sheet, tore up the letter and threw it away; and then she gave the little lamp a rude push. "Aw, you!" she said furiously. When I get rich, I'll splash hundred-watt bulbs all over the place, she often thought. To her, the dim little light that made reading and studying so hard had become a symbol of all the penny-pinching which she so hated. She fastened her eyes on the slanting wall in an effort to concentrate and find some amusing finish to her letter. But there was nothing amusing about her present situation. The depression which was eating up the entire country had, at last, caught up with her too. After a few minutes she put her arms on the table and buried her face in them. She would have liked to cry but she did not know how to do it.

That was how Luke Jordan found her. She had not heard the whistled little melody that accompanied every step of his, and he opened the door without knocking.

"Sorry, sorry, sorry," he sang out. "Didn't know Your Majesty was in. I'm to look after your gas heater. Connie says it leaks."

"Let it leak. Get out now. Leave me alone," Bess said. Luke paid no attention to her but knelt down in front of the heater. His large hands began deftly to work with hammer and wrench. With Luke in the room it became at once smaller, warmer and brighter. Bess was familiar with this effect. It had something to do with his being so tall, so blazingly redheaded, and so perpetually heated by his own enthusiasm. "What's the matter with you, Pokerface?"

This was a very disrespectful way of addressing her, considering that Luke was only tolerated as an odd-job man in her mother's home. He cleaned the windows and carpets, polished the floors and the brass, handled the vacuum cleaner and took care of the furnace. His wages consisted of a cubicle in the basement to sleep in. Luke's precarious livelihood was a patchwork of similar odd jobs. He earned some of his meals by playing the piano for the singing lessons a certain Madame Kuprin gave to a few ambitious though untalented young creatures. Fortunately, Madame Kuprin was a better cook than she was a teacher, and, since starting to work for her, Luke Jordan had begun to put a thin layer of flesh over his heavy bones. Lastly, he was occasionally called upon to substitute for another boy at the Gay Nineties, a small restaurant where he had to stick a mustache on his face, a bowler hat on his head, and play old hit songs. Luke had not a grain of respect for anything or anybody. He was likable and eminently gifted, and he was tough and bright and indestructible.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Didn't Sid tell you?" Sid Carp was an office boy at Grayson, Caldwell & Grayson whom both of them knew.

"Haven't seen Sid today."

"I got fired, just like the rest of them. Eighteen girls in our department alone."

"Well, what do you care, kid? You'll get a better job."

"Sure. What do I care? Prosperity is just around the corner. I looked at the want ads. There was one job: Experienced trained nurse with a perfect knowledge of Turkish!"

HE STOOD behind her and she felt his large hands coming to her, first their approaching warmth and then their lively, consoling touch as he gripped her shoulders. Luke's hands looked tough and massive, but they were a musician's hands, amazingly soft and sensitive and vibrant. Now, Bess felt with surprise, she would have been able to cry a little; but now she didn't want to. Luke bent down to her and for a dizzy moment Bess expected something world-shaking to happen. If he tries to kiss me I'll have to slap his face, she thought in a melting panic that made her weak in the knees. But Luke did nothing of the sort. He straightened up again and asked casually: "Did you tell your mother you got fired?"

"Of course not. She would only work up a heart attack and there would be another doctor's bill to pay. After all, I've got to balance the budget."

"You and the President of the United States." Luke gave her a last squeeze, took his hands away from her and came around the table. "Someday when we're rich you'll laugh about it; so why not laugh right away?" he said cheerfully.

"Yeah? And how will we get rich?"

He stopped grinning and turned serious for a moment as he answered: "We? The hard way, Pokerface."

It was beautiful, Bess thought, how naturally he said "we." He seemed to take it for granted that the two of them were a unit and belonged together, no questions asked and no promises given. Happily, she let herself drift along in the warm current as she asked:

"What will we do when we're rich, Luke?"

But Luke had had enough of the fairy-tale mood. He said, "Why, I'll buy you the Hope Diamond, put it on a platinum ring, and hang it on your nose"—and then he began to whistle.

Bess watched him with drowsy contentment as he returned to his work on the gas heater. By-and-by the little whistled melody took on a clearer shape and sharper contours, as if he were chiseling it from the air with the knocks of his hammer. Then the hammer, too, came to life and began to syncopate against the beating of the wrench on the metal grills of the heater. Now the rhythm began to flow, to vibrate, to drum, to take possession of all of Luke. His head, shoulders, his hands, bony knees, large feet—everything began to take part in the song that was taking shape. Bess had watched this phenomenon before and watched it again with the same happy thrill. Suddenly he banged the hammer with a big crash against the floor and asked, "Well, how do you like it?"

"Not bad. Gershwin?" Bess said, just for the fun of getting a rise out of him.

He reacted promptly: "Aw—Gershwin! Much better. Luke Jordan's newest hit song: Coming in Out of the Rain. Music by Luke Jordan. Lyrics by Luke Jordan. Orchestra—Luke Jordan in person." With great gusto he took up his hammer and wrench again. "How do you like it?"

"I don't know," Bess said. She had listened with great concentration, trying hard to catch it at once. "The second four bars—there's something not quite right—they fall a bit flat, don't they? You can do better, you know."

"What do you mean—flat? Come on, sing it for me."

"You know I have no voice!" Bess shouted back at him. "Why don't you take your song to one of Madame Kuprin's Singing Cows?"

6B
6B
COLLIER'S
DICK STROME

He looked wildly around the room for some means of self-expression. "Gosh Almighty, what a dump this is! No piano in the house, and for a muse a tone-deaf half-wit who can't sing as loud as a rainworm. There—how's this for your tiddletiddle boo . . . ?"

He leaped back into his one-man production; whistling, humming, grunting—for he himself had just as rudimentary a voice as Bess. Sweating, drumming, stomping the floor with his large feet and pounding the hammer against the heater while his left hand played an obstinate bass on the wall, he brought forth his new song, not without including Bess' improvements. They were deep in the act of creation when the house began to protest from all sides. Mrs. Calender was knocking on the door and plaintively calling for quiet. There was some commotion in the parlor, and then old Mr. Isensteen came panting up the stairs to tell Bess to stop that racket, for mercy's sake, her poor mother was having a terrible headache; while Mrs. Poker herself was suffering downstairs in a silence much louder than all the noise they had made.

"Well, there you are, Luke," Bess said when the door had closed again behind Mr. Isensteen. "That's all the fun for tonight."

"Look here, Pokerface," he said quietly, "would it make you feel better if I'd take you to a movie after dinner?"

"It certainly would. What would I do without you, Luke?" she said gratefully. He thrust his hands into the pockets of his exhausted corduroy pants and brought them back with a few coins. "In that case, Miss Poker," he declared solemnly, "I will have to ask you to lend me twenty-three cents so I can invite you to the neighborhood theater and maybe even treat you to a milk shake afterwards—"

Bess began to laugh. "Okay, you gigolo," she said, feeling suddenly unreasonably warm and good and buoyant. "I'll take you. *I'll* treat *you*. But get out now and don't make any noise, or Mother'll cry for her smelling salts."

She opened the door for him and watched him march down the stairs, whistling triumphantly. She never forgot that moment, because it was the last time that she felt the way she did just then, so unquestioning, so safely nestled up in the security that Luke belonged to her and she to him. There was always Luke, whatever else might be wrong with her life.

Well, in a way Luke had always been there, through all these years, and she had got all the things she wanted, hadn't she? Well, almost all of them. And where was Luke now?

FOR a moment Bess came out of her memories and found herself back at the police station. Inspector Fowler's inquisitive glance expectantly resting on her face and the stenographer's fingers poised over his pad to take down her statement.

"I even remember the date," she whispered. "November 12, 1936." And then she returned to that moment when Luke had gone down the stairs and that girl, Mary Lynn, had come up.

They met in the middle of the creaking stairway, and Luke pressed himself flat against the banister to let the girl pass. He did it with an expression of ironical deference and the girl pushed past him, looking straight ahead and swinging her left hip to the side just the least bit. But the stairway was narrow and her body touched his; and then he continued downward while the girl went on up.

She wore a raincoat, cheap but shiny, with a tear at the left pocket. Unbuttoning the coat, she released a warm, sweet gust of perfume. As she impatiently shook back the hood, her hair came tumbling out in fat ringlets with a life all of its own. It had the rare color of freshly cut wood, and raindrops were scattered all over it. Her wide, oblique eyes were sulking under long, badly mascaraed eyelashes, and she had a juicy, pouting lower lip. With a familiar little stab of envy, Bess wondered how anyone could be so attractive after padding for eight blocks through a ghastly, rainy, stormy November evening. And a second later she noticed that Luke had stopped whistling.

He was standing at the foot of the stairs now, staring after the girl. On his face was an expression which Bess had never seen there before—a queer mixture of hunger, rapture and contempt; amusement, too, and even vulgarity. No man had ever looked at her with that expression—least of all Luke Jordan. A sharp pain which she didn't quite understand at the moment cut into her like a knife, and then it was all over. Bess couldn't help herself. She went down, touched his elbow and said under her breath, "A dollar for your thoughts, Luke."

The question seemed to startle him, but his eyes were still on the back of that girl as he answered: "Aw, I just had a notion . . ."

You certainly did, Bess thought bitterly. The lovely long legs up there took the last steps, the lovely curved hips made another swinging movement as the girl reached the upper landing. It was unbelievable how anyone dressed in a raincoat could look so very nude.

"That girl has a future," said Luke.

"You think she has talent?" said Bess.

"That I wouldn't know; but I like the shape of her voice," said Luke; and now his grin was openly insolent while his eyes kept following the girl until she disappeared behind the door of her room. Only then did he turn away, take a deep breath and begin to whistle.

In the parlor, Mother's rocking chair seemed to have held its breath, too, but now it squeaked again in agitation. "Luke? How often will I have to beg you not to whistle all the time," Mrs. Poker called accusingly. "Would you mind going down and looking after the furnace? Who are you talking to? Is that you, Bess? Could you come here, darling, and not keep Luke from his work?"

Luke dissolved toward the dim regions of the basement, and Bess went obediently into the parlor. Clear and sharp as never before she felt that once more she had been left out of the game; she was not invited to the dance, she was forever sitting on the side lines. She found her mother sniffing with gentle disapproval. "Who was it that just came home, Bess? That Lynn girl? The whole house smells of her the moment she enters the hall. If she'd pay her rent instead of spending her money on those awful perfumes—listen, Bess, you'll have to talk to her right now. She promised to pay tonight and if she doesn't, I'll really make her move out tomorrow. I'm a patient woman, but enough is enough."

Bess remonstrated, but found herself forced into accepting a task she disliked with all her heart. All right, that's all that's needed to make this a perfect evening, she thought grimly as she climbed up the creaking stairway and knocked at Miss Lynn's door. Somehow she had, during the last few minutes, completely dropped the idea of going to a movie with Luke tonight—or ever again. It was one of those silent little emotional catastrophes, a landslide inside, which can change the entire direction of life.

MISS LYNN was lying on her bed; she had dropped her wet raincoat to the floor and kicked off her small shoes with the high, run-down heels; she had pulled off one of her wet stockings and kept the other on, as if she had run out of energy in the midst of undressing. Her eyes were still sulking and she was frantically chewing some gum. "Good evening, Miss Lynn," said Bess. "I'm Miss Poker. I don't think we've met before."

"Oh, sure, I know you. Sit down, won't you? I know what you want. You're coming for the rent," the girl said. "Well, I just haven't got it."

Bess swept some lingerie from a chair and sat down. The blunt approach had taken all the wind out of her sails. "My mother only wanted me to ask you how you made out today," she said.

"How? Lousy," the girl answered. She sat up and pushed her hair back. "Have you ever tried to get a job in the chorus of a new show?" she asked. Her glance marched up and down Bess' figure; she gave a little snort, and added: "No, you wouldn't. It's not your line of work, is it? Well, you can be glad about that. It's murder, that's what it is."

Bess felt unaccountably sorry for the girl. "But you're so pretty, and you can sing," she said, almost timidly.

"Me and another five hundred perfectly swell kids; every one of them a perfect number twelve. Sing, dance, tap, high kick, split, show your legs, pull down your blouse, let's see your teeth, what about your appendix, no scars? What's your weight? Sorry, you ain't the type. Good night. *Good night*—" she repeated bitterly; she took the gum from her mouth and pasted it to the underside of the night stand.

Bess looked around the room; Mary Lynn had imparted some of her personality to it. An assortment of her own photographs adorned the walls, mingled with magazine covers that had attracted her. These, surprisingly, were all of the homey type: mothers with babies, little lambs scampering in pastures, small dream cottages behind white picket fences. Bess, who was born with good taste, shuddered slightly, especially when she discovered that a doll with a somewhat chipped porcelain head was sharing Miss Lynn's bed.

"That's Emily," the girl said. "Isn't she cute? When I left home I took her along for company. I'm glad I did. New York is such a lonely place. My uncle gave her to me when I was nine. Now tell me: How much do I owe your mother?"

"Thirty-six fifty," Bess said, embarrassed, handing Mary Lynn the account.

"Thirty-six bucks, is that all? You know what I'd do if I had thirty-six bucks? I'd sneak out of here and take the next bus home; honest, that's what I'd do." She scanned the bill once more and added, "New York ain't my town. I should've stayed home in the first place. Jack told me so—but would I listen? Not me, oh, no!"

BESS should have left the room to report to her mother, but it was good for her own self-respect to discover that gorgeous blondes, too, had their difficulties. "Is Jack the boy friend?" she asked, descending to Miss Lynn's level of conversation.

"Not exactly. We went to high school together, you know. For a while we went steady, and then I got other ideas. He wanted me to marry him, and I couldn't make up my mind, and he got mad at me. He's a garage mechanic now; makes good money, though. I might still marry him, at that. That is, if I ever get back home."

"You love him?"

"Do I? How do I know? How do you know if you're in love or not? I like to dance with Jack and to tease him, if that's what you mean. But that's because I've always known him. Naturally, I can't tell if I love him until I've met some other men, can I? There are millions of them—why should I pin myself down to one boy, just because we went to school together? Love—you want my honest opinion, Miss Poker? I don't believe there is such a thing as love, do you? I think people just made it up to kid themselves along. But Jack is nice," she added with a lazy and indulgent smile. "I like Jack; he's a nice boy."

"Where do you come from?" Bess asked, trying to place Mary's lazy, chanting voice.

"Blythe, California. I'm a long way from home, ain't I? Not much of a place, though, just a small dump in the desert. But, gosh, do I wish I was there right now!"

"Why did you leave home?" Bess asked; she was not really curious, but the girl needed so much to talk about herself, and it was soothing and relaxing to listen to her.

"Well, to tell you the truth, there was a little scandal, and when Mrs. Burgell offered me the money to go to New York and take singing lessons, I grabbed the chance. I always wanted to go on the stage. Naturally, all she wanted was to get me out of Blythe and away from that husband of hers, but to me it was *the* great chance, wasn't it?"

"I see," said Bess, vaguely groping for a thread in the muddled story.

"No, you don't. I wouldn't have nothing to do with a man twice my age. He must be thirty-six if he's a day, and they have two kids, the cutest little kids you could imagine. I thought he was just joking when he said he'd ask for a divorce. Wouldn't you? Well, maybe you're not as dumb as I am in these things. When you're working in a café you always have some regular customers who drop in and have fun with you. How was I to know that Mr. Burgell would turn around and tell Mrs. Burgell he wanted a divorce because he had fallen so hard for me? You should have heard the noise it made in Blythe. Mr. Burgell is

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DUEL in the SUN

COMING THIS FALL

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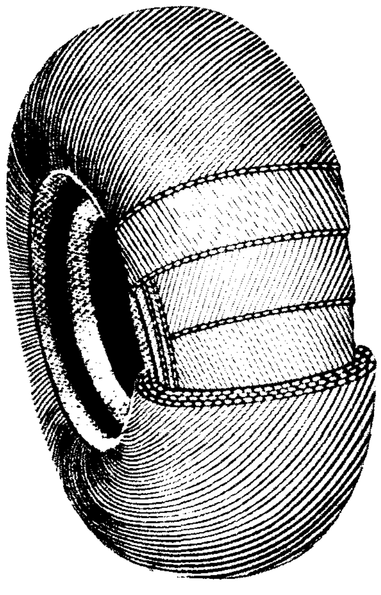

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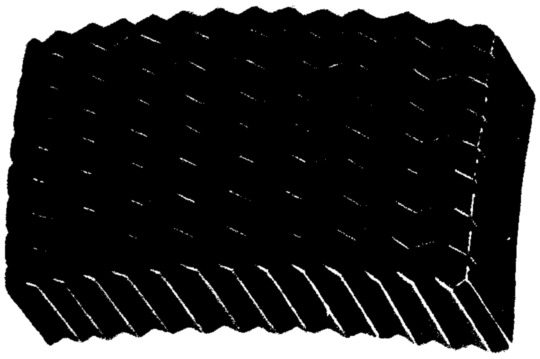

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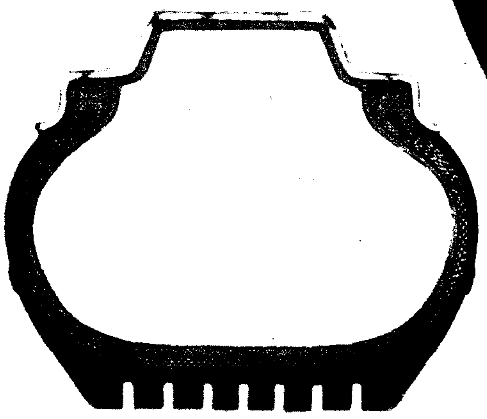

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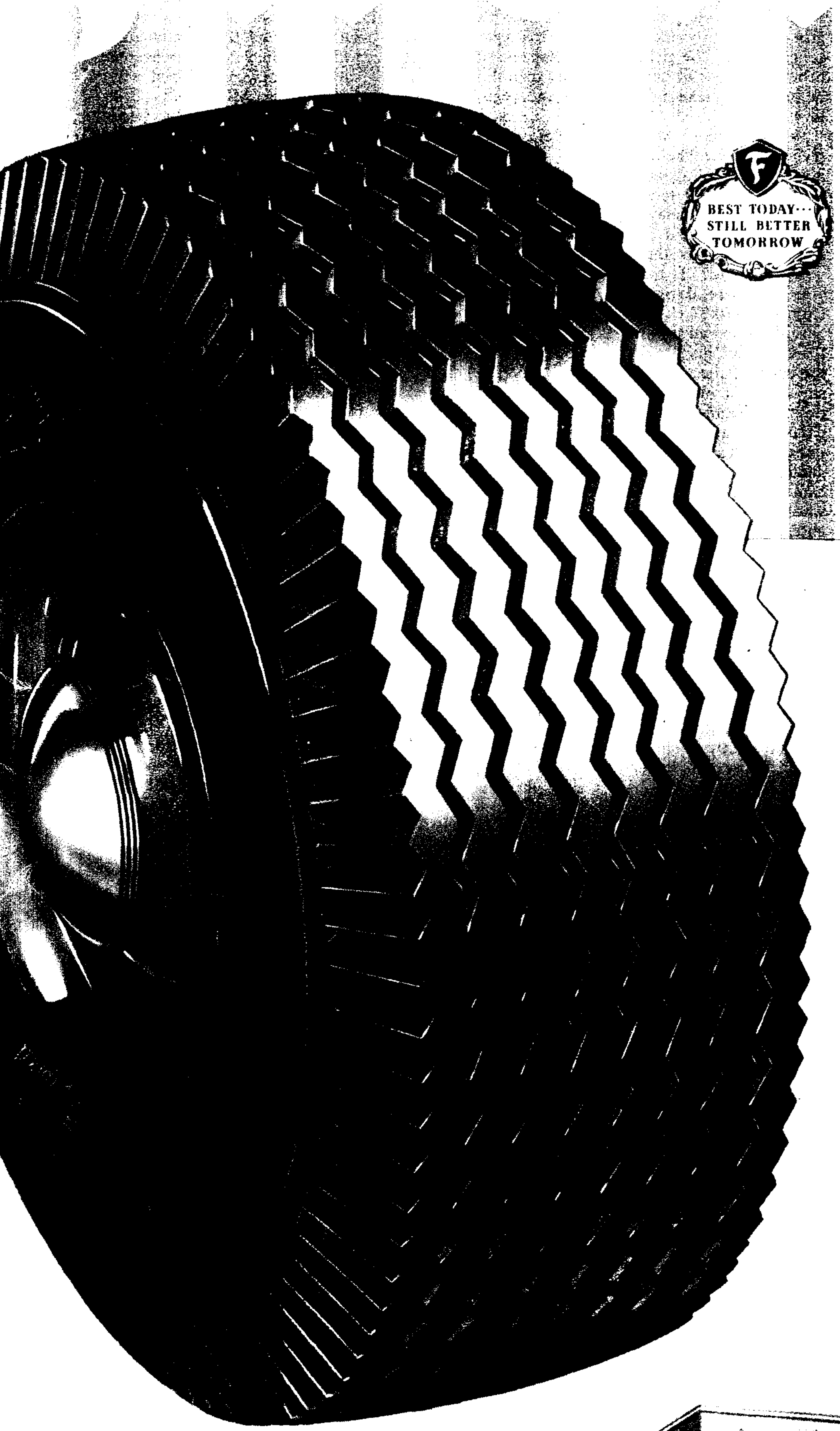

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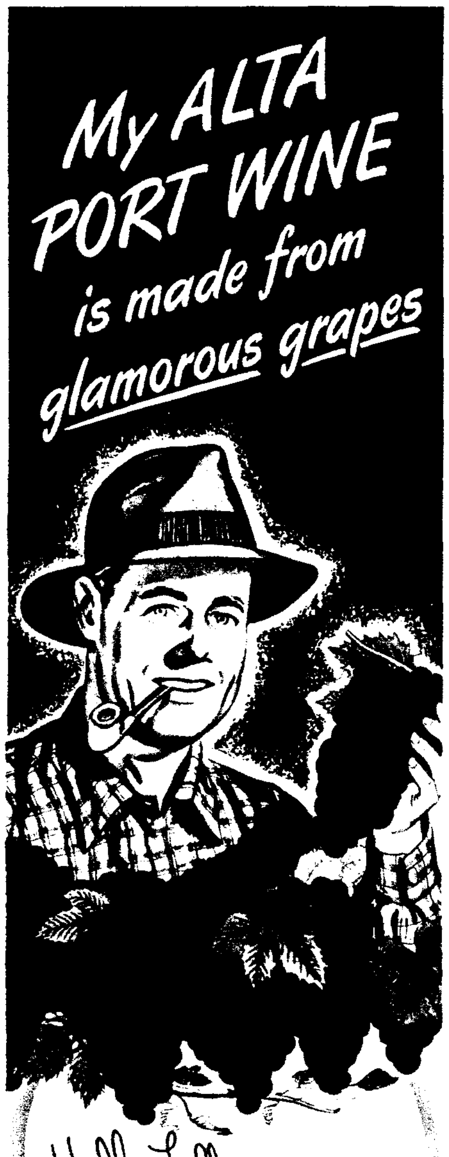
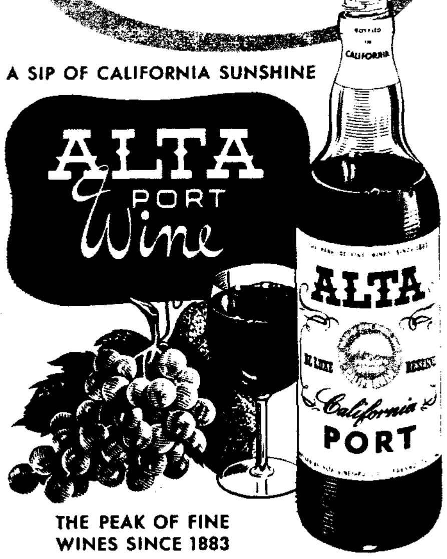


Hello folks

They say I'm a "crank" when it comes to choosing California grapes for my Alta Port Wine. When grapes don't come up to my standards, I give 'em away free to schools to use for footballs. I just keep the the big ones... the proudest, plumpest, sun-ripened grapes in captivity...and I age and blend those juices in my own special way. You can just taste the California sunshine in every sip of my rich, ruby-red Alta Port Wine. I hope you'll enjoy a glass real soon.

Your friend,
The Alta Winemaker

A SIP OF CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE



THE PEAK OF FINE
WINES SINCE 1883

ALTA VINEYARDS CO., HEALDSBURG, FRESNO AND DINUBA, CALIFORNIA

about the richest man there, you know. But Mrs. Burgell can have him and keep him, for all I care."

"You didn't like him?" Bess gave a tentative cue.

"I wouldn't say that. He took me out in his car and gave me a good time. Once we went all the way to Palm Springs and he showed me some of the movie stars in the swimming pool of the hotel. He said I had a nicer figure than any of them. But there was never anything between Mr. Burgell and me, honest there wasn't. He's a nice man, though; in a way, I liked him; he's very nice—" she concluded, giving Mr. Burgell's memory the same lazy, indulgent and indiscriminate smile she had bestowed on Jack.

"His wife sounds nicer than he does, though," said Bess. She pictured Mrs. Burgell somewhat on her own lines and took her side instinctively.

"Sure, she's nice—ugly, but nice, if you know what I mean. I'd be nice, too, if I had her money and her position and all that. Children, you know, and a home—"

"I think you're nice just as you are, Miss Lynn," Bess said spontaneously, touched by the girl's inarticulate longing for security.

"You do? Well, thank you. Thank you a lot. And me owing you all that money! Listen, why don't you call me Mary? Want some gum? No? Too bad I'm all out of cigarettes; but they're bad for my voice anyhow—" the girl said in a gush of gratitude. There was something childish in her reaching out for some friendliness. Poor stupid little thing, Bess thought. She must have taken a few hard knocks, for all her eighteen years. But, Lord, if I had her looks—

Bess looked at the girl without listening to her; with an almost painful concentration she dug her glance into that indolent, stupid, lost, lonely bundle of loveliness that fate had dropped onto the old bed of the cheapest room in her mother's house.

She did not know that this was the turning point in the lives of both of them. She only followed every line of that face and body, and she said, "Don't worry, you'll get a job. God, if I had your looks, the world would be my oyster."

"Yeah? Much good my looks do me," Mary said. "My looks—you're welcome to them. They just make men fresh and women nasty and get me in one mess after another." She discovered the soaking-wet stocking on her left leg, angrily kicked the long, smooth leg into the air and pulled the stocking off with one reckless snap. "If you had my looks, what would you do with them? That's what I want to know, what would *you* do?"

What wouldn't I do! Bess thought. Oh—everything. I wouldn't be a stenographer without a job; I wouldn't wait for some Sir Galahad to save me by saying: "Take a letter, Miss Poker." I wouldn't live like a subway train—always underground, always running on the same tracks, every day, every day. If I had your looks, I'd be in on the game and I'd make money and buy what I want and do what I want. I'd be the best-dressed woman in the country, and I'd have success and excitement and romance, something new every day; and I'd travel and meet interesting people, and all the men would be crazy about me and I'd pick the best one and live happily ever after.

IT WAS forty-three minutes past three, and Inspector Fowler looked gray with fatigue. He broke a long silence and gave Bess his tired, tolerant smile. "All right, Miss Poker," he said, "you met Marylynn on November 12, 1936, when she was a boarder in your mother's house. What happened then?"

"Then? We became friends. I thought I could make something of her."

"In other words, you calculated that she was a girl with a future, and you hung on to her?"

"Yes," said Bess. For a split second there was a glint of protest in her eyes and then complete indifference again. "Yes, I suppose that expresses it well enough."

"All right," said the inspector. "Now let's go on from there. You took Marylynn's affairs in your hands, and then—?"

Then? The funny room which Madame Kuprin called her studio: long and narrow as a towel and forever impregnated with the smell of perspiration, the smell of generations of ambitious young females sweating their way through it. Not only did Madame Kuprin give her lessons there but she rented the studio out by the hour—to ballet teachers, dramatic teachers, teachers of stage deportment, tango specialists, teachers of modern calisthenics, and even to a woman yogi and her disciples.

"Just sit down and listen, Pokerface," said Luke Jordan. "We're having a big surprise for you."

LUKE'S saying "we" had assumed a different meaning lately. Sometimes it meant all three of them: Luke himself, Mary Lynn, and Bess—in that order. Sometimes it meant only Luke and Mary; never again after that evening, when Luke first saw Mary on the stairs, had it meant Luke and Bess alone. He was overflowing with new ideas during that time and he still broke into Bess' room to bang and whistle them for her, drum the accompaniment on her table, get furious at her criticisms, and yet accept them under wild cries of protest. But somehow Mary Lynn was always mixed up in his new inspirations. He came to Bess to complain about Mary, to call Mary an idiot, a lazy cow, a lost cause, and a duck-billed platypus. But then he disappeared again, with Mary obediently tagging after him.

For now Luke Jordan had taken it upon himself to give Mary singing lessons. He was convinced that the several experimental weeks of Madame Kuprin's tutoring had put her on the wrong track. Mary had a small, childlike soprano, with a deep, throaty, husky laugh. Doing the unbelievable with the material given, Madame Kuprin had managed to teach Mary two pieces: the Bell Song from Lakmé and, for an encore, Estrellita. These two pieces Mary had dragged through various auditions which led to nothing. All the promises of all the "nice men" she met here and there didn't get her anywhere. She still owed her rent, and Bess, who in the meantime had found a temporary job at a department store for the Christmas sales, began even then to finance her. She did it for Luke's sake. Luke pinned great hopes on the girl, for all his cursing and swearing. He claimed to know exactly what she needed and he was sure that he could teach it to her. He even rented Madame's studio and upright piano, at fifty cents an hour, to give Mary private lessons. The fifty cents he frequently borrowed from Bess, who sat in her room, worn out from her day at Toyland, rubbing her aching feet and swallowing her own bitterness.

So now they had a surprise for her.

The surprise consisted of three songs by Luke Jordan, all tailored to Mary's new, deep, sensual mezzo-soprano. "All she's got is a range of four notes," Luke explained. "But they're notes that go right down your spine." Bess, who had never heard any of Luke's music except when he whistled and drummed it to her, was more impressed than she wanted to show him.

"But they are real songs, Luke," she said. "They're so—I don't know—so *complete*." She sounded like a mother looking at her newborn baby and marveling that it had all its fingers and toes.

"Sure they're complete. But what do you think of Mary?" Luke asked avidly.

"Well . . ." Bess said tentatively.

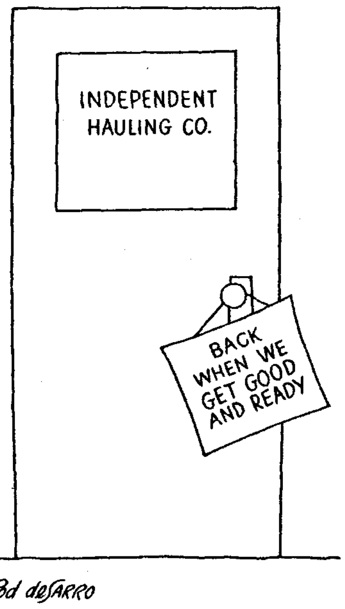
"I know exactly what you mean," said Luke. "But just give us a little time. We'll make the grade yet." Mary stood by, saying nothing, just smiling her lazy, lovely smile.

"Your mascara is coming off again, Mary," Bess said, and left it at that.

Bess could never remember how and when that plan, that thought, that crazy idea began to take possession of her; but by-and-by it went to sleep with her and got up with her on those dark winter mornings when she had to hurry to the subway. It shrilled at her with the voice of the alarm clock, it hung with her on the straps of the crowded subway, it went with her to the ladies' room for a stolen cigarette, and it sat in her lap while she was listening to her mother's complaints.

Probably Luke himself had planted that crazy idea in her mind the day he cried out wildly, "If I could only make one girl out of the two of you! If you'd have Mary's figure and her sort of voice—or if she'd have your brains and personality—then we'd really go places." Pulling his hair and stomping his feet he implored Heaven and Hell for the impossible, while Bess watched him in silence.

"Well, you can't have everything," she said at last, soberly. "You'll have to make your choice." She spoke to herself more than to him. But Luke suddenly grew very quiet; he turned his face to the small window of her room and took his cigarette out of his mouth. Bess, to whom every little movement of his was so deeply dear and familiar, knew that he parted with his cigarette only at moments of the greatest importance. For a little while he stood there, silent, holding his breath. As he turned back to her, his face was filled with a strange seriousness and his eyes looked sadder than ever. He put his square, large hands gently down on her shoulders, as he had done so often in former days; and for a moment Bess stood enveloped safely in the warmth that vibrated from his body. He seemed to search for some communion, some understanding. "You know that I've *made* my choice, Pokerface," he said at last.



Rod deSarro

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

For one dizzy, crazy moment Bess had expected something different, something that would turn her whole life into a melting, overflowing sweetness. But when he had spoken she drew back into herself, feeling her heart grow once more hard and bitter, like a green apricot that has dropped off the tree without a chance to ripen. "Yes, I know you've made your choice," she said. "You don't have to rub it in."

Luke gave an angry grunt and began drumming one of his rhythms on the windowpane. "Sometimes I wonder why I bother with you at all," he said after a little while. "You're not even musical. No sense of overtones whatsoever. Your inability to hear a melody borders on total deafness. I wish to God I had never laid eyes on either one of you two. You are just fragments, you don't add up to anything. All you do is clutter up my life and make things complicated for me."

"Thanks," Bess said grimly. "You're not much of an asset yourself."

"You don't understand what I'm trying to tell you, do you?"

"I certainly do. It's easy enough. There's Mary Lynn and there's me and that's one girl too many for you."

At this Luke exploded: "One? Hell, no. Two! Two girls too many. Great Lord, give me a world completely without girls—nothing but music: nice, clean, clear counterpoint. Give me—oh, Pokerface, just give me time, and someday I'll show you what I mean." This was as close as he ever came to telling her that he loved her. He tried to make her understand, but he couldn't make her understand; and he stalked out of the room, slamming the door and leaving Bess lonely, bewildered, and with a deep hurt in her heart.

That night she woke up in the dark, and suddenly everything seemed quite clear and simple to her. "And why not?" she whispered. "Why not?"

That was the beginning of it all. That was when she began to project her own dreams into the other girl. That was when she decided to become the unseen other half of Mary Lynn. That was when she took possession of Mary Lynn and, in exchange, gave up all that was herself. Calculation? Yes, in a police report it would be called calculation.

Nobody was more surprised when Mrs. Poker died that spring than Mrs. Poker herself. She had played at being a brave, ailing martyr so long that she had stopped believing in the reality of sickness or death. But the pneumonia that finished her off within a week was real enough. With a sense of vague guilt and reluctant gratitude, Bess Poker discovered that her mother's painful penny-pinching had served a secret purpose: unexpectedly and suddenly she found herself the beneficiary of a life insurance policy her mother had never mentioned; suddenly she had a dizzy fortune of three thousand dollars.

There were many things Bess could have done with that money: she could have bought herself a fur coat or even a little car; she could have taken a trip to Florida; she could have finished college. But she did none of these things. Without any hesitation she took the crazy road, she accepted the great gamble. She staked herself, and everything she had and ever would have, on Mary Lynn.

"AND then?" Inspector Fowler asked Bess.

"Then?" Bess said, returning once more to the present. "After my mother's death I took Marylynn to Paris."

"You took her? How do you mean you took her?"

"I mean we went there together, Inspector. She supplied the talent and I supplied the money."

Fowler shrugged his shoulders and nodded to the stenographer. "Let's see what we've got so far," he said. Monotonously, the stenographer read:

"I met Marylynn about ten years ago. At that time she lived in my mother's boardinghouse in Brooklyn and couldn't pay her rent. I even remember the date: it was November 12, 1936. We became friends. I thought I could make something of her. I calculated on her future and hung on to her. After my mother's death I took her to Paris. She supplied the talent and I supplied the money."

"Is that all?" Fowler asked.

"Yes, that's all, Inspector," answered the stenographer. It was almost four o'clock in the morning.

"Well, Miss Poker," said Inspector Fowler, "I think we'll rest for a little while now. I hope you understand that it would be in your own interest to be less reticent." He had pressed a button, and two policemen came in and took Bess' elbow to lead her out. At the door Bess hesitated.

"May I ask you a question for a change, Inspector Fowler?" she said.

"Go ahead."

"I would like to know whether Marylynn is dead."

"Sorry," said Fowler, "I can't give you any information."

Like a big rock, the news of the shooting had splashed into the sleepy waters of various hangouts where reporters gathered. Card games were suddenly abandoned. There was a rush to the telephones. City desks were stirred into a frenzy, newspaper morgues were scanned in great haste; and when an optimistic press-association man phoned from the hospital that Marylynn had been delivered there with still a faint flicker of life, hard-boiled bets were laid on the very remote chance of her survival, while at the same time sentimental obituaries were composed in the expectation of her death.

A seedy old reporter named Bob Simms, who happened to be hanging about the 17th Precinct when Bess Poker was brought in, had scooped them all. At one time Bob Simms had been the white hope of the profession. But certain disappointments with his wife, together with the ensuing inclination toward alcoholism, had turned the man into a messy ruin. Shakily he legged it over to the dingy bar on Third Avenue that had become his second home. He tried to steady his nerves with a double Scotch and, taking the glass with him to the pay phone, he babbled his report to Joe Jenkins, the night editor at the city desk of the ultraconservative Star Tribune. It was the sort of scoop a reporter dreams about, and old Bob had visions of a complete and triumphant comeback. If he had been cold sober, he would have known better.

At first Jenkins didn't believe him; and when Bob Simms finally succeeded in convincing the editor that glamorous Marylynn had been shot by her faithful manager and alter ego Poker, he began to tear his hair in desperation. For here was the scoop of the year, and all Joe Jenkins could do with it was throw it into the wastebasket.

"Look, Bob, I'd give my eyeteeth for this story, but we can't print it. You know that as well as I do. Since Marylynn broke her engagement with Mr. Huysmans we are not allowed to mention her name in any of his papers—and that's that."

"Not even when she gets killed? Don't tell me the Old Man can be such a fool! Playing the part of the jilted lover at fifty-four—revenge at the deathbed—why, Joe, the girl is dying—"

"It's no good, Bob. To the Star Tribune, Marylynn has been dead ever since she gave the Old Man the gate. Thanks all the same, Bob. It's a beautiful scoop. Brilliant work, old boy. It breaks my heart. Well, I'll see if I can get you an extra ten bucks."

It was hot and suffocating in that bar on Third Avenue, and Bob Simms dried his sweating face on his soiled handkerchief. He felt like crying.

Joe Jenkins, at his end of the now silent line, had begun to perspire, too. He gave himself a few minutes of absorbed indecision, and then he let the pent-up air explode with a little plop from his chest and called the switchboard. "Connect me with Mr. Huysmans; he's at his place in Oyster Bay. Mr. Huysmans personally. Very urgent."

ALAN W. HUYSMANS was not asleep when his secretary, Don Myrtle, knocked timidly at his door to find out whether he wanted to accept the urgent call. Sleeplessness had become a habit with the Old Man in the years when the tinkling of the teletype machine in his bedroom had played a steady accompaniment to his dreams and when being the powerful ruler of a newspaper empire had seemed the only and all-important substance of his life. But three years ago, after a certain crisis of a very personal nature and following the strict counsel of his doctors, he had had the teletype disconnected, and world events had been locked out from the Huysmans estate. Still, Huysmans was suffering from a malicious variety of insomnia: he always woke up after about three hours of sleep to find himself in a state of feverish and bright alertness. It was the unpleasant and incurable condition in which a man of his kind would sharply remember every embarrassing moment of his life, all the way back to his early childhood; every mistake he'd ever made; every small defeat or failure he had ever experienced; every little slight he had let pass unpunished or unrevenged. Night after night, the hours before dawn were thus filled with biting letters he had missed writing, with deadly comebacks he had failed to make. And invariably all this brooding brought Alan W. Huysmans back to the deepest disappointment and the bitterest insult he had ever suffered: his engagement to Marylynn, which she had broken publicly with a great stir and clatter.

Even now, almost three years after he had received Marylynn's polite but definite refusal, his nights were full of Marylynn: the way she walked, the way she laughed, her hands, her skin that always looked and felt as if she had just come out of the ocean or walked against a fresh breeze; all her young, lovely liveliness which had been within his reach and which had turned away from him to give itself to a vulgar and overpublicized marriage with a song writer named Luke Jordan.

His massive body propped up in the pillows, he hardly listened to the respectful suggestions his editor put before him; he was a good newspaperman himself and Joe Jenkins certainly could not tell him anything he did not know anyway. All he could think of, however, was that Marylynn was dead. He brushed aside the fact that she still had a slim chance of surviving. He did not doubt that she would be dead by morning—because he wanted her to die. There had been many hours when he could have killed Marylynn with his own hands. In any case he had killed her, as a newspaperman: by keeping her name out of his papers. But his satisfaction at the news was mixed with a thin, stabbing hurt. It was bad if Marylynn was dead. If Marylynn was dead, he could never get even with her. His hands grew cold, his forehead was damp, and an uncontrolled pulse throbbed in his temples and hurt in his ribs.

AFTER Jenkins had said all there was to say about the case and was running out of arguments, he waited quietly for the Old Man's decision. The silence in the telephone reminded Huysmans that some answer was expected of him. "My dear Jenkins," he said, and noticed with angry surprise that his voice was unsteady. He cleared his throat. "My dear Jenkins," he said, summoning the full Huysmans arrogance, "I really can't see that this is important enough for you to wake me up in the middle of the night. A shooting brawl between a night-club singer and her manager! Probably they were fighting over Poker's commission. If you insist on mentioning it at all, I think that six lines on page eight would do the case justice."

With this he left his editor to his own devices. Then, like a powerful motor warming up and settling down into smooth running, he moved with speed and determination. He called the hospital and demanded to speak to the physician attending Marylynn. Doctor Bassington's famous bedside manner remained unctuous even when he talked on the telephone; but when the last of the long and sonorous medical words had rolled off his lips, it was clear that he considered Marylynn's condition hopeless. He gave her another hour at the most, and Huysmans brusquely ended the conversation.

Now he remembered the sure way Professor Meredith had brought him out of a frightening series of heart attacks three years ago, and he had his call switched to Rochester. It took only a few words with the eminent heart surgeon to persuade him to fly down to New York at once and take charge of the case. Huysmans arranged for the charter of the plane, and during the next twenty minutes he busied himself with some private investigations. Then he was ready for another talk with the Star Tribune.

"Listen, Jenkins," he said, "some information of interest has come to me regarding that shooting brawl about which you called me a while ago. Apparently, the last person with whom Marylynn was seen before she got shot was this fellow Dale Corbett. Now that's an angle we can't ignore. Let's find out how deeply he's involved in this scandal. Do we have a picture of the two of them together? And why not, may I ask? There certainly have been enough chances to get one, what with Mr. Corbett

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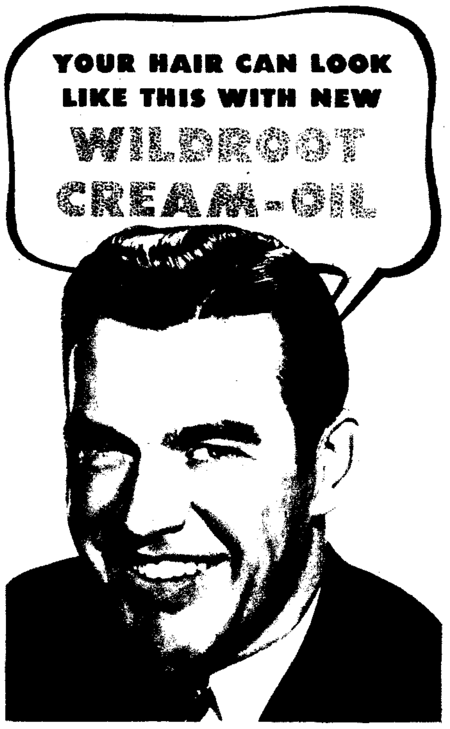

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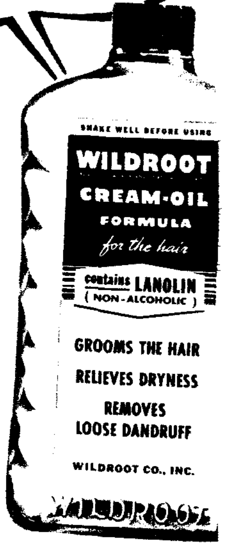

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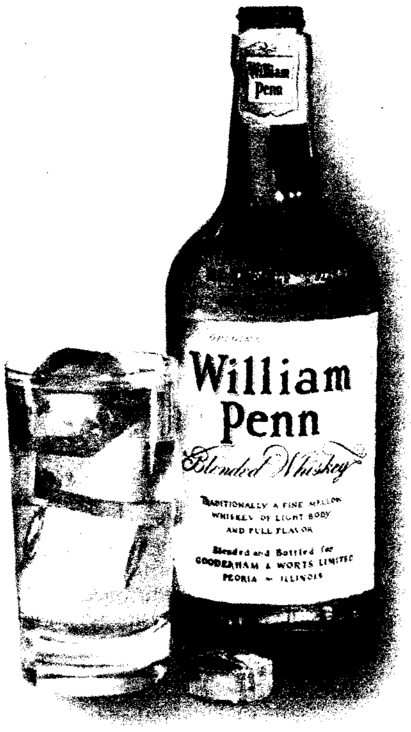

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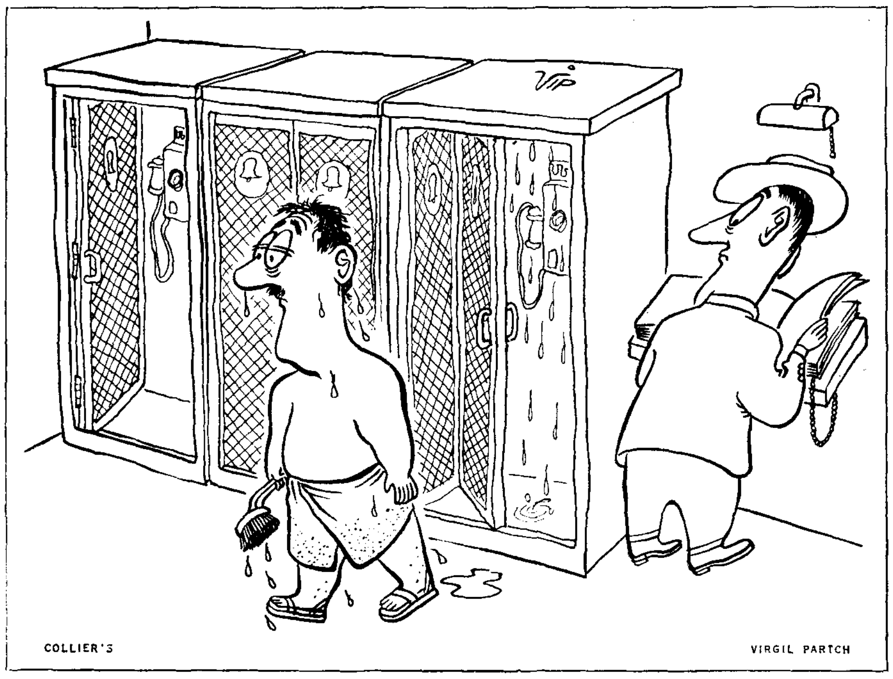
obviously having been Marylynn's favorite—uh—escort lately.

"After all, if an opponent of ours gets into a jam, that's news we should be glad to print. Well, Jenkins, you know my principle of not interfering with the editorial policy of my newspapers. I'll leave it to you, but you may feel that this new angle deserves a more prominent space than you considered necessary. Get a picture of the two, if possible taken in a night club. Play up the political side. Make our readers sit up and wonder what sort of fellow this defender of the common man might be, and splash it on page two."

DALE CORBETT was a tidy sleeper, and Frank Ferguson, who noisily tiptoed into his bedroom shortly after dawn to break the bad news to him, was almost sorry to wake him up. The young lawyer's handsome face looked surprisingly boyish and innocent in his sleep, and his hands rested relaxed on the thin linen sheet that was neatly tucked under his arms. On the night stand next to his bed was the correct selection of books and magazines an intelligent, well-informed and progressive politician ought to read; and a faintly humming air-cooling unit kept the room a fresh and cool island in the roasting, panting, melting city of New York. Ferguson, a loud and excitable man entrusted with the job of grooming Corbett for his political career, contemplated his sleeping charge with a mixture of angry relief and sympathy. Obviously, this was the deep and dreamless sleep of a man who had a clear conscience, a sound digestion, a well-organized life, and not the faintest idea of being involved in a regrettable and highly disorderly catastrophe. Ferguson shook him by the shoulder and Dale sat up, yawned, brushed back his dark hair and smiled brightly. The little clock showed six minutes past three.



"Hello, Sourpuss," Corbett said. "Where's the fire this time?"

"I just had a very unpleasant talk with Mr. Carp. Very unpleasant."

"Who the hell's Mr. Carp?"

"*You* should know! The little guy who's doing all the publicity for your Marylynn."

"Oh, you mean Sid? Why? What's up? He promised to keep my name out of his shrill little press campaigns and he has, so far."

"That's not the question. There's bad news, Dale, bad news," Ferguson said.

"Well, speak up," Corbett said.

"What did you do last night after our conference?"

"Why, nothing special. Stayed late in my office, listened a bit to the radio, had a bite to eat, and went to bed like a good boy."

"Stop talking like a lawyer," Ferguson cried, exasperated by so much glibness. "The fact is: you picked up your lady friend after her radio show, you went with her to the Sans Souci, you treated her publicly to a bottle of champagne, you waited until she had sung her three songs, and then you took her home in a taxi. Is that true or not?"

"I don't see why you're considered a heel if you drink a glass of champagne but a fine regular guy if you get stinking on six highballs; and I'd rather do it publicly than in secret. Anyway, let's stop bickering about Marylynn. I know what I'm doing."

"No, you don't!" roared Ferguson. "Stop bickering! A lot of good that'll do us now, a lot of good!"

In all his fights about what the older man called his unforgivable peccadilloes with Marylynn, Corbett was certain to be right. It was tough luck that he wanted her so much, but that part of it couldn't be helped. He assumed that she played hard-to-get because she wanted him to marry her, now that she was divorced from Luke Jordan. This, he decided, was completely out of the question; if you were considered a political comer you had to draw a firm line. Yet, he wanted her so badly that it disturbed his work. He simply had to have her, get it over with once and for all, get her out of his system, and then continue on his way.

"Look here, Frank," he said. "What's going on between Marylynn and myself is none of your business. I'm free, white, and of age. What I do with my evenings is nobody's business but my own. Does that settle it?"

Ferguson came charging in like a bull. "That doesn't settle anything! I've got to know what happened tonight after you went home with that woman," he said.

When Corbett was angry he had an annoying habit of glancing just past the person to whom he was speaking. He was very angry now. "I can give you the sordid details in a nutshell. I paid the taxi driver in front of Marylynn's house and opened the door for her as my mother taught me a well-bred boy should. Marylynn offered me a remarkably cool and sisterly cheek to be kissed, so I kissed her in a cool and brotherly way. I thanked her for the evening and she said, 'Call me up next week or so.' Staggering under this amount of encouragement, I walked home, brushed my teeth, and went to bed."

At this Ferguson exploded. "Why the devil didn't you keep the taxi?" he yelled desperately.

"Why should I? I wanted some fresh air."

"At least you'd have had a witness that you weren't there when Marylynn was shot," Ferguson shouted in a final burst of exasperation. And that was the subtle way in which he broke the bad news to Corbett.

The young lawyer did not waste any time. Even while he was jumping out of bed and scrambling into his clothes, he was planning his next steps; trying to figure out a way to save himself in what, at best, would develop into a scandal and, at worst, into a disaster that would make mincemeat of his chances for getting elected president of the New York City Council. He did not worry about Marylynn: he worried only about himself.

"And where do you think you're going in the middle of the night?" Ferguson groaned as Corbett grabbed his hat and waved goodby.

"Put myself at the disposal of the police first, and then go to the hospital."

"Are you crazy? Police? Hospital? Take a plane, get out of town, disappear until this stink blows over! Go to Mexico, take a trip to Brazil! Your name will be mud tomorrow morning anyhow."

"Listen," Corbett said quietly. "I've got to handle this my own way. I've got nothing to hide, and running away wouldn't make me very popular, would it? Can't you see the point? There's Marylynn—a beautiful, gifted, charming young woman, shot at the peak of her career—dying. The whole country will be rooting for her—and you want me to run away? No. I love her. My place is at her side, and that's where I'm going now."

Ferguson listened with admiration. He was overwhelmed by so much astuteness. Corbett put on his hat before the mirror. "By now the hospital will be crawling with reporters," he added soberly. "I have to give them my version of the story before anyone else can butt in. So long."

"If that's the way you want to handle it," Ferguson said, "I'll try to get hold of Sid Carp and see if I can make him play ball with us."

SID CARP had spent the last few hours in a press agent's nightmare. The horrible facts had reached him in the shape of a blurred, half-drunken telephone call by old Bob Simms, who clamored for an interview with either Poker or Marylynn—whichever of the two might be alive and available. It was a wallop in the solar plexus, and Sid had first of all been very sick in the old-fashioned bathroom of their little apartment in Greenwich Village. Rallying as best he could, he had gone off in all directions, leaving his wife, Fishy, at home by herself. He had been pushed around by noncommittal and blunt-spoken policemen, besieged and cursed by reporters, given the icy stare by tired night nurses and given the cold shoulder by Dr. Bassington. With Marylynn unconscious and Poker kept incommunicado, he saw an avalanche of publicity tumbling toward him, unable either to stop it or to direct its course.

At one point of this confused and unhappy night, when he came up for air over a cup of coffee at Raimondo's, it occurred to him that he would have to get the story to Luke Jordan before the morning papers could screech it at him; and he went miserably into the telephone booth to begin a canvass of Luke's usual late haunts.

Theirs was an old and weather-beaten friendship. It dated back more than ten years, to the days when Sid had been an office boy in the big advertising agency of Grayson, Caldwell & Grayson, while Luke Jordan was still an absolute nobody in search of his next meal. Their friendship was of the durable sort, and it had outlasted all sorts of storms. It had even survived the big crack-up in their lives: Marylynn's separation from Luke. Their tight little group of four had been blasted and scattered, with Poker and Marylynn going their way, carrying Sid Carp with them, while Luke was left to his own turbulent and demonstratively gay kind of loneliness.

Sid had so often used the soiled, greenish walls of Raimondo's telephone booth as his private notebook that he had little trouble finding most of the numbers he needed among the scribblings there. But neither at Lindy's nor at Sardi's nor at Toots Shor's had Luke been seen that evening, and some research into various clubs and bars as well as into a certain chorus girl's apartment gave no result. Probably he's had enough of demonstrating to the world how happy he feels about his divorce

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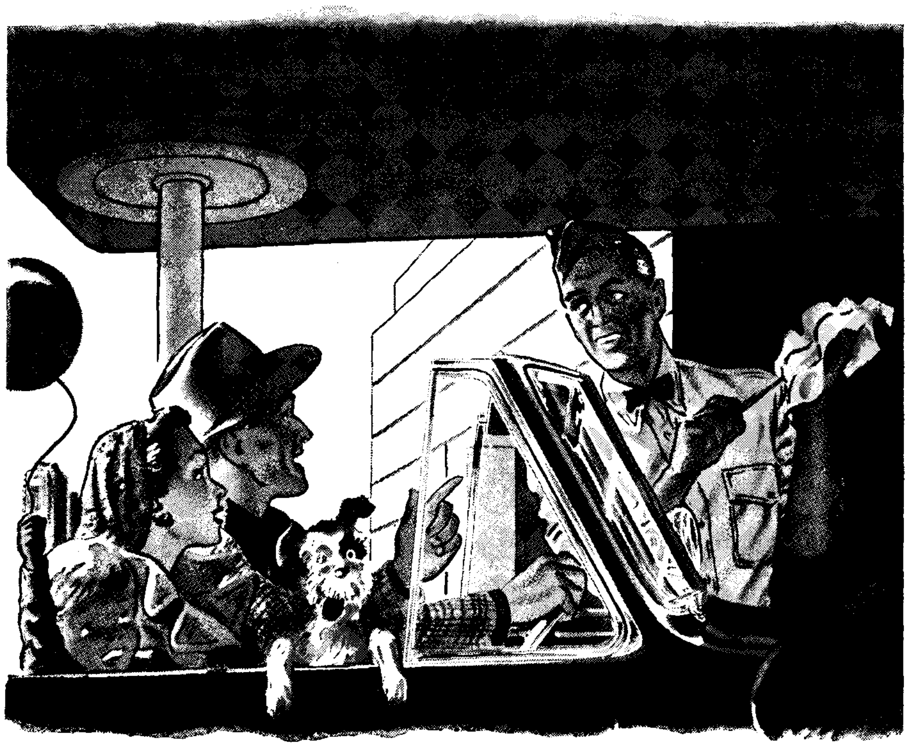

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and has gone to Nyack, Sid thought. The house in Nyack, where Luke and Marylynn had lived duing their brief marriage, was still the place Luke went when he was fed up with Broadway and with himself.

Sid asked the operator to keep on ringing, until at last the sleepy voice of Connie answered.

"This is Sid, Connie. Sorry to wake you up."

"Why, Mister Sid! Did your baby arrive?"

"Not yet, Connie. Is Luke there?"

"No, Mister Sid. Mister Luke ain't been home for five days."

"I've got to talk to him right now. Don't you have any idea where he could be?"

Connie — dark, broad, honey-voiced, warm-blooded—had cooked for old Mrs. Poker, had cooked for Bess and Marylynn during their rise to success, had cooked for Marylynn and Luke and Poker during that short, stormy marital interim; and now she was left behind to cook for Luke the lonely meals of a deserted husband. Sid, who had his rare moments of insight, wondered at times why Poker had made Connie stay on with Luke when they had split up. It seemed such an overgenerous gesture—almost as if Poker had wanted to leave a piece of herself in Nyack.

"You's soundin' worried, Mister Sid. Is somethin' wrong with my young ladies?" she asked.

"You'll hear about it soon enough, Connie. I don't have time now. I've got to find Luke in a hurry."

"Did you try some chasin' in your own parlor, Mister Sid? Maybe he wasn't feelin' so good and done gone to roost there."

SID beat his flat palm against his moist forehead, rang off and called his own apartment.

"Hello, Pumpkin," said Fishy's wide-awake voice; and as so often before, Sid thanked heaven for having sent him the sort of wife Fishy was.

"Tell me, Fishy—Luke isn't at our place by any chance?"

"You bet he is; arrived half an hour ago. Brought me six orchids, two quarts of yoghurt, and a super-de-luxe electric egg-beater that neither one of us knows how to work."

"My God."

"He thought the yoghurt would be good for you, and he seems to think I'm a fiend for kitchen gadgets."

"He doesn't know yet what's happened?"

"No."

"And you didn't tell him?"

"No. He looked as if he needed a good rest first. He's sleeping now on the davenport in the living room."

"A little drunk?"

"Not a bit. Stone sober."

"That makes it worse, Fishy."

"Yes, much worse, Pumpkin."

"Well, I'm coming home right away."

"Okay. I'm fixing some strong coffee."

In the narrow foyer of his apartment, Sid found Luke's hat and necktie, a cigarette stub and an empty matchbook. A crumpled cigarette package had been pushed into Fishy's nice flowerpot. Fishy was in the kitchen arranging glasses and cups, coffee and whisky, on a little tray. "Can't you let him sleep a little longer?" she asked. Sid shook his head and went on into the living room.

It was not unusual for Luke to take refuge with them whenever he reached the lowest depths of a blue mood or the highest peak of inspiration for a new song, and a certain routine had developed for such unexpected visits. As his bony six-feet-two was much too long for the Carps' davenport, he had learned to sleep there with his legs hanging over the side. A litter of his belongings was scattered on the small coffee table which he used as a night stand. The lamp from Sid's desk had been transferred to it; and a few sheets of note paper with some sketchy music stumbling across them indicated that Luke had been struggling in the throes of creation before dropping off to sleep. His arms were flung out; and his enormous hands, which always had a life all of their own, moved in a restless dream. His beautifully made suit was carelessly thrown onto the upright piano, and his red hair—always the desperation of his barber—stuck out on all sides of his head. He sat up fully awake the moment Sid turned on the light.

"What's the big idea breaking in here and waking everybody up at this godforsaken hour, you loafer?" Luke said with a wide, white grin on his face. Sid felt a little sick again, but he took a deep gulp of air and sat down opposite Luke.

"Take it easy, Luke, just take it easy," he said. Luke's expression changed and his eyes narrowed. "Well, what's up?" he said.

"I wish to God I didn't have to tell you this," said Sid.

"Something about Marylynn?"

"Yeah."

"All right, let's have it," said Luke.

ON THE stage, in rehearsals, or while he was coaching Marylynn, it would take very little provocation to set Luke Jordan off on beautifully tempestuous scenes and spectacular tantrums. But if Sid had feared something of that kind he was mistaken. After he had finished speaking, there was complete silence. Fishy came in on soft felt slippers, and the tinkling of the glasses on the tray seemed very loud.

"It's very hot, isn't it?" Luke said at last. His face had turned white and moist, and the irregular pattern of freckles came out with a glowing clearness on the sudden pallor of his skin.

"Here's some coffee, Luke," Fishy said softly. He took the cup and drank.

"I don't believe Poker did it," he said afterward.

"Here, take some whisky," Sid said gently. "It's good for you."

"I think Poker is just covering up for somebody," said Luke. He got no answer. "Why, Poker couldn't hit a barn door at three yards," he went on.

"The girls had a lot of target practice at old Huysmans' pistol range the summer they were up at The Grange," Sid reminded him reluctantly.

"Maybe so; but I'm sure they didn't have a gun in the house."

"There was that Luger pistol Marylynn used for a paperweight."

"It wasn't loaded. It didn't work."

"Well, it worked this time."

"But why would she do it? There wasn't a reason in the world!"

"If you fire a gun at your best friend, the chances are you won't be very reasonable," suggested Sid.

"Maybe she was jealous," Fishy whispered tentatively.

"Jealous? Of what? There wasn't a thing Marylynn wouldn't share with her," said Sid. Fishy closed her lips tightly. Lord, aren't men stupid? she thought.

"Look here, Fishy," said Luke. "Call up Nyack; tell Connie what happened and ask her to bring me some shirts and things. I'll stay in town."

"Okay, Luke," Fishy said and went out.

"I'll never understand women, will you?" Luke asked Sid.

When Fishy returned, she found Luke dressed. He had drunk all the coffee, much of the whisky, smoked most of Sid's cigarettes and burned a hole in her davenport.

"What did Connie say when you told her?" asked Luke.

"All she said was, 'Poor Miss Bess.'"

"Poor Miss Bess?"

"She meant Poker," Sid said by way of explanation.

"Ah, yes. Of course. Well, let's be going, Sid. We can't let Marylynn die."

Sid gave him a resigned smile. "How are we going to stop her?" he said sadly.

"I tell you, we can't let her die!" Luke shouted in a queer rage. He pushed Sid toward the door. He took the air into his large fists and squeezed them tight, as if he were in the midst of a fight, strangling an invisible opponent. "Don't you see? If Marylynn dies, it's Poker who killed her."

(To be continued next week)

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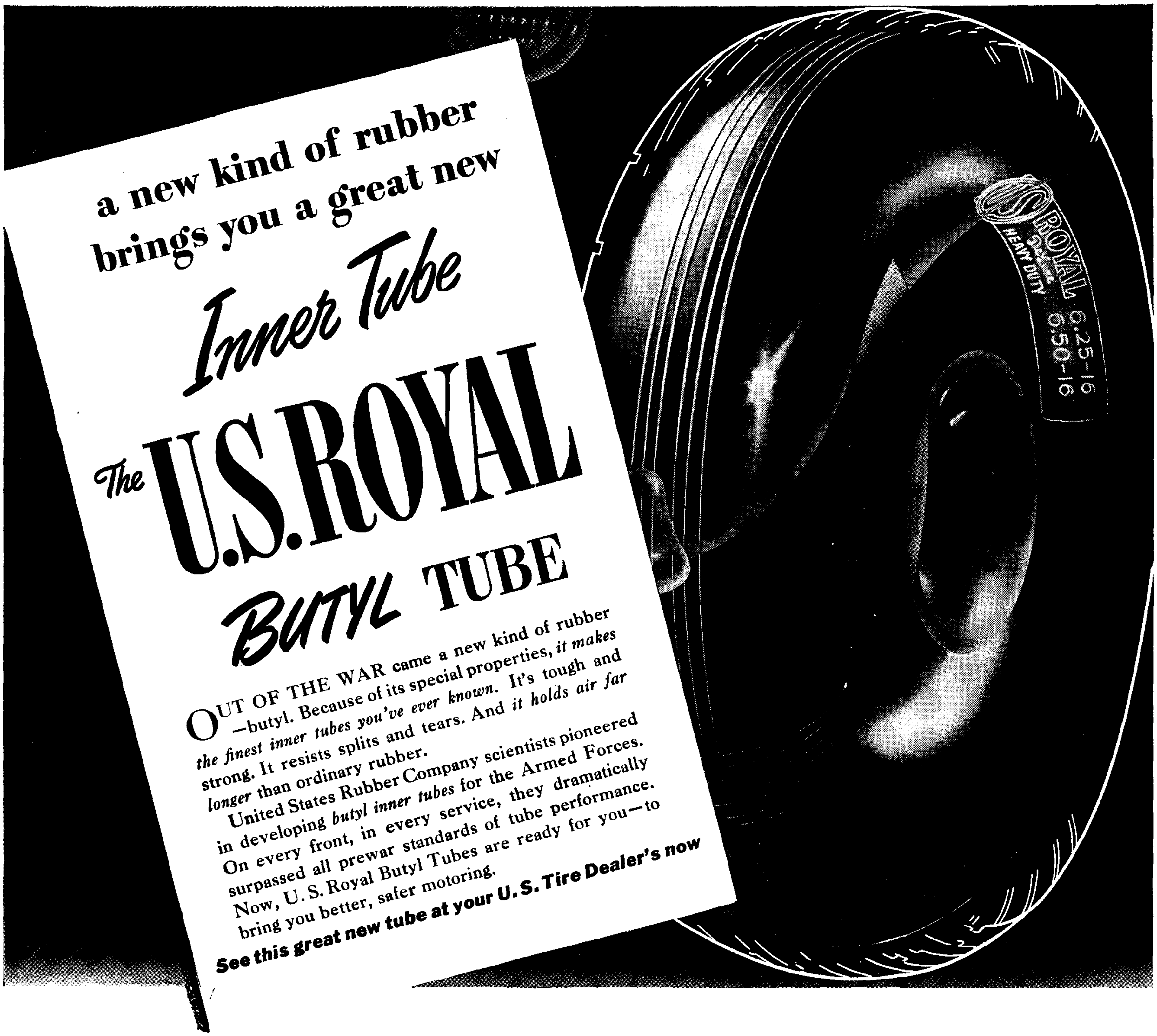

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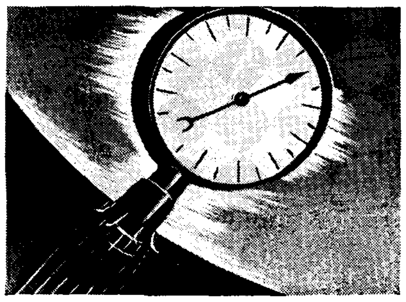

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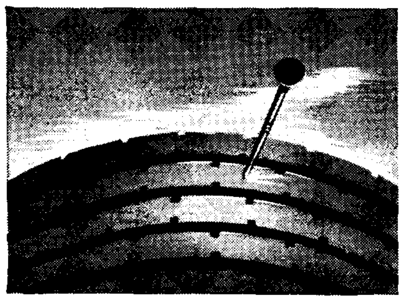

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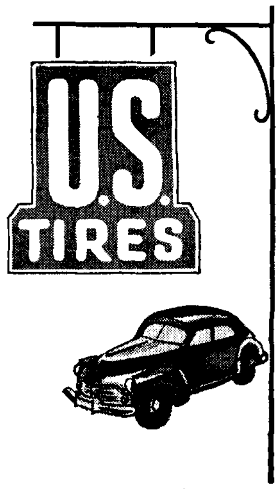

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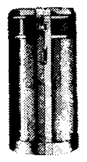
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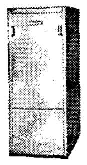
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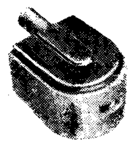
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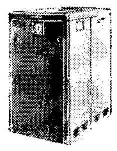
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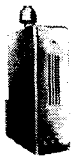
G-E Winter Air Conditioner (Warm Air)

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Brother Emory and the Bishop

Continued from page 15

me a large, strong hand, a pleasant hand. A very pleasant hand that went well with his smooth, pink face and wispish silver hair that showed beneath his hat. He wore a stiff white collar, buttoned at the back, the black cloth of a clergyman bulging above his hefty paunch. I guess I stared at that. He didn't seem to notice it. Instead he smiled as he pulled off the bearskin robe to help me climb.

"Looks like," he said, "this boy's in need of something hot. He's shivering."

"Blood's thin," said Brother Emory. "We'll thicken that. Walter will see to that. Needs meat, I'd say. Boy, this is Bishop Frank Mayhew."

There was in this a shock. It awed me instantly. "Bishop?" I said.

"Mayhew," said Brother Emory. "He knew your grandfather when he was a boy. Knew your own father, too, though not so well. The breed has scattered to the four winds, Frank. To Alabama, Illinois, Missouri—still they come back. This ground's their own. They come back here to get the feel of it, the way I said. Don't sit so stiffly, boy, you jerk the robe. Touching a bishop might be good for you."

"Yes, sir," I said.

The bishop helped me out. "You have a nice trip, son?"

"Yes, sir. Real nice." I wondered if that was the thing to say to him—yes, sir. I felt uneasy over it. I tried hard not to bump against him as the buggy rocked.

IT WAS a long drive from St. Bethlehem to Brother Emory's farm. The horse's hoofs, striking that frozen dirt, gave out a clattering that was like men in route step. And in that, too, there was somehow an emptiness, a desolation that seemed part of all this bitter countryside. We passed at last through trees that stood forlorn and dark with only clumps of mistletoe upon their naked limbs. A frozen creek ran close beside the road with cattails sticking thinly through the ice. And presently a stone fence came down to the edge of it. The horse stopped. I hadn't noticed Brother Emory pull him up. But he was sitting ramrod straight, staring toward the wall.

"Well, Frank," Brother Emory said.

And that was all. The bishop's arms were folded on his heavy chest. A glisten came into his eyes. Something was in them that I'd never seen before, something that only men who have lived long can know, a sadness for lost things. Lost times. And yet no bitterness. He pressed his lips together finally. "Well, Emory," he said, "it's been a long while, hasn't it?"

"A long while," murmured Brother Emory. "And still, by God—"

His whip cracked out. The bay horse jumped. The buggy lurched, and we went careening down that icy road at gallop pace. I've never seen a man drive at a pace like that. Again the whip went singing. Brother Emory half rose, clutching the reins tight in that thumbless hand, his deep-set eyes dark with a fury that made other men's wrath seem weak and pitiable. A fury that had grandeur in it. That, to me, was terrifying in those instants.

"Now, Emory. You want to break our necks?"

It was the bishop, speaking in that soft and cultured voice of his. He said it in the only way he could, without reproof, and not amused, as if he understood this sudden mood of Brother Emory's. As if it were a mood he felt himself, and yet it was a check. After that, the whip sang out no more. The bay horse gradually slowed up. We turned at last in through a gate, driving toward the low, ramshackle house where Brother Emory had always lived, a rambling place with honeysuckle on its lattices and elms that seemed to press it down toward the earth.

A hound, knowing the horse, rose from the dirt and made a short, shrill, happy greeting. Other hounds came loping toward us lazily. A guinea cocked its head inquisitively at us. Smoke hung above the house, a fat, rich plume of it. And as the buggy stopped, the front door opened and a lanky Negro stood there slackly on the porch, his great hands hanging limp, his mouth loose in a smile that had more honest welcome in it than most men ever get.

That done, he bustled out, leaning around to peer at me.

"Dis him?" he asked. "Dis Mister Joe's boy, Mister Emory?"

"Grandson," I said.

"Grandson! How could dat be?"

Brother Emory gave a snort. "Oh, go on, Walter—what else could he be? Mister Joe's been dead for twenty years."

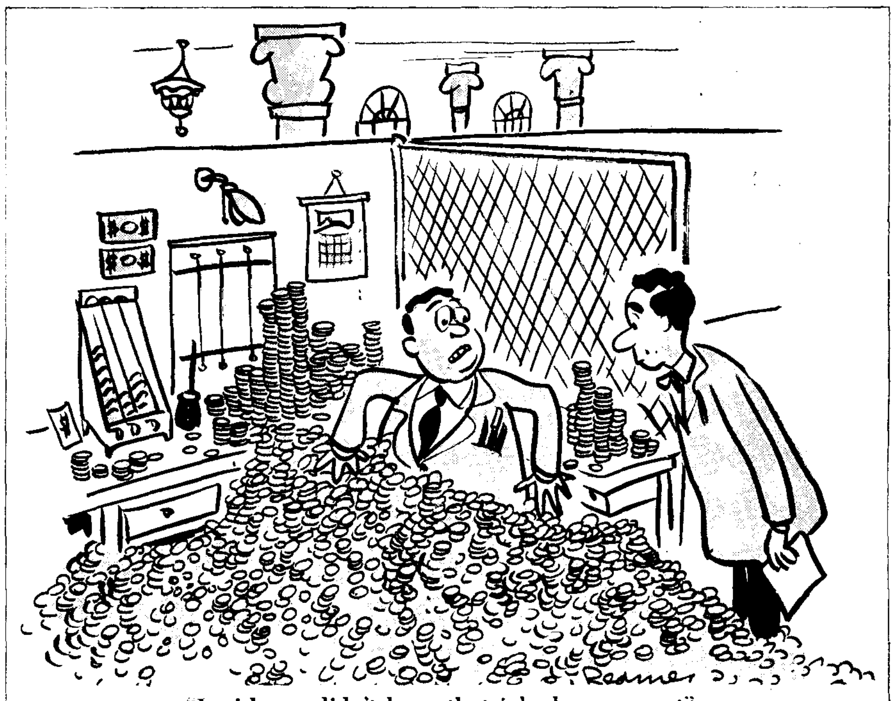
"Don't seem."

"Don't matter what it seems. You take this horse out to the barn. He's hot, so walk him some—"

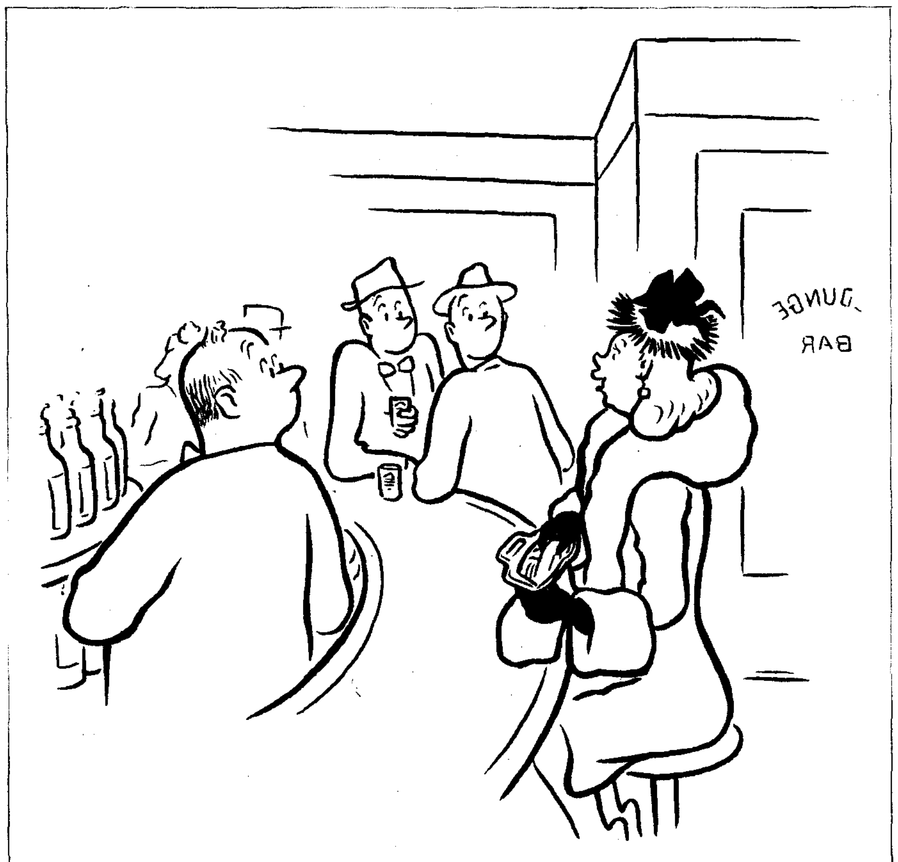
"I gon' do dat." He said it almost angrily. As if he needed to be told! "I walk him till he's nice and cool. You comin', boy?"

It was not a question. It was an invitation worded with exquisite tact. He must have felt that diffidence every boy must show when he goes visiting. The barn! Well, now. I heard Bishop Mayhew laughing as I dropped my bag.

Old Walter led the horse, shambling



COLLIER'S "I wish we didn't have that juke-box account" REAMER KELLER



"I'll have a Mickey Finn, please. Someone told me I should try one"

COLLIER'S STANLEY HUNT

along, not saying anything to me while we were going to the barn. Then he unhitched it carefully. He ran his hand expertly on its flanks.

"Been runnin' mighty hard," he said at last. "Dey stop?"

"Why, yes," I said, surprised. "Beside the creek, where that stone wall runs down to it."

He laughed. He ran his hand across the horse's flanks again. A subtle tenderness came in his voice. "Dat's what dey do. Been doin' dat—le's see—since Mister Frank Mayhew first started visitin' wid us."

"You mean the bishop, Walter?"

"Bishop? Dat's right. Dat's what he do." He started walking in a circle, leading the horse. "Course when he started visitin' wid Mister Emory he wasn't dat. Jest preachin' den. He had a parish back at Trenton den. Course he was young. Used to come out on Sattidys and hunt. Shoot partridges. Den he left, but he comes once a year to visit Mister Emory. And sometimes while he's here dey drive down by dat fence and dat reminds 'em. Look out, boy."

I KNEW that when he got around to it, he'd finish that, telling me about these visits that the bishop made with Brother Emory each year, but he was busy now, leading the horse into the barn. He got it safely in its stall, came out and gathered up a load of straw and started back. And then, quite suddenly, he stopped. The smooth brown of his old face crinkled at the eyes. He wet his lips.

"Jee-dus," he said, whispering it. The outside of the whitewashed stall was smeared with reddish stain, hidden at first because we were upon the wrong side of the horse. Somehow the sight of that, the queer smudged shape of it, and Walter's sudden breathlessness was frightening. He reached his hand out slowly, touching it. "Hit's—fresh!"

"Walter?" I whispered.

His long arm moved at me. The sweep of it propelled me toward the door. "Go 'long," he said, still whispering. "You better run. Tell Mister Emory—no, I'll do dat. Go fast—"

"Walter—"

"You go 'long, boy!"

His voice cracked at me like a rifle shot. By then he had a pitchfork in his hands. And he was backing up. Backing toward me. The way his shoulders seemed to bunch and then that cat-quick movement of his feet, not shambling now, not slow and not indifferent, made terror, and I whirled and ran.

I heard him pounding after me as I went scrambling up the porch. I burst into the living room. Beside the hearth Brother Emory was stooping to thrust in a log. Bishop Mayhew had a shotgun in his hands, a bit of rag in them to oil the breech of it. I must have gasped. The white, inverted wedges of his eyebrows rose. And then his gentle, modulated voice: "Why, son? What is it, son?"

"It's blood," I cried.

The log fell in the fireplace with a swoosh of sparks. The shotgun clicked. I saw that thumbless hand of Brother Emory's close.

"What blood?" he barked.

"Blood in the barn," I cried. "Walter—"

He leaped past me, shaking the house, running toward the porch. Bishop Mayhew got up with the shotgun resting carefully across his arm.

"Son, stay inside. Is Walter hurt?"

"Not Walter, sir. It's in the barn, smeared on the stall—"

"Then don't you move from here. There's been some trouble and this may be more of it. I'm going out—"

"Please, sir! If I can come—"

He stopped and shook his head. "You're safe in here. Just sit tight, son. Before you know it, we'll be back."

He'd just gone out when I heard Walter's voice. There was a strange, exciting quality in it, a high-pitched shakiness that farming Negroes get when things go wrong. Not fear, though there is something close to fear in it, but more of swelling anger. Old Walter's rage was rising now, as if the thing he'd seen had shattered his tranquillity, as if it had been meant to do exactly that. A shrilling rage, his voice an octave higher. Dangerous.

"Hit's dere, Mister Emory," he cried insistently. "All smidged around. Hit's blood, for sho. An' fresh!"

"We'll see," said Brother Emory.

"Don't go out dere! Not less you got a gun. He chop you up, same as he chopped up Mister Ed dis mornin'. 'At's a crazy man. He must've got away from Trenton an' cut back th'ough here—"

"We'll see," repeated Brother Emory, not calm but carefully controlled. "Frank, better put some shells in that. And not for birds."

I heard Bishop Mayhew's cadenced voice. "I'm not going on a manhunt with you, Emory."

"I didn't mean that, Frank," said Brother Emory. "I don't need help. But you are going to load that shotgun for your own protection. As Walter says, this fellow's crazy with a knife. Worst of it is, they don't have any idea who he is, except that he's a darky. That's all Ed Widdis said before he died. You load that gun, and if you see—you'll know. Now stay and watch the boy. Walter and I will see if he's still in the barn."

They came into the house and Brother Emory was putting cartridges into his rifle. The way they spoke made all this seem more terrible to me. I'd never been where men were casual with guns, where guns were loaded with the idea that they'd kill a man. I couldn't think. My heart was beating in my throat. And then I heard a soft tread at the parlor door. It was the bishop.

"What's wrong, son?"

"Nothing," I gulped.

"Your lips were moving, son. Praying, weren't you?" He sat down slowly in a chair beside the hearth and placed his shotgun on his knees. And then he smiled at me. "You see," he said, "I know about these things. Just sit down, son—and if you want to pray, just go ahead. Don't mind me being here. Religion's not like that, something to be ashamed of—something that must be secret, like a weakness. I pray myself—when I get scared, I always do. I've seen grown men, hard men, kneel down and pray together, son. Why, just a little way from here—"

He kept on talking in that quiet voice of his that had itself the sound of prayer in it. Perhaps all that he meant to do was reassure me. He did that.

"—down by that stone fence," he was saying, "where we stopped today. Remember that? I saw a hundred grown men kneel there in the mud and pray together, son. And none of them ashamed of it. 'Course they were scared, but no more scared than you are now. They knew, a lot of them, that it would be the last time that they ever prayed, and this won't be your last time, son. You've got to live a long time yet, and it's my hope—you don't mind if I say this, do you, son?—it is my hope that when you feel you need to pray, you'll go ahead and do it. Like a man should—openly."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"All right," he said, and smiled at me, the firelight glinting on his silver hair. "All right—we've made a deal. There's Emory—I expect nobody's hiding in the barn."

HIS soothing voice had made a difference. The pounding was gone from my throat. But I could not forget that smear I'd seen, and Brother Emory brought that memory back more sharply now.

"He's been here, Frank. He wouldn't hang around, not with those men from Trenton after him, but he's been here. They ought to know he came this way. I'm driving in—will you stay with the boy?"

Bishop Mayhew nodded silently.

"I don't like leaving you," said Brother Emory. "Except—there's Walter, and he's pretty shaken up. We can't all get into the buggy."

"All right, Emory."

"I ought to get back in an hour. You hang onto that gun. Come on in, Walter—"

I called out, "Brother Emory—"

He turned, scowling at me. I'd meant to ask to go with him, but Walter's gray face stopped me. Somehow, knowing that Walter had to stay, I couldn't do it.

"What is it, boy?" snapped Brother Emory.

"Nothing—unless—"

"Bishop Mayhew will look after you. I'm going now."

He went on out. In a few minutes there came again the sound of that old buggy creaking as he drove it past the house. Driving it fast. Walter waved at him from the door.

"Come on in, Walter," Bishop Mayhew called.

Slowly, Walter turned. He looked his age now, old and bent, as if the first, sharp, stimulating shock of what he'd seen was

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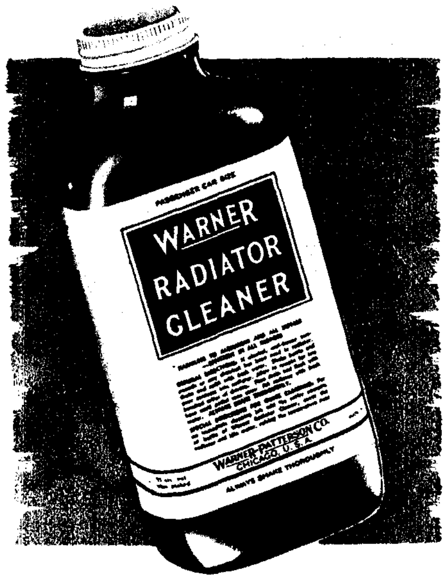

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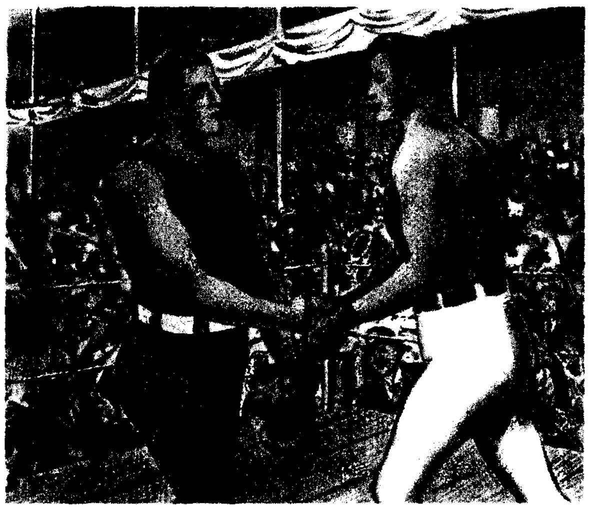
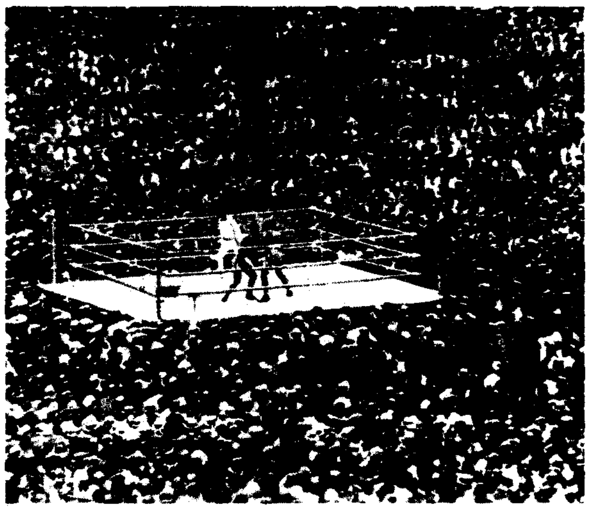


1892 **Looking back,** the first heavyweight title bout under Queensbury rules was in New Orleans, when Corby's reached its 34th year of Canadian fame. Boxing had begun its advance from 100 round bare-knuckle contests to something like the ring skill we see today . . .



1921 **True boxing skill** began to pay off with the first million-dollar gate in prize ring history at Jersey City in the year when Corby's became a 63 year-old Canadian tradition. The all-time attendance record is 120,757 for a Philadelphia match late in the summer of 1926 but . . .

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gone. "Ef you don't mind, Mister Frank—I'll jest stand here an' watch."

He couldn't stand it in the house. He couldn't bear the thought of feeling trapped inside, if this man with the knife was prowling, circling us. He wanted to be where he'd see him first, where he would have that helpfulness that comes from open spaces in a case like that. The bishop must have understood.

"You watch, Walter," he murmured placidly. "And we're right here. Now, son, what was I telling you? About the stone fence? Why we stopped the buggy there today? You ought to know about that, son, because your own Grandfather Joe was there that day. And Emory—most of the men their age who live in this part of Kentucky know about that fence."

HE STRETCHED his hands toward the fire, the shotgun lying crosswise on his legs. As he talked, I realized again that he was doing it to occupy my mind. I guess he understood that I could recognize that fact, yet he talked on, that gentle voice of his a monotone, his shrewd old eyes intent on me from under his white, wedgelike brows.

"We'd come up here from Mississippi," he went on, "to get some men that General Forrest needed. Horses and men—they were cut off from us, you see, by General Rosecrans' Union Army on the Tennessee River. Cut off's one way of putting it. Another is, they were deserters. Course when General Forrest sent us after them, with the persuasive arguments we had, mostly our guns, they changed their minds. So we had gotten them and started back, thinking that we could slip down through the Union lines. We'd managed it before. But this time Rosecrans got his cavalry in front of us, between us and the Tennessee. We dodged around—we had five hundred men, but out of them, four hundred were the men we'd rounded up and we weren't sure they'd fight. In fact, son, we knew what they'd do. We sent them off toward Hopkinsville, a feint, to make that Union cavalry think all of us were bound that way. Then we meant to break through. And here is where we got—to that stone fence.

"That's where the cavalry encircled us. That's where we prayed. The hundred of us kneeling in the mud. We'd done the things that brains could do for us and they were not enough. But we intended to try breaking out again—this country was our home. We knew these fields and woods and rivers, and if we could get loose again, if night would find some of us going on—well, in a war, sometimes, with night and luck—and prayer—"

His voice died suddenly. Walter was backing slowly from the door. He did not turn toward us. But we could feel his tension growing as he moved, stooping, creeping almost.

"Mister Frank!" he said, his voice a hushed, quick whisper. "Mister Frank—"

Bishop Mayhew's fingers closed upon the gun.

"Mister Frank—dey comin' from de barn!"

I don't know what there was that made the difference, but in old Walter's voice was something new, something unlike that nervous rage of his when he had seen the blood. For this was cold. This time it was hysteria. Something he knew. Something he dreaded more than knives or blood or any crazy man. He shrank back toward us, step by step. And when he turned, tears blurred his eyes.

"Dey comin', Mister Frank! Got guns. Dey gwine get me—dey gwine kill niggers, Mister Frank! Fo' Gawd, Mister Frank—"

Bishop Mayhew gripped old Walter's arm. "You stay inside. You keep your mouth shut, Walter—don't you yell. No matter what you hear outside, don't yell. You understand?" And then he motioned hurriedly to me. "You're coming, son. Outside with me." He let the shotgun slide down to the crook of his arm and led the way.

The men were coming from the barn, fifteen or twenty of them, men from the farms. Not coming fast, but moving toward the house relentlessly, holding their guns in front of them. There was a deadness to their faces as they walked. Only their eyes seemed living, watching, waiting for the thing they sought. They moved spread out, as men go hunting. Treading steadily. They must have seen us almost instantly, and yet they did not speak as they came toward the house.

BISHOP MAYHEW waited until they were twenty feet away. I thought he'd never call to them. At last, softly, it came. "Good evening, boys."

They stopped. The one nearest the front shifted his booted feet. "Good evening, Bishop Mayhew."

"How are you, John? How is your mother feeling?"

"Some better, Bishop. We—we came to get a man."

Bishop Mayhew nodded solemnly. "I know—the man who was in Trenton," he said easily. "Emory just left, driving by the road, to tell you boys—"

"It's all right, then?"

"It's all right here," said Bishop Mayhew. "He must have hidden in the barn a while and then gone on. He's not here now."

The men stirred suddenly. The one called John, uneasy, glanced back at them. One of them muttered something. And then John said: "I don't know what you're thinking, Bishop—we just saw him going in this house."

"You saw Walter. That's all."

"Walter, of course."

"Well, Walter's not the man you want. You all know Walter. Known him now for years. I expect he used to play with lots of you when you were boys. Or with your fathers, possibly—"

The man called John shifted his gun. "No use in talking like that to us, Bishop. We trailed the man. He run the way a red fox does, from brush to brush, but it was easy following. Straight to that barn, where Walter naturally would run. There's blood in there, smeared on the stall where it came off his clothes, and it's Ed Widdis' blood. Walter done that."

The bishop shook his silver head at them. He seemed completely undisturbed, as if this were an argument about theology. Something that men could be argued with about. "No, boys. This time you're wrong. It wasn't Walter—"

"That's what you say!" The man called John was growing angry now, feeling the anger of the men behind him grow. "I don't dispute that you believe it, Bishop, but we followed his tracks. We're going to take him, Bishop."

"No, boys," the bishop said. "You're not."

His voice had not risen above the pleasant monotone in which a little while before he'd talked to me. And something in that way of his, that cool serenity, still held them back.

"Bishop, we don't want any trouble," said the man called John. "But we intend to take that Walter out of here. It was as plain a case of unprovoked murder as there ever was—"

"And it's as plain," the bishop said, "that you boys mean to kill somebody for it, right or wrong. But you're not going to do it. Walter's not the man—"

"Bishop, I'm warning you—"

"I'm warning you, John Harris. One more step—"

One of them shoved, and then they made a break toward the steps. Bishop Mayhew raised his shotgun level with his shoulder and stood there. And I thought then that I could see his lips move silently. Until they stopped. The pressure of those double barrels was too much for them. They stopped, leaning a little forward as if something held them back.

"You know," the bishop said, "that I can use this thing. It's been a long time since I've fired upon a man. It's been years, boys. Not since that day beside the stone fence down along the creek, when Rosecrans' cavalry came swarming onto us. But I could use it then, as most of you have heard, and I can use it now. So back up, boys," he said. And for the first time all the practiced cadence went out of his voice. When he spoke next, it was back-country talk. And ominous. "Back up," he roared at them. "And git!"

A BUGGY turned in just then at the gate, and it was Brother Emory, whipping that horse as if a fiend were after him. I don't know which it was, the sight of Brother Emory, a gaunt man driving with a rifle in his hand—or just that "git!" But those men melted back. Slowly at first, still facing us. And then they turned and ran.

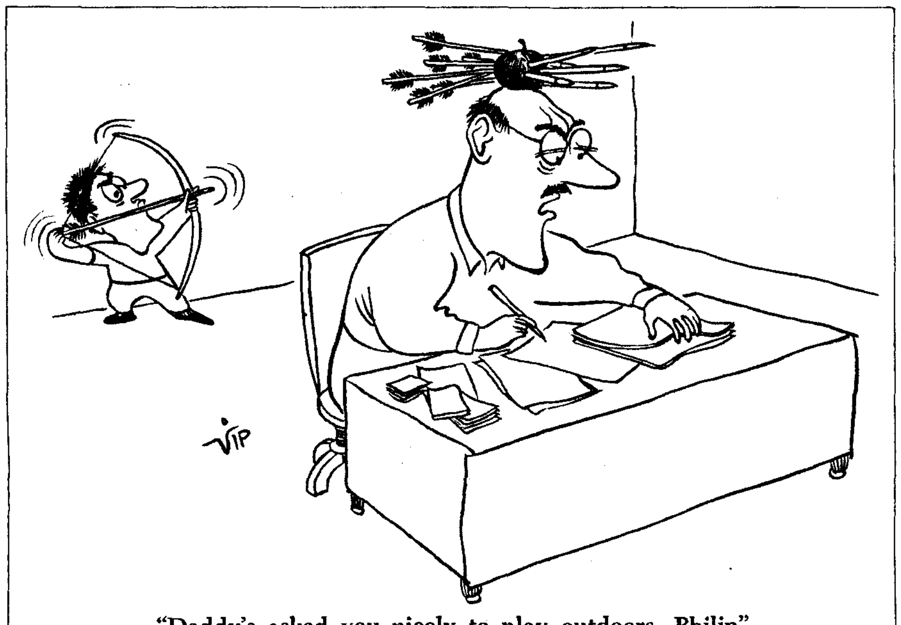
Not for two days did Brother Emory speak of this to me. By then, he'd taken Walter to the sheriff's office and had got him clear. By then, the man who'd killed Ed Widdis was in jail. And Bishop Mayhew had departed from the little shack that bore the splendid name, St. Bethlehem. The two of us, just Brother Emory and me, were walking through the frozen cornfield toward the creek.

"I meant for you to be here when the bishop came," said Brother Emory. "I thought you'd see, meeting a bishop in an easy sort of way, that faith is more than superstition, boy. And reverence is more than being afraid of God. But you've had luck—you've seen all that and more. You know now that before a man's a bishop he must be a man."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"He's got," said Brother Emory, "to look at other men the way he looks at God. With his eyes open. Unafraid. Rising to glory if it comes to him. Well, boy—now, here's the fence. And here is where Frank Mayhew stood that day—"

THE END



COLLIER'S "Daddy's asked you nicely to play outdoors, Philip" VIRGIL PARTCH

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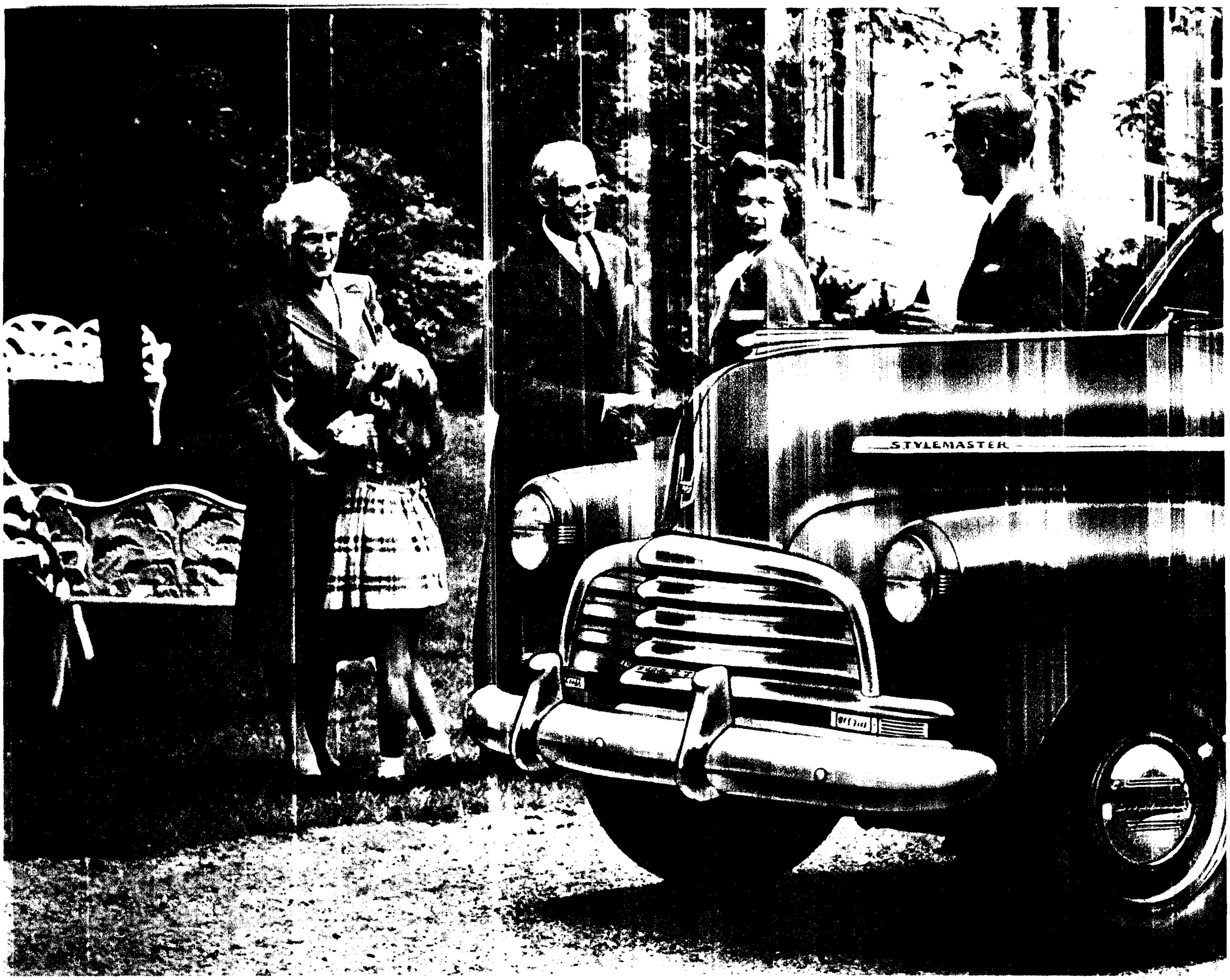

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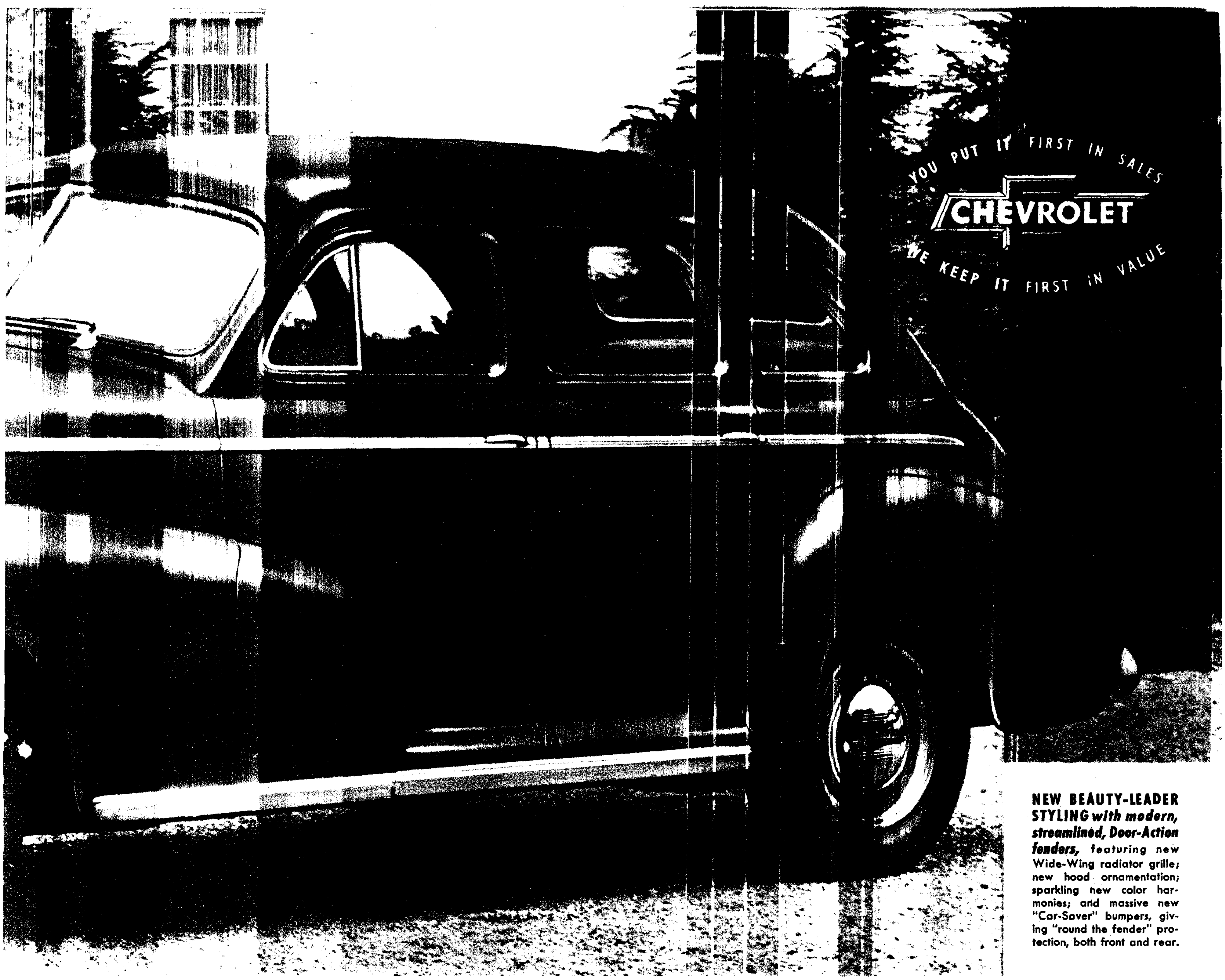

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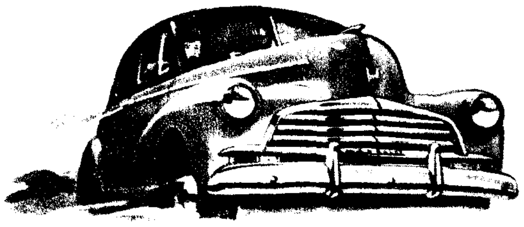
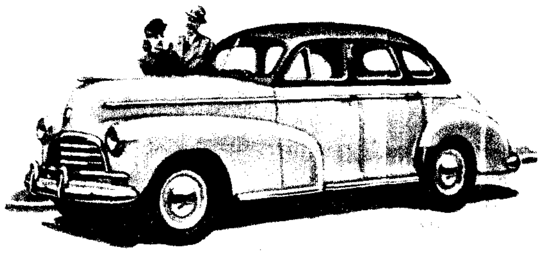


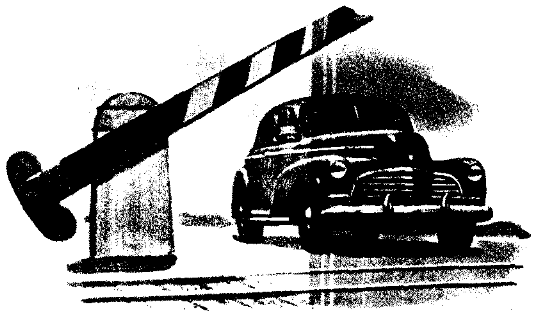
PROVED VALVE-IN-HEAD THRIFT-MASTER ENGINE

exclusive to Chevrolet in its price range, and giving an unequaled combination of performance and economy.



LUXURIOUS BODIES BY FISHER
with No Draft Ventilation

with smart, modern lines and contours, with roomy, richly upholstered interiors and with Concealed Safety Steps—by far the most beautiful and most comfortable bodies in the entire low-price field.



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for smooth, safe, positive stops.

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the simplest, quickest and easiest of all steering-column gearshifts.

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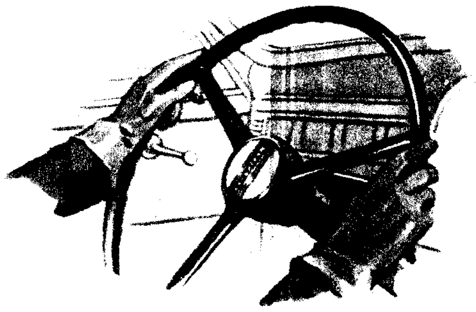
giving riding smoothness and riding comfort exclusive to Chevrolet in the low-price field.



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adding greatly to driving ease, driving comfort and driving safety.

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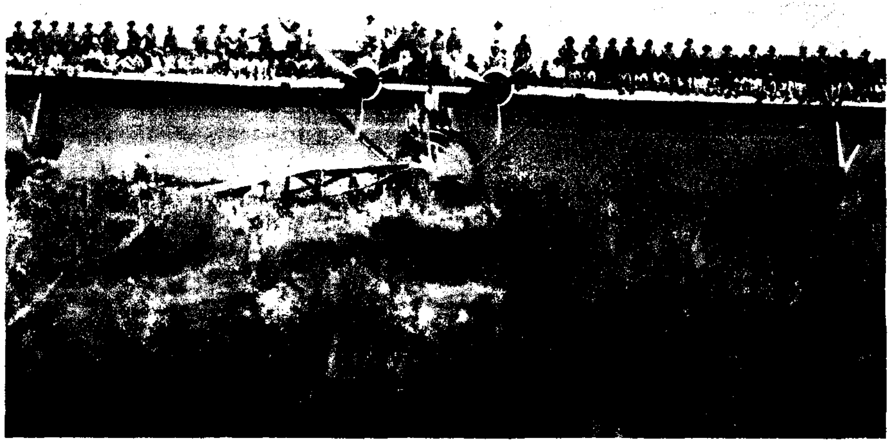

On Lake Habbema, Dutch New Guinea, 11,000 feet above sea level, the famous Catalina PBY's ample wings support the Habbema Camp personnel

Guba was a Flying Boat

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

"SHE is no longer seaworthy and it is proposed to have her towed out to sea and sunk."

Terse and laconic, yet in its way fitting, is this message from the R.A.F. Transport Command to Archbold Expeditions of the American Museum of Natural History. To followers of aviation a few years back, the "she" means Guba, a sturdy flying boat which will rank in history with famous aircraft like Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis, Kingsford-Smith's Southern Cross and the Army Douglas World Cruisers; but to us, the members of Archbold Expeditions, the message is the requiem of an old and trusted friend.

Guba was a craft with a definite personality, and the prodigies of valor she performed not only filled many headlines from 1938 to 1940, but endeared her to all the men who flew in her. Not once did she fail, in spite of the unprecedented demands made on her, and her record in scientific exploration is still unequaled. Her odd name was a Papuan word meaning sudden storm or whirlwind.

Guba was a Catalina PBY flying boat patrol bomber, one of the first of hundreds which later performed so heroically for the Navy and the British in the war. Explorer Richard Archbold acquired her from Consolidated Aircraft Corporation in December, 1937, for his 1938 New Guinea Expedition. She was to serve as a transport for the scientists and was frequently referred to as the "flying laboratory," or sometimes more irreverently, as the "flying grocery" after the quantity and variety of her stores became known. As she was to fly from San Diego to Hollandia, a quiet, humid and sleepy little outpost of Dutch New Guinea, later to become a familiar name to thousands of G.I.s, her performance had to be perfect, so she made a few transcontinental shakedown flights. Then she left San Diego on June 2, 1938, and reached Honolulu in 18 hours flying time. It took less than 15 hours to fly to Wake Island and 16 hours to fly to Hollandia.

At Hollandia, Guba was made ready for her work over the unknown interior of New Guinea. Because her job was to transport the explorers to the inland bases, sites had first to be found where she could land on rivers or lakes, so ground explorations were preceded by reconnaissance flights.

While on one of these flights, the observers saw through a break in the clouds what appeared to be cultivated land, irrigated by ditches and trenches full of water. This was in the heart of unexplored country and no human population was known to be there. Subsequent flights indicated that there was a great valley, perhaps four or five hundred square miles in area, with beautifully tilled gardens extending up the rugged mountain sides.

To explore this strange tract, which was given the name of Grand Valley, inland camps were to be set up on the shores of Lake Habbema, about 35 miles away, and on the banks of the Idenburg River, one of the main streams north and east of the area. From these two camps, patrols were to proceed overland and meet at a prearranged point in the valley, after which the scientific party would join them. Guba was to fly the men to the camps. The Idenburg camp, with an elevation of only a couple of hundred feet, offered no problem but the altitude of Lake Habbema was more than 11,000 feet and no take-off from water had ever been made before at anything like that. But Guba made it.

Tons of supplies and many men were then flown in to the Idenburg and Habbema camps and finally the two patrols set out. As they hacked their way through dense, wet forests and clambered over the rugged mountains, Guba dropped their supplies by parachute. Guba was able to land on the narrow Balim River which flows through the valley, and the scientific party then moved in and explored it on foot. They found a population of perhaps 60,000 persons, never before seen by white men.

Guba was thought by the natives to be a giant bird which had been trained to carry the explorers around in its innards. They would stroke her sleek sides but ran like rabbits at the roar of her propellers.

As this is Guba's story, I shall not tell any more about the strange inhabitants of the Grand Valley. It's enough to say that the mysterious Shangri-La, or Hidden Valley, so publicized by the survivors of an Army plane crash into it in May, 1945, is the identical place. Comparisons of aerial pictures taken in 1938 by Archbold Expedition's members with photographs taken by Army fliers in 1944 and 1945 prove the fact. The extravagant claims that, until 1945, the natives had never seen a white man, that it was a newly discovered area and that no plane could land there, are all wrong. Guba landed on the Balim River 13 times, dropped scores of parachutes and gave the natives an introduction to white people which might well account for the friendliness shown to the survivors of the Army crash.

When the expedition's work in New Guinea was finished, Guba's two Wasp engines were changed and she flew down to Sydney, Australia, for an instrument check. While there she was chartered by the Australian government to cross the Indian Ocean and make a survey of the islands en route to establish a chain of airports between England and Australia, using British territories only.

Her route was from Sydney to Port Hedland, a desolate collection of shacks on the west coast of Australia, and from there she jumped to lonely Cocos Island where the Australian cruiser Sydney sank the raider Emden during a previous war. Owing to mist and heavy cloud, the lagoon on which Guba had expected to land was invisible so she had to make for Batavia, Java. She arrived there after 23½ hours in the air, with gas enough for only one more hour's flying. She refilled and set out again, landed at Cocos and continued over the Indian Ocean, making stops at Diego Garcia in the Chagos Archipelago, Mahé in the Seychelles and finally reached Mombasa in Kenya Colony, East Africa.

Two more laurels had been added to Guba's record during that flight: she was the first flying boat to cross the Australian continent and the first aircraft of any kind to span the Indian Ocean.

On she flew across the African continent, again a "first" for a flying boat, and reached Dakar, in Senegal, having halted at Kisimu on Lake Victoria and on the Belgian Congo. She paused at Dakar just long enough to fill up her tanks before commencing the Atlantic crossing, reached St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, and then headed for New York, arriving at Floyd Bennett Airport during the afternoon of July 1, 1939.

MR. ARCHBOLD was decorated by Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands for his explorations in Dutch New Guinea. A special Certificate of Award was struck by the National Aeronautic Association to commemorate Guba's great cruise.

But the grand old ship had by then got her second wind and was ready for even sterner tests than those she had already survived. The war was a few months old when the Royal Air Force started negotiations for her and she was finally acquired in September, 1940. A little later she flew from Botwood, Newfoundland, to England with a cargo of aluminum tubing. She still carried her tropical equipment, and her crew, who suffered severely from cold and fatigue, would gladly have swapped her electric fans for heaters. A 15,000-foot altitude was maintained during that flight and her propellers iced up. Chunks of ice broke from them and smashed the windows of the navigator's cabin, but Guba flew on.

After 14 hours, they broke cloud to look for a landfall and saw below them the great liner Empress of Britain slowly sinking into the gray Atlantic after attacks by enemy aircraft. A British fighter met and escorted Guba to Stranraer, Scotland, where she was quickly armed and attached to the R.A.F. Coastal Command. Part of her job was the spotting and bombing of U-boats and protecting the slow-moving convoys from the attacks of the submarine wolf packs. After that she was transferred to Transport Command and was used to carry passengers between England and Gibraltar. Later still she was put on a run between the Rock and West Africa. Not even the Luftwaffe could stop her.

We of Archbold Expeditions have kept track of the grand old lady and you can understand why we regard that R.A.F. message as the epitaph to a faithful and trusted friend. . . .

GEOFFREY M. TATE

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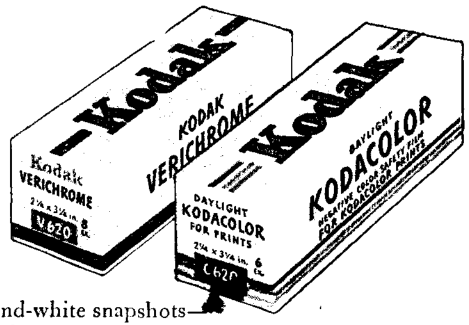
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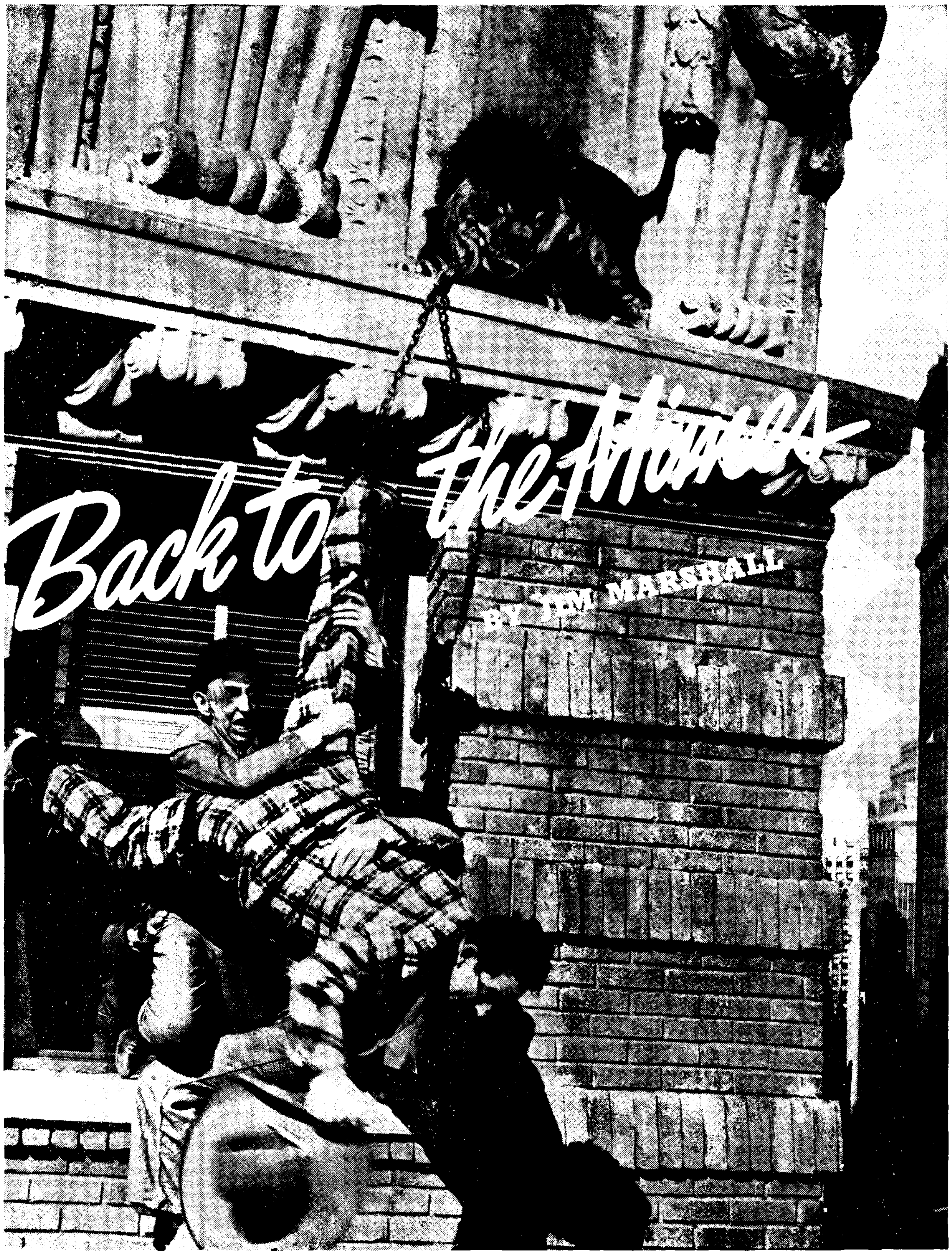
Back to the Mines

BY JIM MARSHALL



Harold Lloyd doing a stunt in his new picture. The set is a studio prop but the work is pretty rugged

After seven years, that old, irresistible lure pulls Harold Lloyd before the cameras again for some new thriller-comedy

THIS summer a lot of movie-goers—millions of them—are going to be amused and thrilled at the spectacle of a fifty-three-year-old multimillionaire hanging by one foot from a chain. Furthermore, the other end of the chain will be attached to a lion. And still furthermore, a man will be clinging to the multimillionaire—whose blood will, by this time, probably be running strongly to his head.

All this, curiously enough, will be no fault of the millionaire, a man named Harold Lloyd. He was hornswoggled into it, although not much against his will, by a sly and ruthless man named Preston Sturges. Mr. Sturges is a movie producer of great whimsicality and determination.

The stunt originally was done by a double. Mr. Sturges, at each take, would urge Mr. Lloyd to gaze upon the sorry performance the double was giving.

"He doesn't *look* like you, Harold," said Mr. Sturges, with a note of despair. "Ah, if you were only your old self—twenty years younger. . . ."

"What d'you mean—my old self?" snapped Mr. Lloyd. "I can do that stunt as well as ever I did. . . . Let that double down! Bind the chain around my ankle! Hoist away, boys!"

Mr. Sturges, with a smile, turned away and played himself a little piece on the studio piano.

After a while he returned—to order Mr. Lloyd hoisted up by the lion for the camera, no less than fourteen times in a row—until Mr. Sturges said, sorrowfully, "Well, I guess that's a take!" and told Mr. Lloyd to be back on the set at eight o'clock sharp the next morning. Since Mr. Lloyd lives on a 35-acre Beverly Hills estate valued at several million dollars and full of antiques; since he is a "prominent California business tycoon," and since, besides a wife and three teen-age children, he is worth around twenty million dollars, this might have been interpreted as a bit brusque but for one thing: That old grease paint had wormed its way into Mr. Lloyd's soul again, after seven years.

Teen-agers may not remember Mr. Lloyd, but probably everyone over twenty recollects the slim, nervous-looking comedian with the horn-rimmed spectacles, who seemed to spend his waking hours racing along high girders, hanging from tall buildings, defying gravity and generally giving movie audiences cold chills. There never was need for air conditioning in a house showing a Lloyd picture.

"I guess we more or less invented the combination of comedy and thrills," Lloyd said the other day, "and we learned the hard way. When people in an audience are exhausted by thrills they just won't laugh at anything. They just sit back and pant—and you might as well end the picture there."

That holds true today—or at least Lloyd hopes it does, because the picture he's just made, The Sin of Harold Diddlebock, ends with a thrill—the one with the lion and the chain, 'way, 'way up there almost atop a skyscraper.

Harold, a Burchard, Nebraska, boy, stopped making thrill comedies back in 1938, with Professor, Beware. He didn't want to retire, although he could have lived in luxury the rest of his days. But the right story didn't show up; it didn't show up for seven years. Meanwhile, Harold did a spot of directing and a production or two—and read scripts. He figures that in the seven years he read more than two thousand scripts—and had about as many more talked at him.

Nothing seemed quite right until one day in 1945 when Preston Sturges turned up with something titled The Sin of Harold Diddlebock. Sturges, who is backed by Multimillionaire Howard Hughes, wanted Lloyd to direct TSOHD—he had a comedian all picked out for the title role.

Lloyd read the script. The more he read the more he saw himself as Diddlebock. So finally he went to Sturges and said: "Listen, Pres. . . ." First thing he knew he was in. Since this was what Mr. Sturges had figured on all along, he expressed little surprise.

Now comes an episode that should be a good moral lesson to all you kids, and a lot of Hollywood stars. The opening sequences of Diddlebock are the closing sequences of a film called The Freshman, in which Lloyd starred in 1922. Note that date: that's 24 years ago. The old film shows Harold, as a football star, being carried off the field. In Diddlebock this has to be connected up with scenes showing Lloyd in the football locker room being offered a job.

Being a man of little faith, Mr. Sturges interviewed a great many young actors to pose as the Lloyd of twenty-four years ago. None suited. He was about at his wits' end when Harold announced that he, Lloyd, would play himself as he was back in 1922. He did, too. A little exercise to take off some poundage, a minimum of make-up—and if audiences can tell the difference between the Lloyd of 1922 and the Lloyd of 1946, they'll have to be pretty smart.

That's the result of good clean livin', son.

If any actor ever had an opportunity to "go Hollywood" it was Lloyd. For years, back in the glorious hardly-any-income-tax days, money poured in over him. His folks hadn't been rich and if he hadn't had his head screwed on right he could easily have blown up in a blaze of riotous living—as many a forgotten star of those days did.

An Actor in "Legit" Stock at Twelve

J. Darsie Lloyd, Harold's father, was a salesman; his mother, Elizabeth, took an active interest in clubs and civic affairs in Burchard, Beatrice, Pawnee City, Omaha and other Nebraska towns into which the family drifted. The kid got his start when he was twelve. Something called the Burwood Stock Company came to Omaha with Tess of the D'Urbervilles but lacking a child actor to play the part of Little Abe, the lame boy.

Harold got the job and made good. He played around at acting in the Middle West for eight years, never getting very far. Accident really got him going: His father won a two-thousand-dollar verdict in a damage suit and with it took the family out to San Diego where John Lane Connor, who had given Harold his first role in Tess, had opened a dramatic school.

The elder Lloyd opened a combination restaurant and billiard parlor, in which Harold served. In between he took dramatic lessons at Connor's school, finally quit his father's enterprise and went out with a stock company. He was back home after one tour when the old Edison Company came to San Diego to make a two-reeler. Lloyd hired on as an Indian.

The movies got into his blood and he hit out for Hollywood—with the usual result: he couldn't get inside a studio.

"I used to stand outside and watch the extras amble in and out," he recalls today. "The cop on the gate just waved them by if they were in make-up. So I packed along a make-up kit the next day, watched to see what sort of a picture was being made, got behind a billboard, put on similar make-up and just walked in with the extras."

It worked, and soon he had more or less regular jobs. He was extra-ing in Samson and Delilah when he ran into another youngster named Hal Roach, who wanted to make his own films. Neither had any money and the project languished until a relative died and left Roach about six thousand dollars. That made Roach a producer and Lloyd a star—from extra to star in one leap.

(*Continued on page 79*)

WURLITZER
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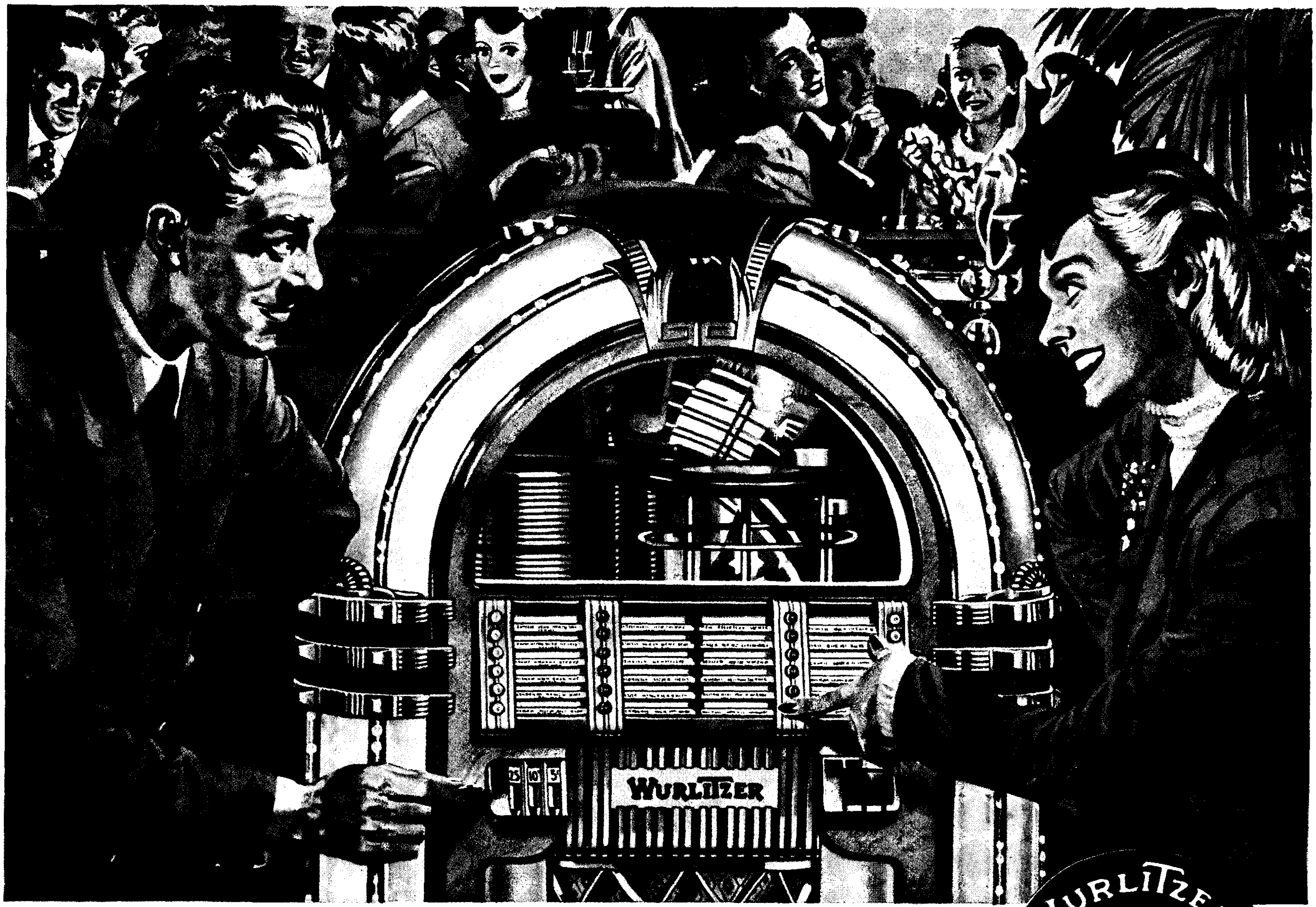
"Oh Boy, they have WURLITZER MUSIC!"



America's favorite nickel's worth of fun

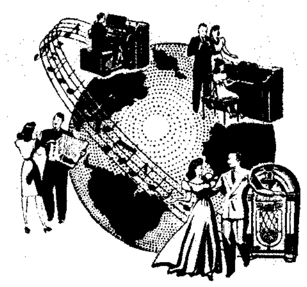
All over America today, people in search of good entertainment at a reasonable price are learning to look for the Wurlitzer *Sign of the Musical Note.*

There you find Wurlitzer Music . . . 24 of the latest tunes played by the greatest bands in the land . . . for only a nickel a number. Pick your favorites from a musical menu of sweet numbers, jazz classics, hill billy hits, waltzes, fox trots, polkas.

You'll go home humming their haunting melodies, higher in spirit, happier at heart for having spent a pleasant musical interlude by spending only a few small coins. That's why Wurlitzer Music is nationally known as *America's Favorite Nickel's Worth of Fun.* The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, North Tonawanda, New York.

The *Sign of the Musical Note* identifies places where you can have fun playing a Wurlitzer.

WURLITZER
PHONOGRAPH
MUSIC

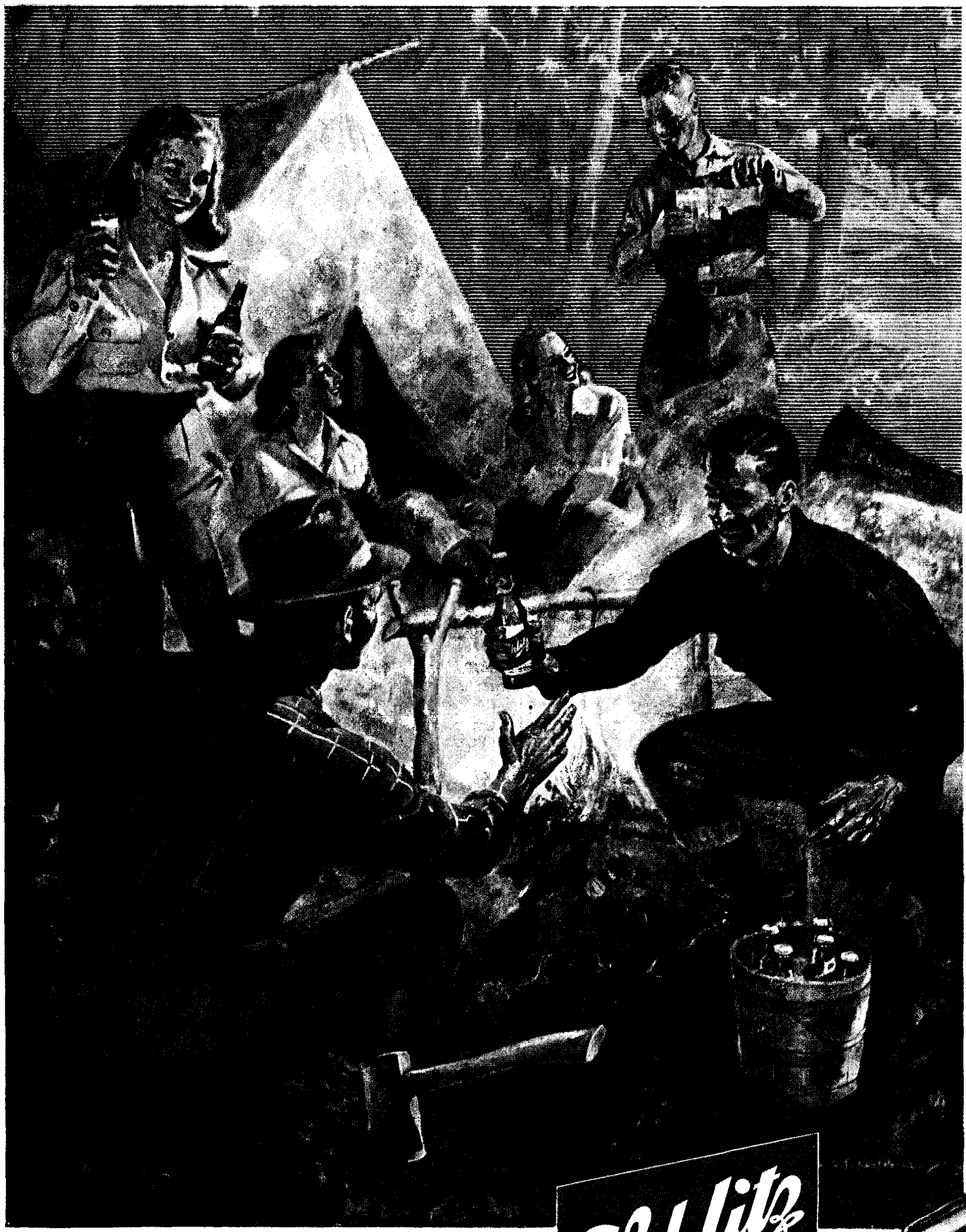


THE NAME THAT MEANS *Music* TO MILLIONS

The music of Wurlitzer pianos, accordions, electronic organs, and juke boxes is heard "'round the world." Wurlitzer is America's largest manufacturer of pianos all produced under one name . . . also America's largest, best known, manufacturer of juke boxes and accordions.

A real Adventure in Good Living...

Just the KISS *of the hops*



Just to explore that famous flavor found only in Schlitz — — mellow and smooth, with never a trace of harsh bitterness — is in itself a thrilling adventure wherever you may be.

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Distinguished
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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Ruddy Rodeo

Continued from page 14

Until recently it has been concerned more with sociological than with political matters although the two are becoming less and less easily distinguishable. Mr. Dombrowski's SCHW refuses to concede that a permanent Fair Employment Practices Act is a dream. It is now busy organizing Negroes into politically conscious groups, urging them to the polls and in other ways giving the South's conservative politicians well-earned headaches.

Prancing at random in all this brush-beating is an animal known somewhat vaguely as Win the Peace. It must be counted as riderless, because so many are seeking to mount, but all are so busy shoving away others, none ever quite makes the saddle. It's all pretty confusing as anyone can see. If all of these groups have any one thing in common it is their eagerness to disavow Communist affiliations, associations and sympathies. There is no evidence whatever that any is dominated or directed by Communists although it's a rare day indeed that some ultraconservative doesn't make the accusation. All of them are swift to deny such accusations, however, lest the milder liberals and progressives take fright.

Yet they make no declarations which would wholly alienate radical leftists whose political hearts belong to Mr. Stalin. Walking on eggs is a very mild description indeed. And all this is understood perfectly by Communists within and without. The member Reds, frequently the most efficient workers, are quite content to serve in subordinate jobs, influencing rather than directing. In campaigns, as precinct organizers, doorbell ringers and like lowly chores, the Communists are indefatigable and never discouraged.

Lacking the leadership of any one first-class personality, sound organization under a simple and easily understood statement of principles will have to be substituted if the liberals, progressives and independents are to be corralled under one management. If any of the current bushwhacking organizations has a chance to do this it will be either the C.I.O.-PAC or the NC-PAC with current odds in favor of the latter.

Good Man for the Job

And this is realized thoroughly by the hard-working chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Robert E. Hannegan, to whom a vote is a vote whatever its color. Of all the President's aides and advisers, Mr. Hannegan is by far the most practical and politically valuable. Mr. Hannegan knows a valuable political property when he sees one. Therefore few weeks pass that he doesn't either telephone or call on the management of the NC-PAC, particularly its executive vice-president, C. B. Baldwin, who is a friend and former assistant to Henry Wallace in the Department of Agriculture.

This does not add to Mr. Hannegan's popularity with the conservative Southern Democrats, but Mr. Hannegan isn't visibly disturbed. While Mr. Hillman is "honorary chairman" of NC-PAC, the organization's decisions do not necessarily have to be "cleared with Sidney."

The solemn truth is that there are officials of NC-PAC who would relish severing all relations with Mr. Hillman on the theory that the publicity he got in the 1944 campaign is not an asset and that as a labor-leader politician his "honorary" connection with the organization is viewed with considerable mistrust by a large number of mild independents who lack any great love for the C.I.O. Furthermore, C.I.O. dominance of NC-PAC does not warm the hearts of A.F. of L. labor toward it. Mr. Hillman's C.I.O.-PAC is going into next November's elections as a militant labor-politics enterprise. NC-PAC moves in on a much wider front.

Elmer A. Benson, whom Harold E. Stassen succeeded as governor of Minnesota and under whom that state saw some of its wildest labor-management battles, is national chairman of NC-PAC. But C. B. Baldwin, a more adroit administrator, who is admitted generally to be one of the wisest of all the liberal leaders, is responsible for the outfit's most profitable policies. Under Mr. Baldwin's direction NC-PAC branches have been set up and affiliations made in California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, North Dakota, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania. Before the November elections this list will be increased to twenty or twenty-five states.

The process is simple. To make it simple is hard work. Leaving C.I.O.-PAC to take care of the industrial centers—to see that the organized worker is registered and that he goes to the polls—NC-PAC is out similarly to arouse and organize the so-called white-collar voter, the liberal, progressive or independent who has no organized labor ties and the unorganized Roosevelt voter. And, as C.I.O.-PAC so successfully did, they are organizing from the bottom.

Not Sure What They Want

For example, in Indiana, let's say, there is a shepherdless group of independents who know very little more than that neither the Democratic administration nor the Republican Party offers them anything they want. Moreover they're not wholly sure what they do want. The NC-PAC moves in—first with suggestions. Would they like to have an organizer explain what's going on in Washington? They would. Would they care to listen to the NC-PAC point of view, hear what NC-PAC knows about the men and women aspiring to Congress from their states? They would.

The organizer takes over. There is no magic in his method, no demagoguery, no lurid promises of great benefits. The NC-PAC is merely following the old reliable formula on which all established political machines were founded—with modern attachments. And they're going at it with the youthful vigor which the old Republican and Democratic organizations have lost, both having grown fat and lazy. They're out to organize the independent voter as Harold Stassen is struggling to rejuvenate the G.O.P. and they're as unconcerned with party lines as Mr. Roosevelt was.

While not overlooking any detail of district, ward and precinct organization, NC-PAC directs the independent's attention to Congress and the White House rather than toward the City Hall and the local boss' headquarters. They explain with complete truth that times have changed even if the two old-established parties haven't. For example, in the old days, City Hall and the local political boss' office were the source of help for the man or woman who "voted right"—jobs, food, a few dollars fot the landlord or doctor.

Since 1932 all that has radically changed. The federal government has taken over relief, security, job finding and the like. Although the federal setup is by no means perfect yet, the NC-PAC organizer tells them it is distinctly up to them, the independent voters, to build it, strengthen it, broaden it and retire from office all who oppose increased Social Security, health and hospitalization insurance, closer cooperation between the United States Employment Service and organized labor, the FEPC and so forth. Progress along federal lines this far, the organizer explains, is the reason for the decay of old-style local political machines and the gradual vanishing of the traditional political local bosses.

And no mere theorist is any more international-minded than NC-PAC and its organizers. They, the organizers, waste no time on sentimental pleas for popular support of U.N., the loan to Britain, the

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SHARP
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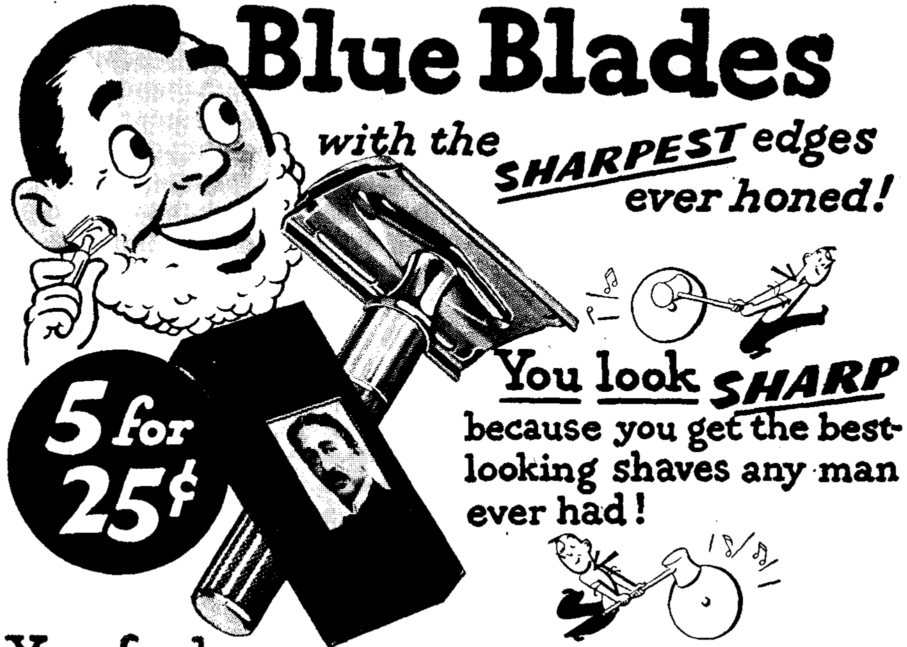
Blue Blades
with the SHARPEST edges ever honed!



You look SHARP because you get the best-looking shaves any man ever had!

You feel SHARP because Gillette Blue Blades give you the quickest, most refreshing shaves of your life!

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GILLETTE'S CAVALCADE OF SPORTS presents the major boxing event of the week every Friday night over American Broadcasting Company stations coast to coast
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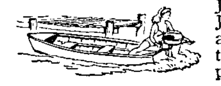

You don't have to be an "Old Salt" to maneuver a Johnson powered boat. Johnson's 360° Steering and Reverse make it easy to get in and out of tight places.

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With Johnson's Dual Carburetion you can throttle down to a crawl and get the same sweet performance as at high speed. Rotary valve operation takes over automatically.

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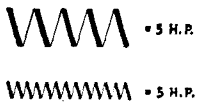

For smoothness there is nothing that takes the place of twin cylinder Alternate Firing as developed and perfected by Johnson. As shown at left, this gives you two power impulses per revolution instead of one—a liquid flow of 8,000 impulses per minute in a Sea-Horse!

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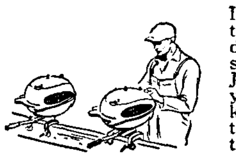

It took time and money to build the nation-wide dealer organization that sells AND SERVICES Johnson motors. When you buy a Sea-Horse you know you've got a motor that can be kept in tip-top condition.

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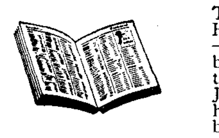

The new Sea-Green Sea-Horses are being shipped—but the demand is the biggest in history. Best thing to do is to see your Johnson dealer and get on his list. Look under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

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There is No Substitute for Experience

This is the famous Johnson Sea-Horse Model TD—the outboard motor that "has everything." It develops 5.0 O. B. C. CERTIFIED brake horsepower at 4000 r. p. m. It is built with all the major refinements that make for outboard quality—27 of them. It is prized above all for its DEPENDability. And, of course, it is the motor that gives you "The Big Three" of outboard motoring—Johnson Perfected Alternate Firing, Reverse and Dual Carburetion.

FREE HANDY CHART. Write for the new Sea-Horse Handy Chart which gives complete specifications on the 5 great models of the 1946 Sea-Horse line.

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UNRRA. They relate these things to the everyday life of the American home and the individual in terms of friendlier relations and more international trade, both creating more jobs at better wages. It's all very practical and intimate. The organizer must have patience and balance, too.

If, for example, a frothing Friend of Soviet Russia rises to demand in organizational meetings that three cheers be given Mr. Stalin, he must somehow be denied his ambition and at the same time kept reasonably happy. The same treatment must be meted out to any Tory who loudly fears what may be hiding beneath the organization's bed.

After they have been organized, NC-PAC branches or chapters or affiliated groups hear lectures on the activities of the federal administration—its forward steps as well as its backslides and stumblings. All speakers are chosen not only for their knowledge of what is happening in Washington but for their ability to interpret and translate it so that the audience perceives its effect upon their daily lives. Just how far and where these activities of NC-PAC are going we, for one, don't know. Nor may anyone at this distance specify definitely which candidates for Congress NC-PAC will oppose or support. Not until the primaries and conventions are held will you know that.

Naturally, supporters of the Case anti-strike bill will do well to expect opposition. And such statesmen as Congressman Rankin and Senator Bilbo will have a kind of opposition they never before had to contend with. No opponent of the FEPC will be allowed to forget his opposition, this being one of the spots where NC-PAC and the Southern Conference for Human Welfare join hands. C.I.O.-PAC is prepared to spend more than a million dollars in the South alone.

Thus a superficial sketch of the current activities of the most significant of the liberal-vote bushwhackers. It would be nice to be able to give you an idea of the memberships of the NC-PAC as well as of the other organizations. But even their own management can't do that with anything like accuracy. A member of one outfit is quite frequently a member of several or all. One becomes a member either by making a financial contribution to the NC-PAC or to any of its affiliates or state chapters.

The same names appear in the directorates of several or all these different organizations. The NC-PAC's list of vice-chairmen and the membership of its steering committee is impressive. Consider just a few: Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Frank Kingdon, Dorothy Parker, James G. Patton, Gifford Pinchot, Channing H. Tobias, Orson Welles, Colonel Evans Carlson, Melvyn Douglas, Bishop R. R. Wright, Jr., R. J. Thomas, Philip Murray and A. F. Whitney.

On the Subject of Finances . . .

Likewise NC-PAC's finances are not readily set forth. Each chapter or affiliate finances itself. The national headquarters, occupying the same offices in New York as the C.I.O.-PAC, is financed partially by the latter group and by voluntary and solicited contributions. NC-PAC has no ready-made source of income as the C.I.O.-PAC and the ICC have. But you may be assured that NC-PAC is not starving to death, since it is able to pay its chairman, Elmer Benson, and its executive vice-chairman each more than ten thousand dollars a year.

That these independent and liberal vote-exhorting organizations are doing very well financially is the subject for much anxious speculation in the national headquarters of both old parties. The Republican and Democratic chairmen are not so much concerned with the amount of money the liberal groups are collecting as they are with the fact that they have so many contributors. Even more serious to the old party managements is the fact that the liberal groups are now receiving checks from individuals who formerly contributed handsomely to them. In other words they too know that there is something going on. But like most of us they are not quite sure what it is.

Less efficient perhaps than either C.I.O.-PAC and NC-PAC, but richer, gayer and more colorful, is Mr. Ickes' ICC. The other groups try hard to regard the ICC as a fad and many of its prominent supporters as exhibitionists. The ICC has no visible ambitions to control elections or teach politics. It endorses and condemns legislation before Congress and proposes to back liberal candidates for Congress. But it lacks the intensity and fundamental cause of the C.I.O.-PAC and the NC-PAC. Anyone wishing to send it a subscription may do so and welcome, but Hollywood and Broadway are seeing to it that it does not lack for money. It pays Mr. Ickes twenty-five thousand dollars a year and a like sum to James Roosevelt, its chief national organizer.

Each has a one-year contract, but it is by no means certain that Mr. Ickes' will be renewed. Mr. Ickes gives ICC only part of his time and he insists upon being the sole judge of how much time that shall be. This has not made him any too popular in ICC—not that he gives any sign of caring particularly. Other officials of ICC complain that sooner or later it will have to be decided which is the bigger, Mr. Ickes or the ICC. Just at present they concede that personally Mr. Ickes has no doubts whatsoever.

The Curmudgeon Will Not Suffer

Financial severance from ICC will work no hardship on Mr. Ickes, who spends most of his time in his Georgetown, Washington, home writing for a newspaper syndicate ($50,000) and grinding out a couple of books and many magazine articles. All told Mr. Ickes appears to be a $100,000-a-year man.

A swift survey of ICC's officers, sponsors and directors gives you an idea of its financial substance and its political glamor. Its chairman is Jo Davidson, the sculptor. Fredric March is treasurer, and Herman Shumlin, the theatrical producer, is chairman of the finance committee. It prefers to keep its membership within the scope of its name—the arts, the sciences and the professions, with a certain amount of elasticity, of course.

That membership scintillates with famous names. We have space for a typical few. From the theater, Hollywood and the radio: James Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Mady Christians, Russel Crouse, Bette Davis, Agnes de Mille, Ben Grauer, Fiorello La Guardia, Oscar Hammerstein, Miriam Hopkins, Frank Sinatra, Canada Lee, William Morris, Charles Boyer, Edward G. Robinson, Orson Welles, Louis Calhern, Duke Ellington, Marc Connelly, Norman Corwin, Olivia De Havilland, Moss Hart, Lillian Hellman and Paul Robeson. We're picking them at random.

Among the scientists, musicians and literary persons you behold Albert Einstein, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Harlow Shapley, Aaron Copland, Henry Pratt Fairchild, Howard Fast, Edna Ferber, Fritz Mahler, Bill Mauldin, Thomas Mann, Dorothy Maynor, Yehudi Menuhin, Marion Hargrove, Walter Rautenstrauch, Fritz Reiner, Artur Schnabel, Mark Van Doren, Van Wyck Brooks and on and on.

At a single dinner—a testimonial to Mr. Davidson—ICC passed the hat and received $22,000. It fills Madison Square Garden with talent and an entranced audience, and $50,000 is contributed. It ballyhoos for such bills before Congress as full employment, minimum wage, Ellender-Taft-Wagner housing, Murray-Wagner-Dingell public health, a permanent FEPC, poll tax repeal, for the abolition of the Un-American Activities Committee, for civilian control of atomic energy and so on. It urges an extension of Social Security, extension of price control and a liberalization of the income tax.

ICC has branches, field offices and affiliates in eight states and the District of Co-

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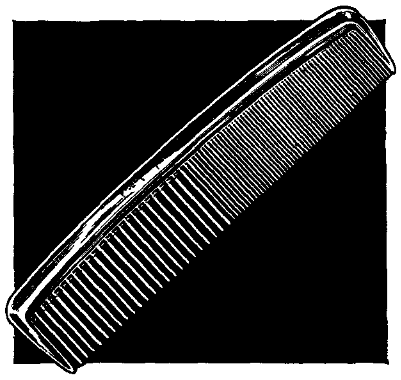

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lumbia. Any time it feels like making a demonstration anywhere it can attract crowds which demoralize local old-line politicos who lack its approbation. Under its auspices Harlow Shapley and Harold C. Urey and other scientists will split the atom—verbally—for awed audiences. And conservative politicians may denounce ICC as Red and un-American, but nobody for miles around listens because, it happens, ICC is about to put on a show and on the program are such names as Hazel Scott, Eugene List, Walter Huston, Jose Ferrer and a couple of name bands.

All this glamor and available funds are bound to arouse the jealousy of other liberal organizations—and do. But to such practical politicians as Mr. Hannegan, ICC is something to be courted even if it does shock a large number of Southern Tory and Northern stand-pat senators and representatives. More than once groups of conservative politicians, of both old parties, have discussed ICC's glamor politics and what to do about it. The Un-American Activities Committee has growled over it in private. But they've always arrived at the same conclusion: The public might laugh a man out of office if, without proof, he were to charge such popular individuals as, say, Charles Boyer, Frank Sinatra, Orson Welles and Eddie Cantor with trying to overthrow the American system of government.

None of these bushwhacking organizations regards Mr. Truman as a Roosevelt. And yet unless the Republicans write a sincerely liberal program before long, or produce from some still unexplored quarter a Presidential candidate whose liberalism is unclouded, all three of the major groups will be on Mr. Truman's side. All three admit that "the trend" indicates Republican successes next November—in the House elections anyway. But none concedes that "the trend" is anything more than just that. They bid you wait until they have gone into their campaign acts. They all insist that they will be interested only in a candidate's record, not in his party label.

All of them, including the small but purposeful Union for Democratic Action, have sought what benefit there may be in having as members one or more of the Roosevelts. Mrs. Roosevelt is active in the UDA and the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. James is a featured name in ICC. Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., is claimed by both ICC and NC-PAC, although his name appears on the roster of neither. He remains uncommitted partly on the advice of his mother, who, according to Washington liberals who belong to none of the organizations, also advised James to reject ICC membership. She would prefer that he work for a less glittering, more profound group.

If NC-PAC is sufficiently pleased by high conservative casualties at the polls in November, it proposes to hold a national conference in January where a liberal bloc of commanding proportions will be consolidated—if possible. Not a party, mind you, but a bloc which they hope will have the political influence as powerful as the farm bloc. ICC has similar plans. C.I.O.-PAC intends to continue as it is, a labor bloc. No one we talked to is yet optimistic over a coalition of all these groups unless a new F.D.R. appears.

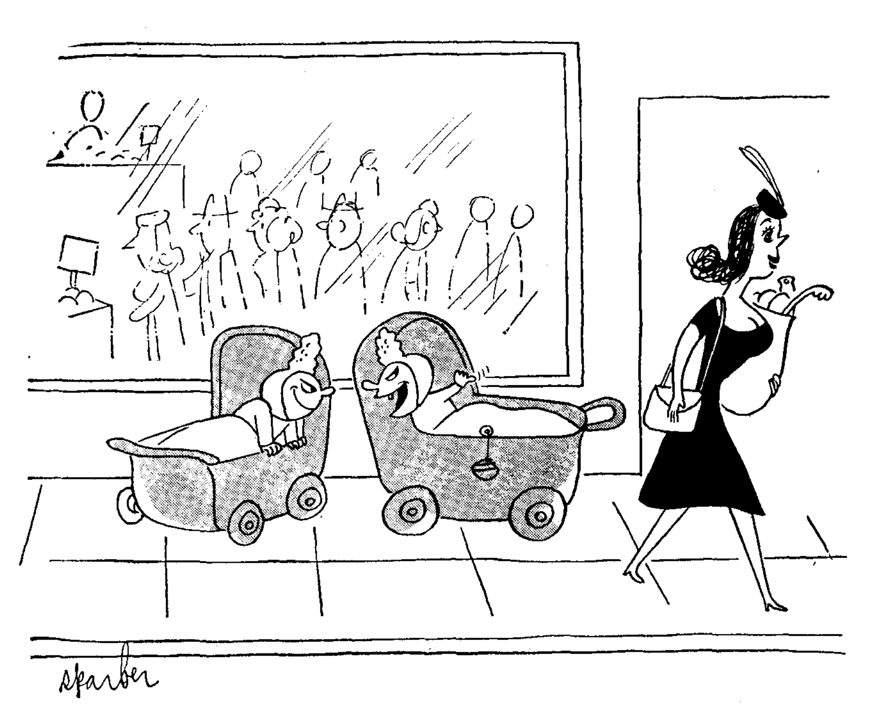
Naturally there is vague third-party talk, but it is only talk. Moreover, unless there is considerable amending, rewriting and general liberalization of existing state laws governing the formation of third parties, such ideas will not get beyond the talk stage.

Be the Formation of a Third Party

Twenty-eight states have no provisions whatever for the formation of a third party. Twenty states have, but in several of these twenty, notably in New York and Illinois, to form a third party and keep it in existence is no mean feat. Since 1924 when Robert M. La Follette, the father of Wisconsin's senior senator, and Burton Wheeler of Montana, ran independently in the Presidential elections, a number of states have adopted laws which offer no encouragement at all to third-party founders. Nor may it be assumed that in the twenty-eight states which have no such laws it would be a simple matter. The governments in such states may decide that while there are no laws against the formation of a third party, neither are there any permitting it.

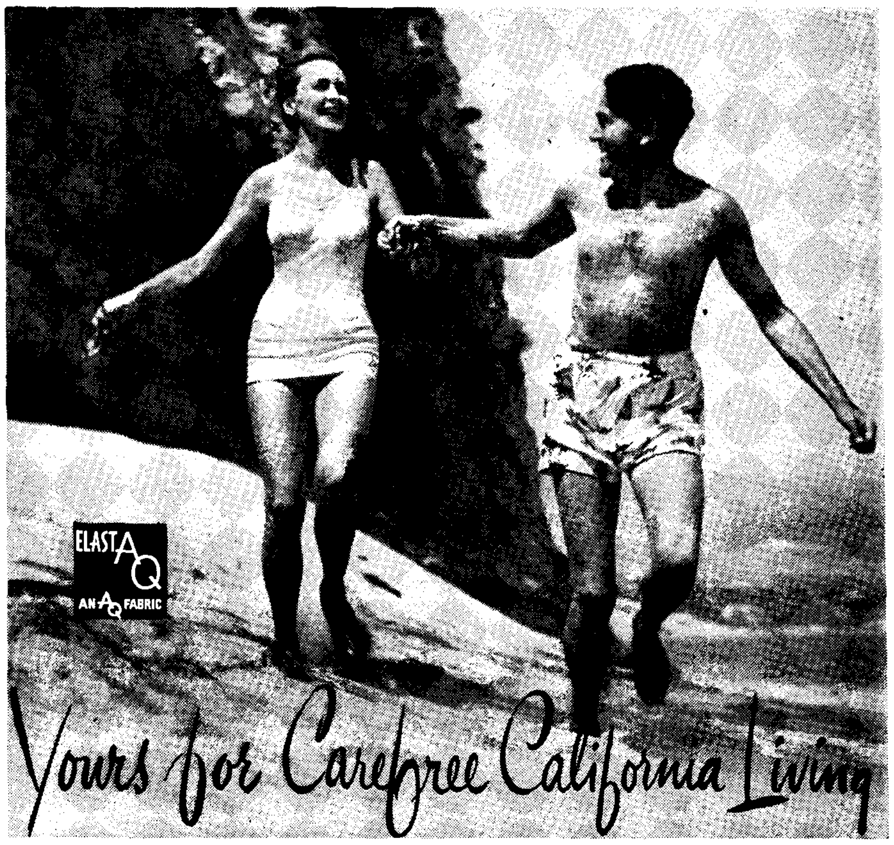
So we may as well postpone speculation upon a third party—Labor Party or what not. At the present the left-wingers are just about as inharmonious as the Republicans or the Democrats, although their lack of unity is personal rather than in their ideals and purposes. Henry Wallace comes closer than anyone else in public life to representing all of them. And until some more dynamic leader appears, Mr. Wallace will continue to be their unofficial ideal. This fall he is expected to advocate the election of a number of Congressional candidates favored by the radicals, liberals and independents, not all of them Democrats, either. But what concerns Mr. Hannegan more is the influence Mr. Wallace may have on the maverick vote in 1948—and whether it will be for Mr. Truman.

THE END



"Boy, how'd you like to have that pushing you around?"

COLLIER'S HOWARD SPARBER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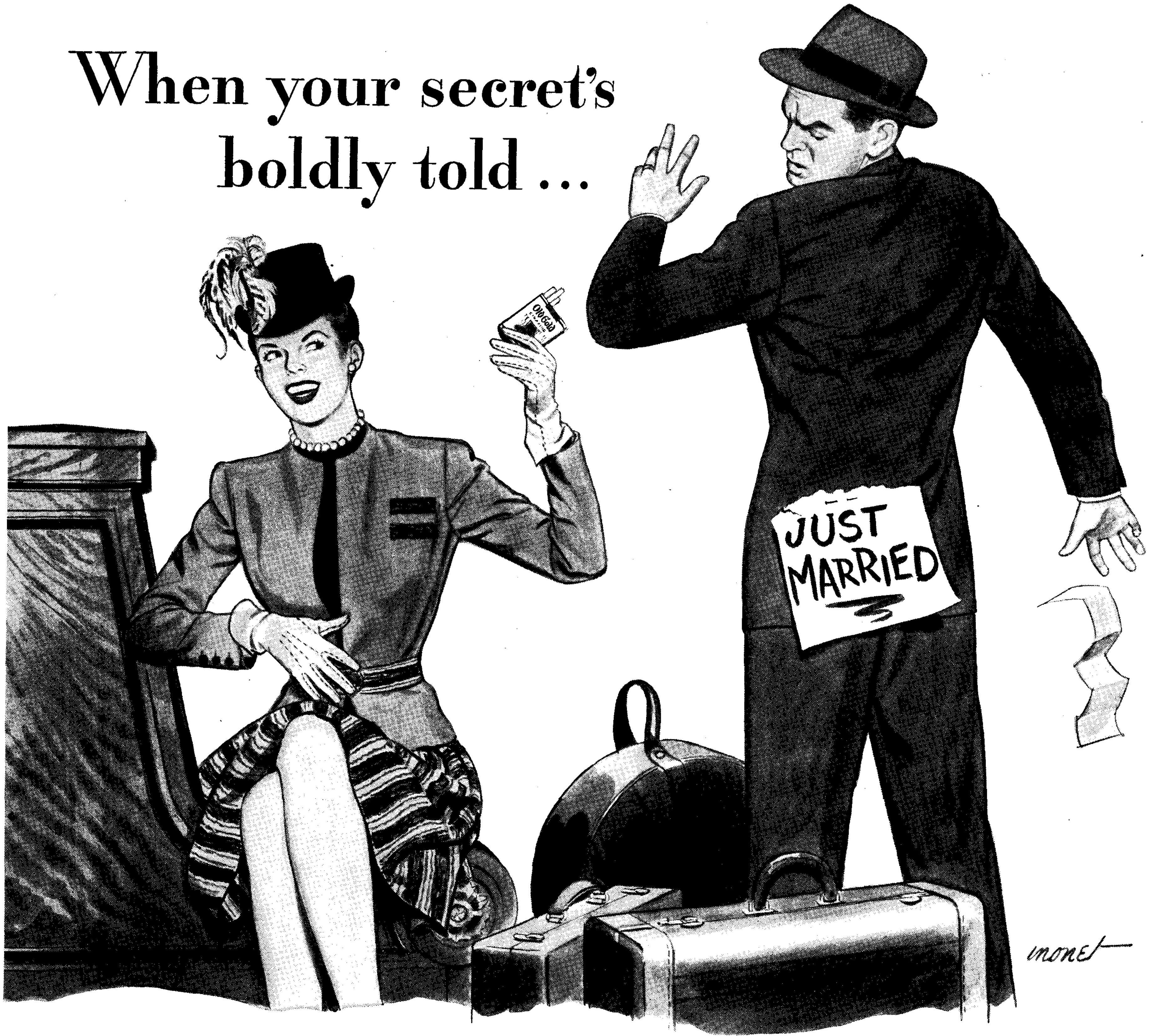

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Old Gold
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LISTEN TO

FRANK SINATRA
Wednesday Evenings CBS

and

MEET ME AT PARKY'S
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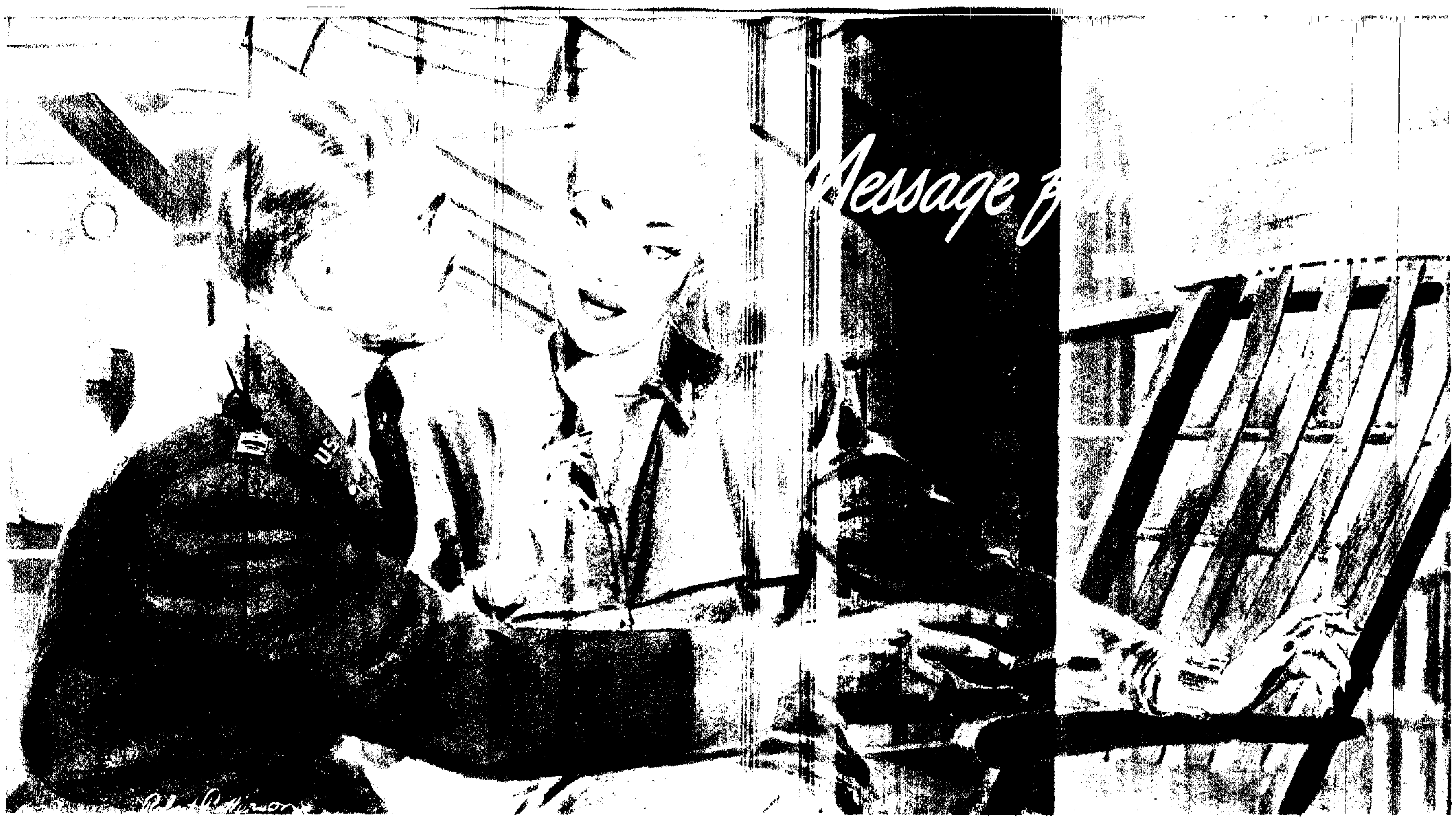


Matthews remembered the nights on the darkened decks when Maxine's flouting of the wartime nonsmoking rule drove him to frenzy

THE man in the U.S. uniform stopped before the iron grill, verified something from a letter taken from his wallet, then walked toward the entrance where the Union Jack drooped from its staff. Inside, the porter touched a badged cap and answered his query in English. "Upstairs, *capitano*, to the right. The second door." The American hesitated a moment before mounting. *" . . . And when you are in Italy,"* Maxine had written, *"if you ever happen on a place called Carpentino, go to the consulate and ask for Jack Donne. You will find him a nice bright boy, much older than his years. Tell him to buy you a drink from me. . . ."*

He'd met hardly any of her English friends—oh, one or two in Bermuda, but that was in '44, more than two years ago! And now here was somebody who knew her. He'd be able to say her name, at least, and to hear it. . . .

When he was shown into Donne's office, Matthews was unprepared for the picture's domination of the sun-filled room. From the ornate mantel she looked across at him—Maxine—a little mocking, a little tender, coolly poised in a childish white frock. Taken unawares, he gulped, pulling himself together savagely as the very tall young man unfolded himself from behind the desk and came toward him, holding out a hand. "Captain Matthews? Do come in, sir. Hot already, isn't it?" And from Maxine's portrait he looked straight into Maxine's eyes, set in this boy's face.

He found himself sitting in an overstuffed chair, helping himself to a cigarette. " 'Fraid things are in a bit of a muddle still." Donne's tone was lightly apologetic. "I only arrived last week, transferred from China, and I've hardly got my bearings yet."

Matthews began to feel easier. "Maxine told me to buy you a drink," he said.

"Maxine!" Donne was interested and surprised. His short laugh had something in it of the portrait watching them both—not caring overmuch; aloof, desirable. They turned to look at her, then at each other, the boy's look candidly appraising above the disarming smile. Matthews felt the slackening of a tension. It was strange to look into Maxine's eyes without that twisting of his guts. And to hear her name spoken, caressingly, indulgently, with a feather-light overtone of—was it cynicism?

"Maxine!" repeated Donne. "Well, of course that calls for a drink. And perhaps lunch afterward, sir, if you've nothing better? . . . We'll go to Gino's. At least it's cool there and you can trust the Martinis."

He led the way. Out in the dust- and oleander-scented glare Matthews followed, noting the set of Donne's shoulders, the way he placed his feet. Donne's hands on the wheel were reminiscent, too. Thin, with long fingers, plenty of strength. He must be a brother. She had never mentioned a brother, but she had always shied at family talk. . . .

The long cool bar was almost empty. Watching the black-haired bartender mix the drinks, Matthews asked, "Have you heard from her lately?"

"Oddly enough I have. This morning. From New York. She's on top of the world, having a huge success and never going to leave the States again."

Still the same whimsically indulgent tone. He might have been speaking of a loved and wayward child, and his significant look at Matthews conveyed a mutual understanding. He did not ask where Mathews had met her or how well he knew her.

When the drinks came they raised their glasses. Donne gave the toast. "Here's to our unregenerate. May she keep so to the end."

"She will." Matthews amazed himself by his echoing chuckle. "You are very like her," he said then. "Any relation? Have you known her long?"

Donne looked a little startled. "Well, yes, sir. Rather a close relation. I've known her all my life, if one can be said to know her." He signed to the barman.

They raised their second glasses. "Maxine," said Matthews, with no effort at all.

"My revered mamma," said the boy.

MATTHEWS choked badly. Donne regarded him with a grave consideration behind which lurked a twinkle. "I'm frightfully sorry, sir," he said. "It must be a ghastly shock to you. But I swear it won't make the slightest difference. . . ." A man at a corner table waved to him and with an apology the boy slipped off his stool and crossed to him. Matthews sat still, twirling his glass round and round.

Of course he had known there was a child. She would occasionally toss light reference to her motherhood into her talk, jesting at the inappropriateness of the role. He had never asked for details, never wanted them. He'd never wanted to think of the husbands she'd had, never bothered even about ages. She was ageless, and life had begun when he'd met her.

When Donne returned they drank in silence. The room was filling up. Somebody had started the radio, and it was playing an old tango—Jealousy— and Matthews held his breath as a man waits for the jab of an aching tooth. But the jab didn't come. Donne's young face, watching him, looked curiously old for a moment—kind and wise and almost compassionate. An overwhelming urgency to talk seized Matthews. To this silent boy beside him he felt all could be said. Donne sat in profile, lighting one cigarette from the stub of another; he had Maxine's clean line of brow and jaw, accentuated. . . .

Nothing could stop him once he started. Matthews heard his own voice going on and on; he listened to it, not knowing what it was going to say next. He went back to their first meeting, on the boat: the drinks in the bar, the nights on the darkened decks when her flouting of the wartime nonsmoking rule drove him to frenzy. And then Bermuda: the white coral cottage and the pink coral beach where they swam; sailing races on the Sound with Maxine drenching them with spray as she yanked the tiller to port instead of starboard, Maxine standing under the ebony tree and solemnly wishing on the crescent moon. . . . Finally, Maxine in white, waving from the Yacht Club steps as the cutter tore him away over the dark water to the airport. . . .

Abruptly the flow stopped. Matthews eyed the Martini before him, conscious of relief. There was no embarrassment at all. Donne was smiling, signing to the barman. As they moved to a table he said, "Perhaps you'll finish the story over luncheon?"

But would he be able to finish the story? The story of the last weeks—the lengthening intervals between her letters; his unanswered cables and the reaction to his last, panicky one: *"Darling, please don't send me cables. I loathe cables. . . . Of course, I'm all right. . . ."* It was in that letter she had mentioned Carpentino and Jack Donne. Why, he wondered. Was it calculated—"since you matter no more, you might as well know?" Was it her childish, dangerous love of any situation for its own sake? Was it merely something to fill up a line, something to say when so much was left unsaid?

Could the real finish of the story, he wondered, be that last letter, replying to his suggestion of leave, of meeting her in New York?—*"Surely, darling, you shouldn't leave what sounds such a terrifically important job just now. And you'd simply loathe New York. There's not a mousehole to be had—the crowds are appalling. My nerves are frazzled by it all—how lovely Italy must be just now. Are the Judas trees out?"*

No, the Judas trees weren't out. Or were they?

FACING him across the luncheon table, Matthews decided he liked Donne a lot. Now, having given the order, the boy put his elbows on the table and faced Matthews with a candid smile. "You know, I can't get over my surprise at seeing you here. Of course, I've known from Maxine's last letters that you were in the offing. But somehow I had expected a different sort of chap entirely. She never said you were in the Army, for instance. Her way of taking it for granted that one knows all about something which she has merely hinted at is one of her more maddening charms. And I certainly had the impression that you were with her in the States. She gave me no indication that you were coming over. Have you just arrived? . . ."

Deliberately Matthews sipped his Martini. It slid down, cold and agreeable. "I've not been home for two years," he said.

The eyes wavered away from him, and Donne suddenly looked very young. There was a little silence. Then he looked up again courageously. "You *are* Nicky, aren't you, sir?"

Strange. It didn't hurt at all. Neither did certain bullet wounds, Matthews remembered, at the first shock. "No," he said. "No, I'm not Nicky."

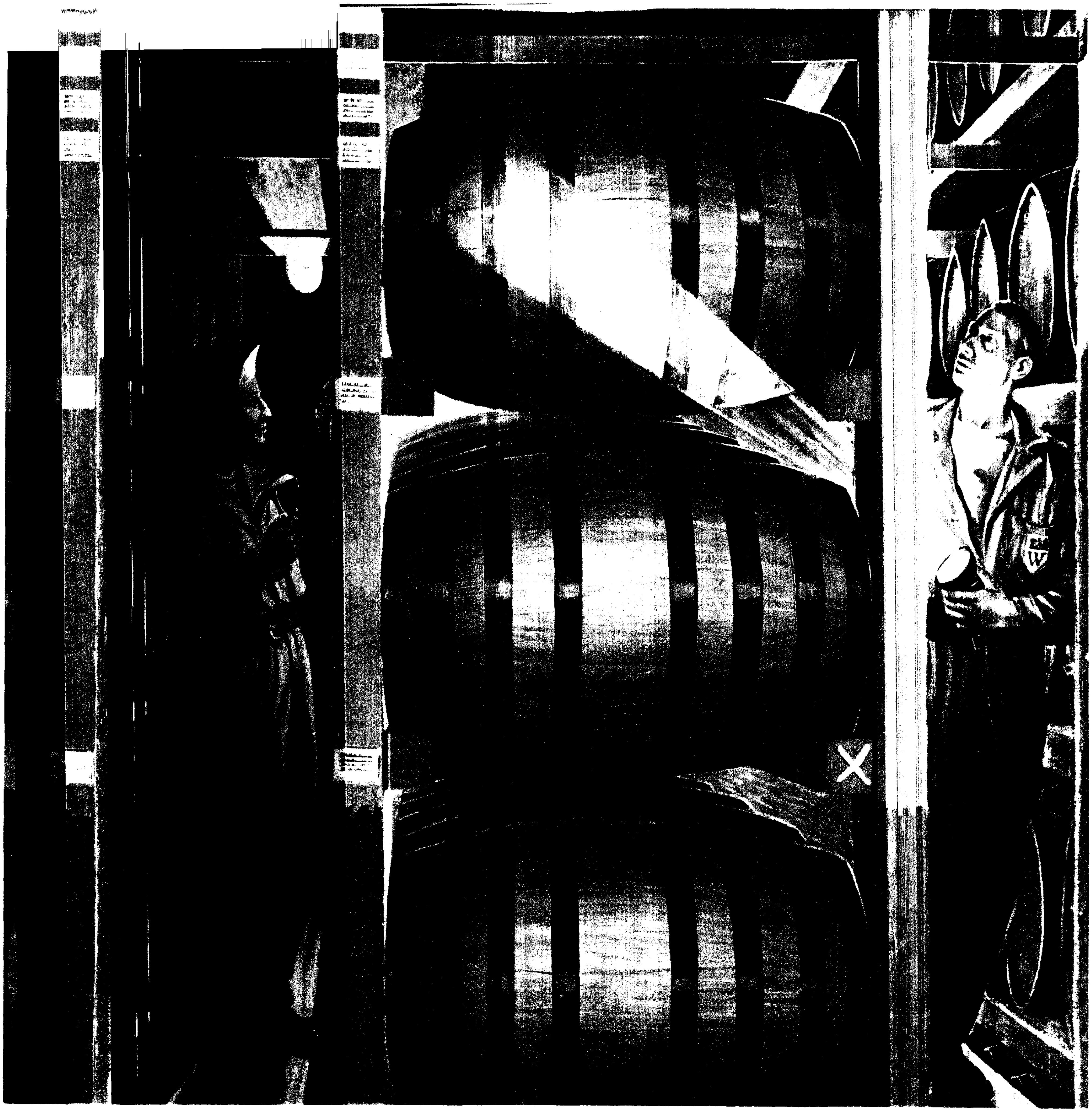
Then Donne's laugh rang out, uninhibited and joyous. "Thank God," he said. "I'm so damn' glad, sir. I'm so damn' glad."

Matthews looked at him quite steadily for a long moment. It was as if he were completely anesthetized, he thought, for he felt nothing. Absolutely nothing. "You know," he said, "this is a very good drink."

complete on this page

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

a short short story



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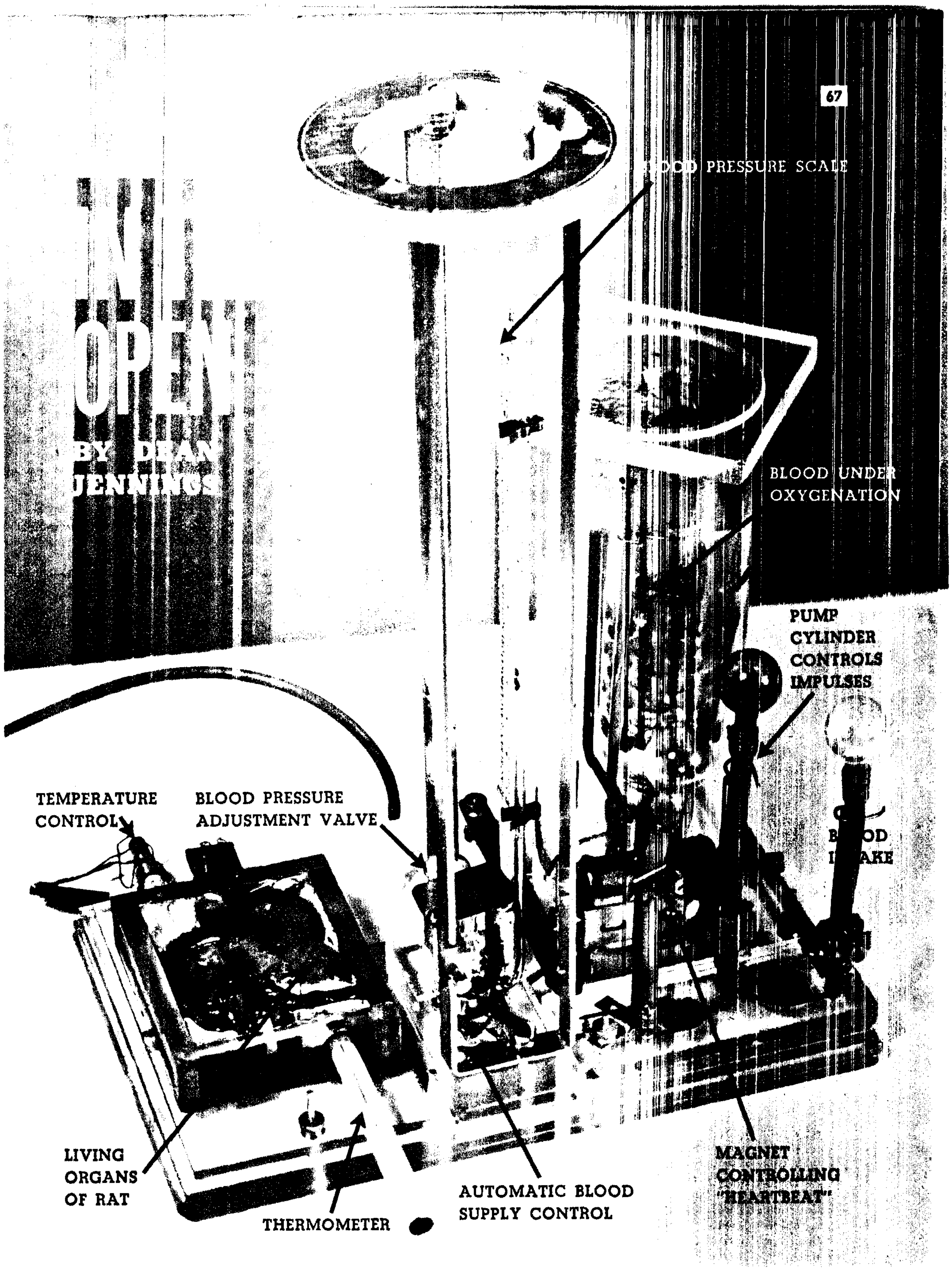
THE OPEN

BY DEAN JENNINGS


OOD PRESSURE SCALE
BLOOD UNDER OXYGENATION
PUMP CYLINDER CONTROLS IMPULSES
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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBINO-ALBERS

ONE morning some years ago Dr. Alexis Carrel, noted biologist and Nobel prize winner, listened to a remarkable theory in a cramped and musty little laboratory at the University of California in Berkeley.

The proposal, which would have startled anyone but a scientist, came from a professor of embryology named J. A. Long. Briefly, Dr. Long suggested removing the stomach, pancreas and other whole organs from a rat and keeping them alive with a glass device that would function exactly like a real heart. This "heart" would pump fresh arterial blood into the organs and take away the used venous blood. It would maintain normal blood pressure and temperature, and have the same rhythmic pulse as a real heart. Finally, it would be so small and compact that he could watch these bodyless organs under a microscope while they were alive and functioning.

Dr. Carrel shook his head skeptically. "It won't work," he said crisply. "The organs are too delicate. And there are other difficulties."

Today, in that same little laboratory, the relatively unknown professor has achieved a scientific miracle which may open vast new horizons in the never-ending search for clues to the ills of mankind. Dr. Long has perfected his miniature glass heart to a point where he can remove a rat's internal organs and keep them working, and record their life processes. Though there is no living brain or body to control them, these organs function as they did inside the rat—the pancreas produces insulin, the kidneys eliminate urine, the intestines contract, the thyroid gland manufactures thyroxin. Dr. Long's microscopes have revealed things never seen by human eyes before.

The glass heart is so simple and inexpensive that it could be made by any competent mechanic. It measures only 5 by 7 inches, uses real blood and oxygen and can easily be taken apart and washed. And finally, it is so designed that it can be duplicated in sizes large enough to hold the living organs of other mammals such as dogs and monkeys—and perhaps man.

In some ways Dr. Long's uncanny instrument was only the accidental by-product of his work as a professor of embryology at the university. In teaching his students the growth of the embryo he became dissatisfied with the old-fashioned system of showing preserved and stained sections of tissue instead of a living organism. He began tinkering in his workshop, following the same paths taken by earlier investigators.

His first crude model was hand-operated and was a simple form of perfusion pump. Tissue specimens were bathed in a nutritive fluid, kept under glass and removed for study. As the years passed, Dr. Long became more and more fascinated by his research, and spent all his spare time in the laboratory in the Life Sciences Building on the campus. By 1939 he had conquered some of the problems and wrote a modest little paper on the subject for the university zoology publications. But it was another five years before he perfected the incredible little apparatus that may revolutionize the study of internal organs.

The main portion of Dr. Long's "heart" consists of flat pieces of Pyrex glass, bolted together in layers. In between are the arteries and veins, which are semicircular grooves cut into one of the glass plates and sealed by the close-fitting plate above it.

On one end of the instrument is the removable chamber which holds the organ to be kept alive. Ingenious little receptacles are made of plaster of Paris, individually molded for the contour of the various organs. The blood vessels of the specimen are slipped over tiny glass nozzles built into the chamber, one to send spurts of fresh blood through the organ, the other to take away the used blood. Hidden in the plaster cradle are nichrome heating wires, and a small thermostat and thermometer maintain normal body temperature in the organ.

On the other end of the "heart" is a tall glass reservoir filled with glass balls.

As the used blood returns from the organ with its familiar bluish tinge, it drips down over these balls and picks up oxygen flowing through the reservoir in a continuous stream. Renewed, the red blood is drawn out and pumped back to the organ in rhythmic pulsations that duplicate the beat of a real heart.

The impulse for the recurring surge of the blood through its glass channels comes from a clever but simple little pump made from rubber tubing. This tube, filled with liquid, is squeezed intermittently between two plates operated by an electromagnet. The rising and falling fluid creates alternating suction and pressure, like any ordinary piston, and the blood is pumped through glass valves and sent on its way to the living organ. Dr. Long can control this mechanical pulse at will, slowing or quickening it by adjusting a pendulum with a mercury switch.

Controlling Blood Pressure Automatically

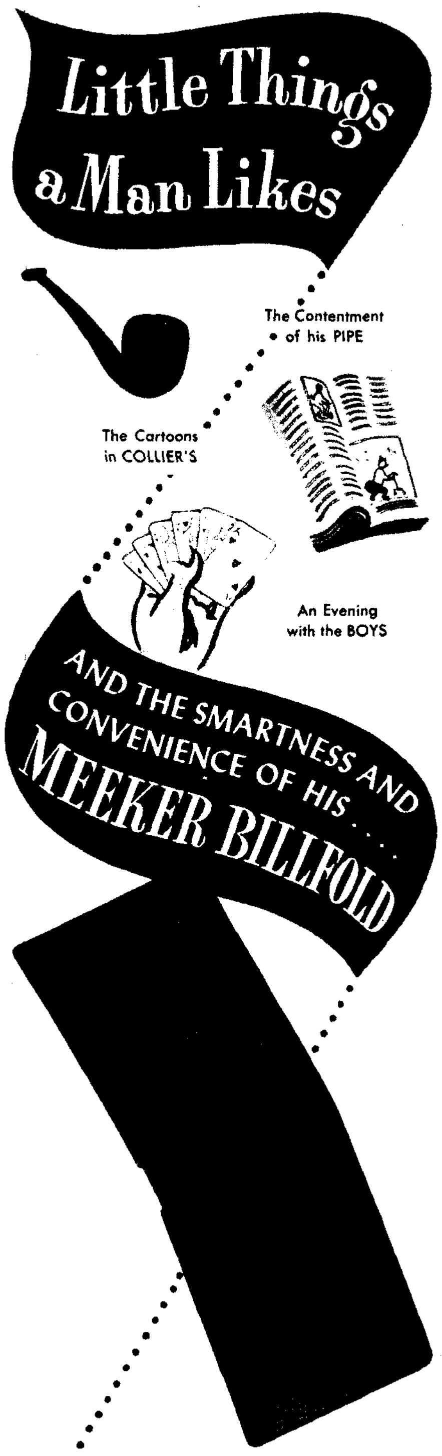
The glass heart is also equipped with a valve that has an automatic release for controlling blood pressure, and a standard manometer, the kind your doctor uses, which records the systolic blood pressure. Indeed, these weird little patients in their plastic cradles have everything but a pretty nurse and anxious relatives.

It is a memorable experience to watch Dr. Long and his associate, Dr. Evelyn Anderson, take life away and, in a sense, restore it.

A full-grown rat is anesthetized and clamped to an operating board beneath a microscope. The scalpel in Dr. Long's hand flashes swiftly and surely, and in a moment the organs are exposed. Peering down through the lens, Dr. Long isolates certain veins and arteries, threadlike strands virtually invisible to the naked eye. He cuts, slowly, ties off blood vessels, sucks out excess blood with a pipette, and at last the organ is ready to be lifted out.

This is a world of minutiae, of delicate, fragile things sometimes less than half an inch long, of tissue that tears with the slightest scratch. Dr. Long holds his breath, steady fingers transfer the organ to the glass heart, lower it into the chamber. Then he searches gently for the gossamer filaments of vein and artery and eases them over the glass jets.

He reaches for a switch, turns it. The blood flows from the reservoir, a red line snaking through the transparent glass veins. It does not clot or stick, for Dr. Long has eliminated that obstacle by adding to it small amounts of heparin, an anticoagulant. Now the blood wells into the limp, glistening organ, is lost for a moment in the maze of tissue and presently reappears, pumping out through *(Continued on page 79)*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The Contentment of his PIPE
The Cartoons in COLLIER'S
An Evening with the BOYS
AND THE SMARTNESS AND CONVENIENCE OF HIS....
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The Kiss on the Wrist

Continued from page 20

skates on stairs, no sudden snakes. "I can't stand this for eight weeks," she had said to herself. The clock whined, a rose petal fell to the floor, heavy as an elephant's tread. And then lugubrious silence had settled down.

Out of the silence had come an inspiration. She would call up Uncle William and ask him for a job. Uncle William ran a newspaper in the Chicago suburb where they lived—a new newspaper, lively and fresh and full of local lore. Belinda went over to the telephone, looked up the number and dialed it. "They've gone," she told Uncle William, and sighed deeply. It was never her custom to spin out a telephone conversation with introductory remarks. "I thought you might give me a job on the paper to take my mind off things."

Uncle William hated most of his wife's relatives but he liked Belinda, his nephew's wife. He thought she was so clean and crystal-looking—like the trout stream he'd known as a boy—sparkly and exciting, with secret depths.

Uncle William, also, was not one to waste words. "You know that macaroon eater that used to drive me crazy, chewing macaroons and cracking her knuckles all day . . . well, she's gone to England—can you imagine—England. . . . You could run her Charm Column. She never was any good at it anyway. You can't expect a female moose to tell other women how to be gazelles. But you, Belinda, should be good." Belinda had blushed happily. Imagine Uncle William thinking she knew all the answers. She preened herself. "Come up tomorrow at nine," he went on. "But no nepotism now."

THE next day she had gone up to the tall building overlooking the lake. Uncle William had shown her her quiet, sedate office with rows of books across three walls—reference books on psychology, human relationships . . .

"You see," he said, "someone writes in. Their husband doesn't love them. Look it up, write them back, nothing to it." He went out.

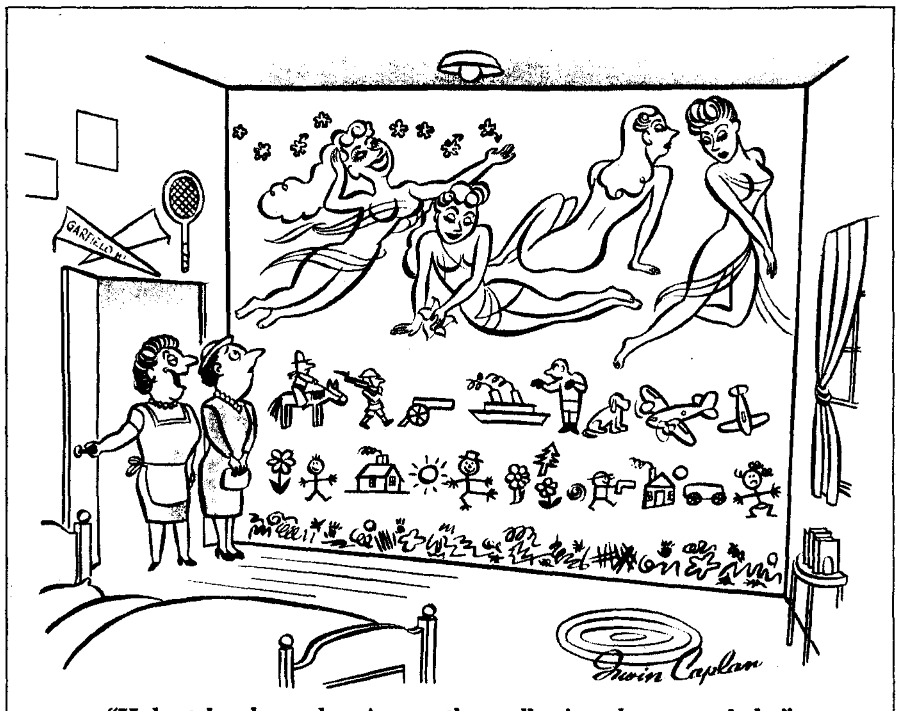
She had been working six weeks now, and she knew all the rules. She should be the world's most perfect wife. But she was wondering if the rules were enough. She remembered the time she flunked college algebra, knowing all the theorems. It didn't help if you didn't apply them. That was the way she ended all her business correspondence—*Live This Letter.* But did she live her own advice? Along about the hundredth letter, self-analysis began nibbling at her mind and she wondered if she were a gazelle herself. Or a female moose.

Joe broke into her thoughts by returning with the bath spray. Belinda poured herself another cup of coffee and thought of one of yesterday's letters from a woman in Moline: "My husband used to look at me, really gaze at me. But he hasn't looked at me in six months."

"Be *worth* looking at," Belinda had written back, but now she wondered if she hadn't been a little glib. She looked over at Joe who was looking at the fish tank. He was so tall and limber and lovely looking. "A man-lookin' man," as Hilda would say. Belinda liked to look at him. But did he ever look at her?

"Joe, darling," she said, making her voice husky and low, "do you ever look at me when I'm not looking?"

The question caught him unaware. He spit out a small piece of seaweed and said, "Good Lord, Linda, are you crazy? Why should I stare at you on the sly? I see you every day. I would go wild if anyone goggled at me. It's weird. And now," he went on, removing a small piece of shell from his mouth, "get out of here or I'll have the whole tank down my gullet. Scram."



"Hubert has been drawing on the walls since he was a baby"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

She got out. And wandered around the house, her mood heavy on her. Maybe she had been too complacent. She hadn't even thought about these things before she got her job, but maybe Joe didn't love her any more. How long had it been since he had given her a compliment? Almost two years. When they were going out to the Haskells' New Year's party and she was wearing the gold brocade, he had said, "You'll mow 'em down."

"One whole year and a half," she said out loud bitterly.

JOE went to work and Belinda left for the office, walking down the tree-shaded streets to the business part of town, saturated in thought. Maybe Joe only stayed married to her through a sense of loyalty. He didn't look at her, he didn't give her compliments, he was not romantic. These lacks had never worried her before but they seemed to worry other women and maybe she had just been fiddling while Rome burned. She decided to call her best friend, Marie, who was very happily married, and should know a few things. She went into a drugstore and into a small booth. The door wouldn't close so she had to yell over the clatter of coffeecups and "a Swiss cheese on rye."

"Does Bill give you compliments, Marie?"

Marie laughed at the question as at the fanciful notion of a child. "He says I make good pie."

"Does he look at you?"

"What do you mean, Belinda, look at me?"

Belinda yelled louder against the din of late breakfasts. A man standing near by with a frowsy woman stared at her and whispered to his companion behind his hand.

"Oh, Marie," Belinda said, "I mean just look at you. As if you were a human being—a woman." Marie began to laugh. Belinda hung up and went past the woman and man with great dignity.

She went into the office with the feeling of one who has just bitten into a quince in the dark, thinking it was a ripe mango. After an hour and a half of researching for answers and writing advice she felt completely inadequate. She went over to the window and looked at the lake, unappetizing as Scotch broth with gray bits of barley; at the dissipated day, drear as a dead mouse hung up to dry.

She looked at herself in the big mirror hung between the bookshelves. Her hair was wheat color, her face the color of light reflected from wheat fields, her dress the yellow color of light itself. Once she would have thought she looked nice. Now she thought she looked dull. What was it she had written the woman whose husband had lost interest? "Change your type, surprise him. All men love to be surprised." Maybe she should take her own words to heart. So Joe would notice her.

Belinda was honest but she approached unpleasant truths as one pulls adhesive tape from one's own body—slowly, hoping a miracle will happen and that she might be spared the ordeal. But the adhesive tape truth was this: Joe took her for granted and had done so for a long time—all these women writing in, wanting romance, were answered by a woman who had no romance in her own life.

Nepotism or no, she decided to leave the office. She went out into the commotion of the Winnetka main-street traffic. She became aware that she was crossing a street against the light and that she had barely escaped being run over by a light truck. A tough young man was sitting at the wheel, his face a study in resignation.

"Any time, now, Mom," he said.

Belinda looked ahead. There was no one there.

Belinda looked behind. There was no one there.

She was Mom.

SHE could not think for the fury rattling around in her brain—fury at life, fury at time, fury at the repulsive young man. As if running away from her humiliation, she walked quickly to a shop whose clothes were world-famous.

"I would like to look at a hostess gown," she said, once inside the gold-and-mauve interior. "For dining at home."

The model came out in tawny orange velvet. Belinda waved it away with hauteur. A black satin passed through the room. It was like a raven embroidered with pearls, but it was too somber. Then came the champagne-colored chiffon. It was a froth of three layers of chiffon—champagne gold over lime, over champagne gold. Belted with moss green velvet. This was her dish of porridge; this would make her look like the kind of woman who had a right to tell other women how to be gazelles. This would be the dress to make Joe gaze and

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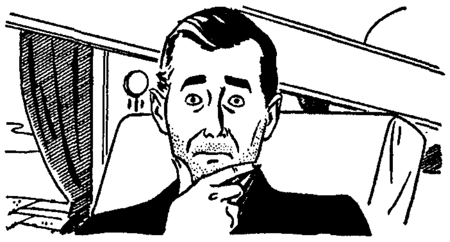

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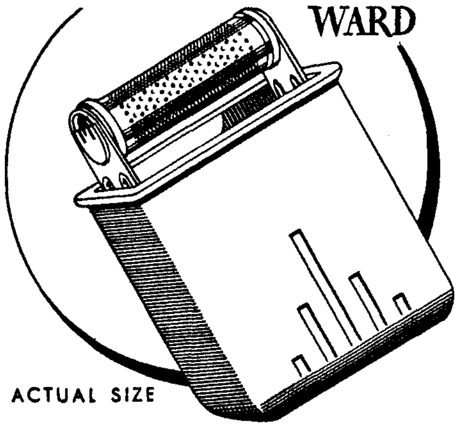

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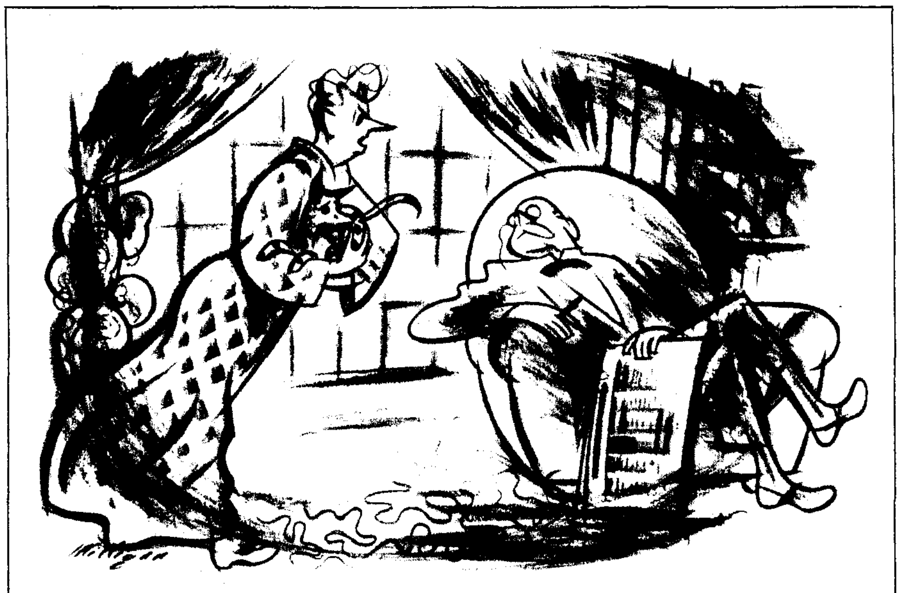


COLLIER'S "Judson has been giving him dog food!" JOHN MILLIGAN

gaze and say silly, wonderful, romantic things.

She made out a check, a frightening amount, and took the dress box under her arm and went out into the day, wary of trucks and insolent young men who called her inappropriate nicknames.

She went into a hairdresser's and had her hair done as Greek goddesses did their hair—high on top, with a black velvet fillet. Gold polish was put on her nails and a shadowy smudge of gold leaf on her eyelashes.

WHEN she got to her quiet fieldstone house, she ran upstairs and put on the champagne-colored chiffon. It was almost time for Joe to be home. She strolled down into the living room as exponents of charm columns stroll, and settled down on the couch to wait. She picked up a yellow rose and held it languidly, as she remembered Theda Bara holding a rose when she was very young. Oh, dear, she thought, I should forget I can remember Theda Bara. She almost rejected the rose as being a little studied, then decided for it. And added a faraway look to increase the effect.

Mr. Joseph Wilkens began to yell to her before he reached the first porch step. It was his usual procedure. He banged the front door and burst into the room, exclaiming, "I got the Barnes Colony job. We excavate tomorrow. Now you can get that desk you want." He threw his hat across the room and came across to Belinda.

Then he saw her. Really saw her. But this was not the look she had had in mind. He stared and stared and then said slowly, "Where in the name of time did you get that rig, Lin?"

"Don't you like it?" she said sweetly.

"What's it for?" he asked baffled. "And that stuff on your nails? You look as if you were just back from the Yukon. And your hair. You ought to be holding up a porch. Like a caryatid." And then he laughed. Bellowed.

"I think I look quite nice," she said weakly. "Different."

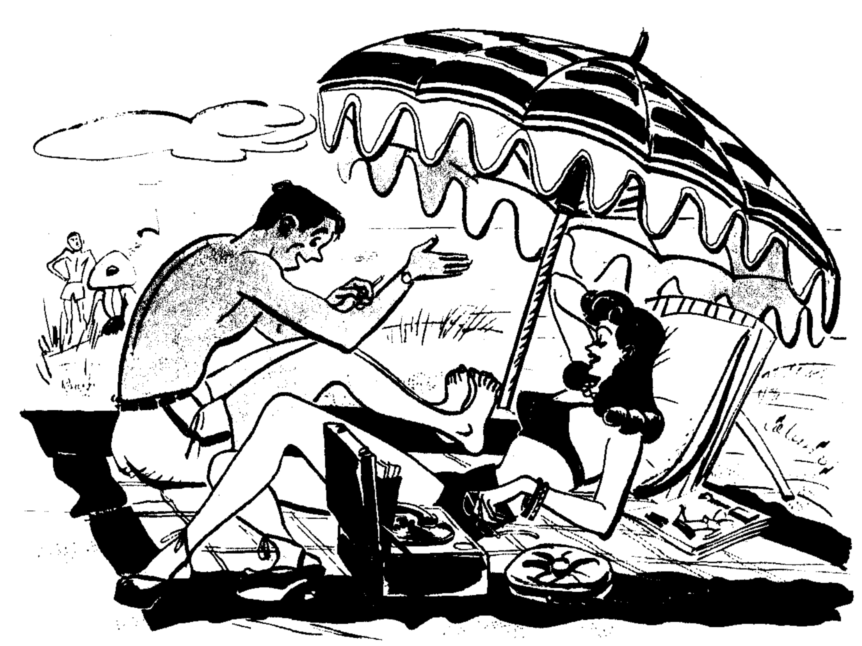
"You look different, all right. What in hell have you got on your eyelids?" He examined her as a judge would examine a candidate for a prize costume for Halloween. He did not look at her at all, not in the way she had imagined he would look.

He picked up the paper, turned to the financial section to read about his new contract, then dropped the paper. In the nasty tent shape.

"Do you want to go down the creek with me and dig worms?" he said suddenly. "I promised Ike I'd bring him some tomorrow. He's going on a fishing trip." He went out to the back porch and began knocking things down, looking for the spade.

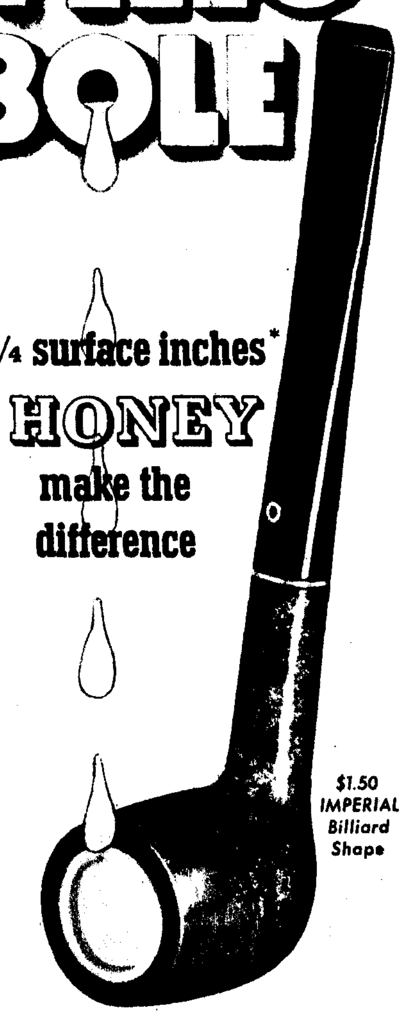
Belinda got up and stared into the Chippendale mirror. She looked elegant to her-

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



COLLIER'S "Somehow, Miss Pippin, I can't picture you in the Belgian bulge wearing woolen underwear"

YELLO-BOLE



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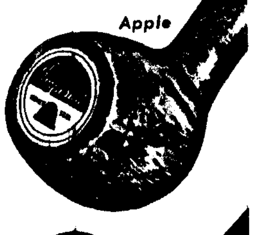
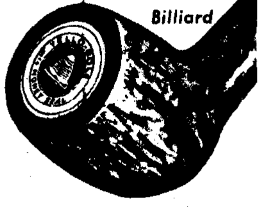


Apple

$1 STANDARD
this seal in bowl
this mark on stem



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FOR SUMMER SUITS
IT'S A DAN RIVER FABRIC
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self. *Should women dress to please men? Oh, yes, every time.* Maxim three.

She looked down at the layers of golden chiffon, she touched her sleek coiffure. She thought of the rude man in the truck. Why, she ought to have a lace kerchief on and be dressed in black. The Whistler's Mother of Winnetka. She went upstairs quietly and slid into an ordinary gray linen dress, like all her other nondaring dresses and came down again into the kitchen to blend the salad. She moved about her tasks in silence. Joe started several conversations but they died down into monologues, like boomerangs thrust back upon the sender.

THE next day was Saturday and Belinda did not have to go to the office, fresh from her own failure, to advise other women how to succeed in romance. Belinda lay in bed, long after Joe had gone, thinking of a long lifetime ahead with nothing in it for her but good works. Digging worms for a man named Ike. A wet wind blew from the lake, clutching the heart like unseen damp cobwebs.

She rose slowly and put on an old brown skirt, a shapeless red sweater and a pair of worn *espadrilles*. Why should she care how she looked? She would make apple jelly. Seal up her heart with paraffin.

She thought of a museum moose she had once seen. She thought of worms and a man named Ike whom she had never seen but whom she loathed. She went about her work with a great deal of energy, attacking each apple as if it were a personal enemy. Gone was the languor, gone the desire to please. Belinda Deborah Wilkens was very, very mad.

As she was quartering her hundredth apple—she was keeping track—Joe called up.

"I've been thinking," he said. "Maybe I'm a heel. That was a pretty dress last night."

She said nothing.

"Hey," he said, "are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here. I'm busy, Joseph," she answered formally.

"You sound like you're angry, Linda," he said in a honeyed, placating voice. "I've been talking to Uncle William. He says maybe I should be nicer to you. Maybe I take you too much for granted."

"You have been discussing me with strangers," Belinda said accusingly.

"Uncle William is hardly a stranger. I've known him well for years. He gave me my baby mug."

"I'm too busy, Joseph, to discuss baby mugs. And you might as well stay in town for dinner. I doubt if I will be able to prepare anything."

"That's all right. We'll go out."

"I don't think I care to go out with you, Joseph." She hung up the receiver and went back to the apple mash.

The afternoon trickled by. She burned herself twice. When everything was ready, she remembered she had forgotten the jelly bag so she went upstairs to search among the rag bags in the linen room. In among them were the remnants of her life—a bit of her wedding dress, a sapphire-blue bed jacket Joe had given her. There was an old flower she had worn in her hair when she and Joseph—Joe, then—used to go canoeing. And he would play Treasure Island over and over on the portable phonograph. And Two Loves Have I. And then he would kiss her and the moonlight became silver oil in which the world was painted.

She looked at the flower, a jaded daisy. She pinned it in her hair, savoring the irony of the past saluting the present. She found the slip for the jelly and went downstairs to finish her job. Her hands were dark and stained from the juice, one stocking had run, her hair was falling down. The kitchen was obscured with pots of mash and apple cores and glasses. The last pot of apples boiled over just as Joe came in.

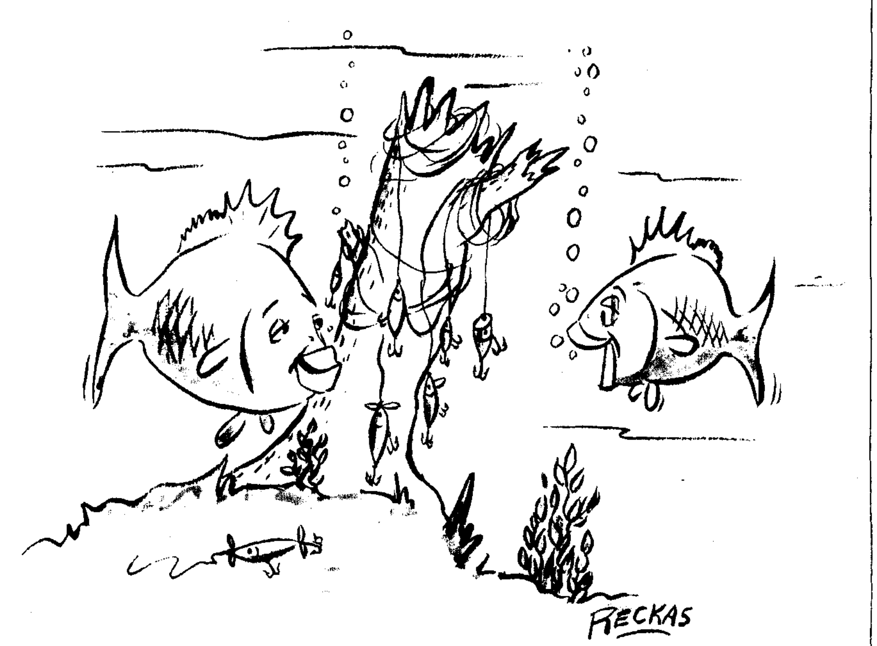
Mr. Joseph Wilkens looked very debonair and happy. Mr. Joseph Wilkens had had a drink. He paused in the doorway, struck a pose of a serenader and sang the first few lines of Melancholy Baby. Then he came across to Belinda, gently removed one apple-stained hand from the apples, turned it over as if it were an orchid, and kissed her wrist. With all the romance and tenderness of a broken-down ham actor overplaying his role. "You're beautiful," he whispered hoarsely.

Belinda looked at him with complete disinterest and disdain. Then she went upstairs, found her purse, changed her shoes and came down and went out into the cold evening air. Joe came out and called after her when she was halfway down the block —"Wait for me, Lin."

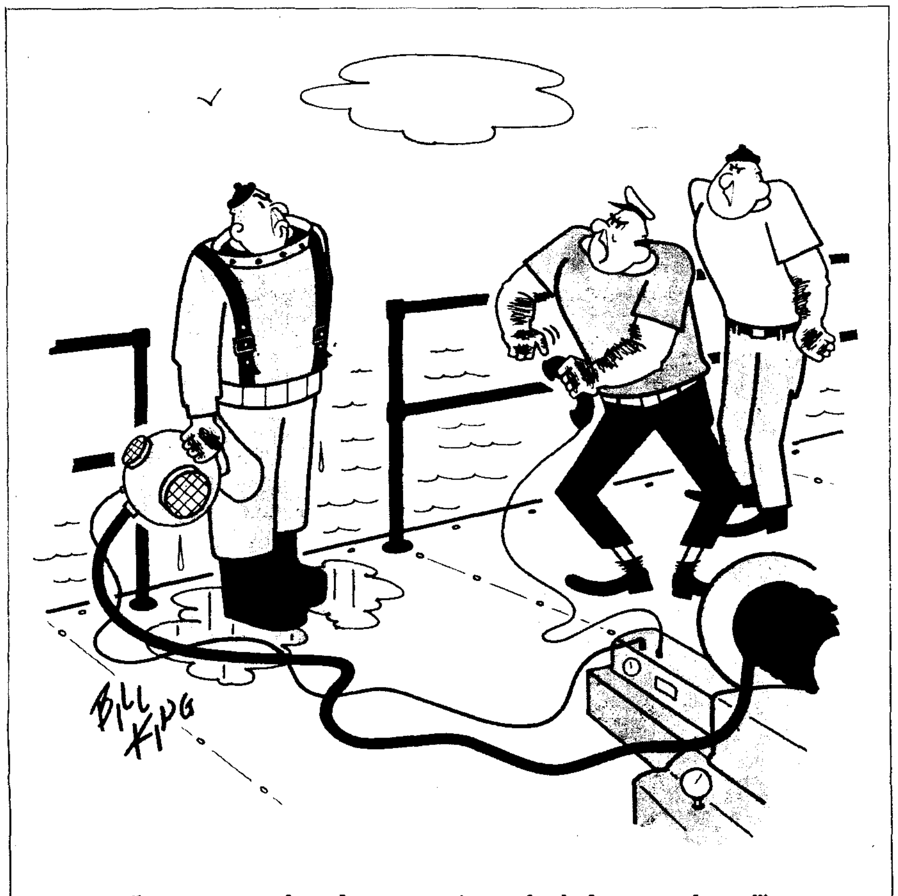
Belinda went on as if she had not heard. It was beginning to rain, which suited her mood perfectly. When she came out onto Main Street, she hailed a taxicab and settled down into its impersonal, soothing darkness.

"Where to, lady?" the driver said cautiously as they paused before a light. He said it as if he knew women and knew that here was one with a mood on.

"Take me to the Sawmill," she said without thinking. "It's about six miles out on the old Lake Road." She hadn't been to the Sawmill for years. It was a dark mellow restaurant with a real brook that ran through it, and a small orchestra that played music that was subtle as a drug taking over. She and Joe had always gone there to fight. Only they had called it Discussing Things. It was there they had argued



COLLIER'S "Say, you made a pretty good catch today!" GEORGE RECKAS



COLLIER'S "Because we heard you snoring—that's how we know!" BILL KING

whether their first-born should be called Allen or Perry, it was there they tossed back and forth the relative advantages of a fishing trip or a vacation in Florida.

Well, he wouldn't be there to fight with her tonight. He might never be with her again. And she didn't care at all. "I can get along all right," she said to herself reassuringly. "Even if Joe doesn't love me." She snapped her fingers loudly as if to prove her utter unconcern about Joe. The taxi driver spurted ahead as if he were frightened.

She crouched back into the corner. She did care. She wanted to be looked at, she wanted to be looked over. She wanted her husband to love her just as much as the woman in Moline wanted her Ichabod to love her.

"Here it is," the driver said. Now she was there she didn't want to go in, but the driver was looking at her like a dentist's assistant urging a recalcitrant child into the chair and she knew she would have to go in. She opened the door and went inside.

THERE was the same brook lazing over the moss down one side of the room, there was the same fireplace burning, the stone sawmill in the corner, the identical uncrowded dim geniality. It made her miss Joe terribly. Whatever he had done or, more properly, not done, she wished he were with her now.

She sat down in a small booth that faced a mirror. Not a magic mirror. The exact opposite of a magic mirror. She looked at herself long and intently and sadly—the ungoddesslike hair-do, the old sweater, the silly flower.

"I'm nothing but a squaw," she said to herself bitterly. "I even look like a squaw. All I'm good for is to work—grind corn, take down the wigwam, bridle the horse. For the brave."

"I've been looking for you," a very familiar voice said at the squaw's elbow.

"Hello, Hiawatha," the squaw said savagely. But there was a hint of joy in her voice. "How did you know I'd be here?"

"I got a psychic hunch. Comes from playing poker so many years."

The waiter came and Joe ordered for them, then went over and spoke to the orchestra leader who began to play Treasure Island, their old favorite tune. Joe gave her one of his better smiles and reached over and took her apple-brown hand.

"I always liked that flower you're wearing," he said dreamily. "It brings out the color in your eyes."

Why, Joe was giving her a compliment.

"Do you want to dance?" he asked wistfully, as if he wanted to dance with her more than anything on earth.

They moved out onto the floor. It was a moonlight dance with all lights out except a few soft colored ones that played over the room. In the anonymous darkness, Joe kissed her. It was an old-fashioned Joe kiss, a canoe kiss, the kind of kiss any woman from Moline to Memphis would enjoy. Then he became matter of fact again, and even that was all right. Maybe even better. It was sort of restful just being Belinda, being with just Joe without worrying about romance. She would have something new to put in her column tomorrow. And in her heart. This knowledge that this feeling was better than romance. But how to name this feeling, this companionship, this deep-down understanding that could even be funny and yet endure. . . .

"I cleaned up the kitchen after you left, Mrs. Wilkens," Joe was saying. "It was a terrible mess. I hid all the pots and pans in the pantry. It will be a nice surprise for Hilda, that siphon snitcher."

"Oh, Joe Wilkens, I love you," she said softly. The orchestra began to play Two Loves Have I.

"Oh, Joe," she said gently, "do you remember the first time we heard this?"

"Of course," he answered and bent over and kissed her hair; "you had a run in your stocking just the way you do now."

"Then you do look at me?" she asked, joy crowding against her like a small child coming for a good-night kiss.

"Of course, I look at you. And you always look swell. I just don't yap about it all the time. And now," he said, "I want to tell you about my contract. It's the biggest thing we've ever had."

The music played low and sweet, the lights hovered like moving stars while Joe talked about his contract. She could never persuade her readers that this was the best there was in life, this listening to contracts with an inarticulate man who cleaned up your kitchen for you. She couldn't say it, but she knew.

"Oh, Joe Wilkens, I love you," she repeated, interrupting. "I even love the way you dig worms."

THE END

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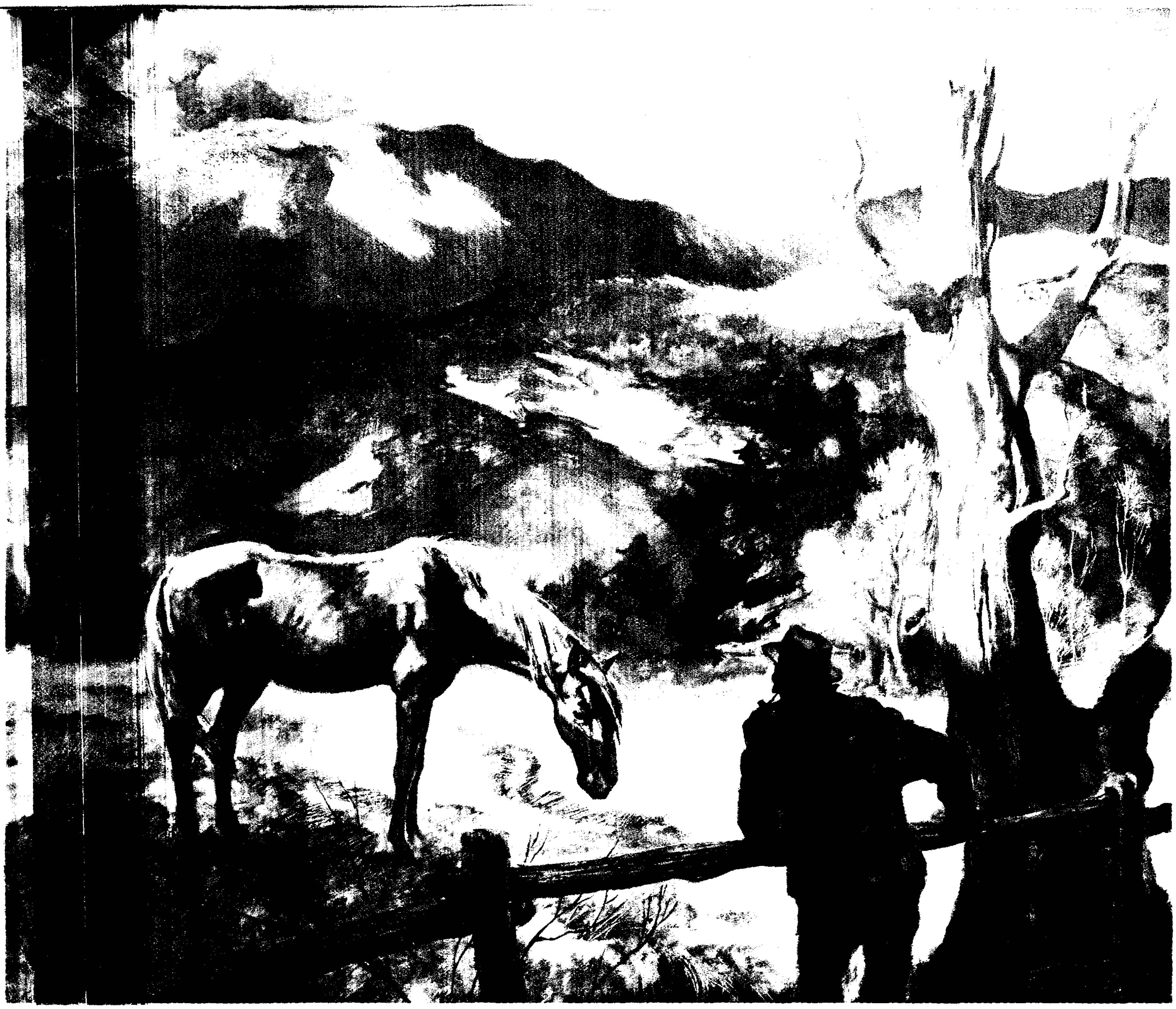

OLD QUENT

BY MARY DEASY

Gib Mullan knew there wasn't much he could do about changing the world but on his own land he intended to see justice done

GIB MULLAN came into the house at four o'clock that afternoon, slamming the kitchen door behind him.

"Gib?" called Lucy.

She was in the dining room. He went in.

"Getting colder?"

"No. Yes. Didn't notice. Rotten weather for April."

He dragged off his gloves and mackinaw. A frown creased his stout ruddy face.

Lucy sewed placidly. "Mr. Harris is here."

"Harris?" He looked up. "What's he want?"

"Wants to sell Piper; he's moving out of town for good."

"H'mm," grunted Gib.

"Was talking to Charley, too, about Old Quent," said Lucy. "Seems he thinks it'd be a good idea to put him away."

"Shoot him?" Gib spoke sharper.

"He's getting on for thirty," Lucy said.

"I'm getting on for sixty." Gib threw his things on a chair and went over to the window that looked out on the yard. "Harris want to shoot me, too?"

"Now, Gib," said Lucy. "You know that old horse is no use to anybody."

"Use to himself, isn't he?" muttered Gib.

"Now, Gib," said Lucy again. "You're cross as two sticks this afternoon. Have a bad day in town?"

"Bad enough," said Gib.

"You'd better go on out anyway and see Mr. Harris. He's out back someplace with Charley, I guess."

Gib turned around. "That old horse has given him good service for twenty years," he said. "Why don't Harris let him die his own way, proper and quiet?"

"Well, there's the feed bill," Lucy said.

Gib snorted. "A lot that matters to Harris."

"There's no sense wasting money," Lucy said calmly. "Don't you go getting your back up now, Gib Mullan, about that old horse. He's going to die of old age anyway, one of these days."

"All right, all right," said Gib.

He picked up his mackinaw and put it on.

"He hasn't done a lick of work since Mr. Harris's grandchild, the littlest one, Cynthy, used to ride him around here that summer, must be two years ago now," Lucy said, between stitches. "What on earth's the use of paying out good money for an animal like that?"

GIB looked at her, shook his head, and went out without answering. He slammed the back door behind him and crossed the yard to the stable. The ground was thawing under a cold white-and-blue sky; there was a raw wind blowing and, in protected corners, lingering patches of snow. It had been thirty years since he first opened the stable and riding school here. Dealing in horses and dealing with men, he had seen his business grow until it was an established part of this flourishing suburban community. How many years would be left him to enjoy it, he wondered now.

He found Harris in the harness room, talking to Charley; they were sitting beside the stove, and Charley was mending a broken bridle. His black fingers moved with a clumsy skill.

Gib could not figure out why he had come over to see Old Quent, but as he stood there he felt himself growing more excited every moment

"Hello, Gib," said Harris. He got up and shook hands. "How's everything?"

"Lucy says you want to sell Piper," Gib said.

"That's right. Think you can get me a good price for him?"

"Fair," said Gib. "Friis has got his eye on him. He wants to get rid of that old whistler of his."

"Will he put up for him?" Harris sat down again.

"I'll get you a fair price," Gib said. He stood there with his hands in his pockets, looking at Harris. "What about Old Quent?"

Harris laughed. "Well, even you couldn't sell him to anything but a glue factory, Gib," he said. "I think we'll just put Old Quent out of business."

"Shoot him?"

"That's the general idea," said Harris.

"You've had that horse a mighty long time," Gib said. He kept standing beside the door, carefully jingling some change in his pocket.

"A little too long," Harris said. "I had a look at him just now. That old boy was quite a horse when you sold him to me back in the twenties, but he's come a long road since then. Take care of that for me, too, will you, Gib?"

"No," said Gib. He picked up a stirrup strap and examined it intently.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

Harris stared at him. "Why not?" he said.

"You don't want to do that; that's why," said Gib.

Harris tilted his chair back against the wall. "What in creation's the matter with you, Gib?" he asked. "That old horse is no use to me any more; even the kids are getting too big to want to walk around the yard on an old relic like that. Why shouldn't I have him put out of the way?"

"You're the kind of man, Harris," Gib said, "that would have his grandmother put out of the way when she couldn't knit socks for him any more."

He put the stirrup strap down carefully and turned around. There was a particular stubborn glint in his eyes that both Charley and Harris knew. They exchanged glances.

"Come on now, Gib," Harris said, but not very hopefully, "that horse isn't a human being and you know it. You'd shoot him fast enough if he broke his leg."

"That's different," Gib said. "Old Quent's not suffering; he's in particularly good health—likely to enjoy it six months, a year, more, and then go off on his own hook of old age."

"All right," said Harris. "So he's going to go off anyway. So what's six months' difference more or less?"

"You've got a nice philosophy there," Gib said to him.

"I like it," said Harris.

He was getting stubborn, too. Charley looked from him to Gib and back again with an expression of interested enjoyment on his face. He stopped mending the bridle to listen to them more closely.

"Well, I don't," said Gib. "I don't like it at all."

"We'll leave it to Charley," Harris said. He turned half-around in his chair. "How about that, Charley?" he said to him.

CHARLEY grinned, shaking his head emphatically. "No, sir, you don't get me into this, Mr. Harris," he said. "You just leave me out of this. I'm not sayin' nothin', one way or the other."

Harris laughed. After a moment he brought his chair down abruptly on four legs.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Gib," he offered. There was a bland look in his eyes. "I'll sell him to you for twenty-five dollars."

"Old Quent?" Gib colored dark red. "Harris, you know as well as I do I never was taken in on a horse in my life, and you or nobody else is going to start me in now. That old horse isn't worth a nickel to me, and you know it."

"Twenty-five dollars," said Harris. "That's my price."

Charley hooted softly, bending his head over the bridle. Gib glowered at him. "You keep out of this, Charley."

"I'm not sayin' nothin', one way or the other," Charley reiterated, raising his head and grinning at Gib.

Harris sat forward in his chair with his hands on his knees. "Well, what do you say, Gib?" he asked. He glanced over at Charley and winked.

"All right, Harris," Gib said. "Have your little joke."

"I'm not joking," said Harris. "I mean it. Twenty-five dollars and he's yours. You can nurse him along then till he's as old as Methuselah."

"No," said Gib. He stood planted, with the look of an explosive imminently about to go off, in front of Harris.

"All right, then," said Harris. "That's fine with me, too. I don't care anything about it one way or the other."

"That's the trouble with you," Gib said.

"Sure," said Harris. "The trouble with me is, I won't get soft about an old bag of bones." He got up. "I'll have a truck sent around for him tomorrow," he said.

"Good," said Gib. He turned around and walked out of the harness room.

"Gib—" Harris called after him.

"What?" Gib stopped, hands in pockets, without turning around.

"Twenty-five dollars," said Harris.

"You go to grass," Gib said.

He went on toward the back of the stable. . . .

He did not go up to the house again but cut out instead through the back of the stable across the track to the field on the far side, where he knew Old Quent was. The ground was black and yielding under the new thaw, and there was a red sun shining from the late afternoon sky. Old Quent was standing rearward to the wind, his rough winter coat freshly splashed with mud.

Quent was a roan, with a faded reddish mane and tail and a long rangy body that had taken on new angularities with age. He was not a handsome horse and he never had been, but he had a certain air that might have been called philosophic in a human being, an appearance as if of calm detachment from the nervous uncertainties of life.

Gib, who knew the character and manners of every horse in his stable as well as, and perhaps even better than, he knew those of his family and friends, was aware that Quent's appearance was fully borne out by his nature. All his life he had been a safe, dependable horse who could be trusted to do what was expected of him without undue risk either to himself or to his rider. Mrs. Harris, a cautious horsewoman, had ridden him steadily for many years, until the time came when he was considered elderly enough and wise enough to walk about almost at will through the yard and around the track with one, two, or as many as three of her small grandchildren perched in a row on his back.

Jefferson Machamer

"Most men will take anything a girl says and twist it around to where she means it!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Gib stood at the fence, leaning his arms on the top rail and looking at Old Quent. He could not figure out in his mind why he had come over to see Quent, and instead of calming down as he stood there he felt himself growing angrier and more excited every moment.

It seemed to make him feel excited because Old Quent was not excited, but stood there imperturbably with his rear to the wind and his head down, as if he had all the time in the world before him. A cloud of conflicting emotions tumbled in Gib's head: anger, obstinate resolution, a kind of cosmic indignation mingled with impatient flouting of what he set down as a soft streak, or granny's notions in himself. He called names interiorly, with himself roundly as butt, and in the end he came back all the same to the stubborn streak, the determination that he could not put rightly into words.

It was past five when he went back to the house again. The red sun was heavy and low behind him; his vague shadow stumped before him over the half-frozen ground. As he went up the back steps Lucy opened the kitchen door.

"Gib? Where've you been? Mr. Harris was looking for you a while back."

"What'd he want?"

He went into the kitchen, closing the door behind him. Lucy was making supper; the house smelled warmly of meat gravy and apple pie.

Lucy went over to the stove. "Wanted to say goodby," she told him. "Seems he's leaving tomorrow." She tested boiling potatoes critically with a fork. "Had some kind of a joke, too, about you buying Old Quent," she said. "He and Charley was laughing. Said he wanted to sell Quent to you for twenty-five dollars."

Gib frowned, rubbing his hand over his chin. "Harris gone home?" he said.

"Yes. Maybe half an hour. He couldn't wait," said Lucy. "Said to say goodby to you."

"H'mm," grunted Gib.

He walked out into the dining room. The wall telephone was near the kitchen door. He lifted the receiver and called a number.

"Harris?" he said.

Harris' voice answered him over the wire.

"I'll take your offer," Gib said. "Twenty-five dollars. I'll send you a check."

Lucy came to the kitchen door, interrupting him suspiciously, fork in hand. "What's this about twenty-five dollars?" she said.

Gib hung up the receiver. "I'm buying Old Quent." He looked at her defiantly, blustering it out.

Lucy put her hands on her hips. "Gib Mullan, have you gone clean out of your head?" she said. "What in the world are you going to do with that old horse?"

"Now, Lucy," he said. He braced himself against her disapproval, speaking brusquely to bolster his resolution. "It's done now, and that's the end of it," he said. "No use talking about it any more." He walked back into the kitchen, feeling the stubborn satisfaction in what he had done fading, however, beneath her disaccording eyes.

ON SUNDAY morning, when he came into the stable about eleven o'clock, he saw Mr. Friis and Doc Chancellor standing near the door talking to Charley, who was saddling General, Doc Chancellor's big bay hunter. A dark stocky young man whom he did not know was standing beside them, listening, with his hands in his pockets.

"Morning Gib," Mr. Friis said. "Buying any horses today?"

Doc Chancellor smiled, and Charley turned his face away as he pulled the saddle girth tighter under General's belly.

"I hear you've got a new addition," Doc Chancellor said. He was a tall high-nosed man of forty in a leather jacket and boots. "Going to burn up the Grand Circuit with him this year, Gib?"

Charley turned his head, looking at Doc Chancellor with a grin.

"That old horse, he ain't *walked* a mile in two years," he said. "Likely it'd take him sixty minutes to get around that track."

"You keep out of this, Charley," Gib said to him. He ran his hand over General's neck, standing there as if impervious, except for the brick red of his face, to their gibes, looking intently at the cropped mane and shining coat.

"I'm not saying nothin' about it," Charley reiterated, still grinning, shaking his head.

The stocky young man shifted weight, glancing at Gib. "What's the joke?" he asked. He spoke without noticeable interest, his eyes moving with a jaded, mature and habitual observancy over Gib's face, the sleek withers of the horse before him, the comfortable careless litter of the stable.

Doc Chancellor gestured toward Gib. "David Harum here. He's gone soft on himself and got himself hooked at last. Twenty-five dollars to Harris for an old bag of bones so Harris couldn't have him put out of the way." He turned to Gib. "What *are* you going to do with him, Gib? Show him?"

Charley snickered softly.

"That's my business," said Gib. He stared stubbornly, with his brick-red face of invulnerable determination, at General.

"Mind if I have a look at him?" the stocky young man asked.

Gin glanced over at him sharply. "Quent? What for?"

"Nothing. I want to have a look at him."

Doc Chancellor said to Gib, "This is Roy Burrage, Gib—Doc Burrage's boy. He's just back from the Pacific. Been out there more than two years—the Gilberts, Saipan, Okinawa—"

Gib considered. "I guess you can see him," he said. "Come on."

They walked together toward the back of the stable.

"What do you want to see him for?" Gib said again as they reached the door.

Roy Burrage gave him a brief look. "I thought I'd like to see a horse that somebody paid twenty-five dollars for to keep alive," he said.

There was a kind of grave and downright cynicism in his tone.

THEY left the stable and started across the rutted track to the field on the far side. It had turned warmer since sunup; there was black spring mud underfoot, and the air felt soft and smelled good, the way it smells only on certain days in early spring, just after the last snow has melted.

Quent was standing facing them when they came up to the fence. He watched them, lifting and turning his head to see them: an old horse with his good years behind him, yet feeling the spring. They could see the light bright sun falling on his back.

They stood looking at him for a few moments without saying anything.

"Well, you see him now," Gib said finally.

Roy Burrage turned his head; he was leaning on the fence, watching Old Quent. "Twenty-five dollars," he said. He spoke in a thoughtful and impersonal tone. "So you can let him stand there in the sun for a few months longer."

"Well," said Gib, "what about it?"

He shoved his hands into his pockets, standing belligerent, with a kind of prepared defiance in his manner.

"Nothing," said Roy Burrage.

"All right then. Let's go."

"I've seen a lot of dead horses," Roy Burrage said. He kept standing at the fence, looking at Old Quent. "Dead men, too. You'd be surprised how quick you get used to them. Lying on their back, maybe, with one arm over their head just as if they were sleeping, or three or four of them tumbled in a heap, like a lot of rag dolls that were dropped there because somebody got tired of playing with them all of a sudden." He looked at Old Quent with his hard, thought-

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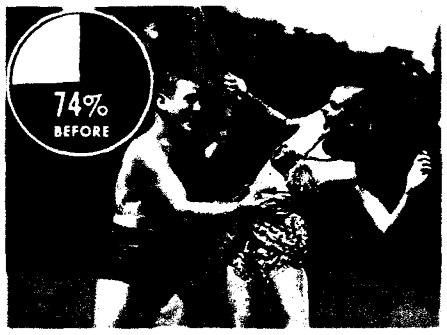

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ful, impersonal gaze. "After a while it doesn't seem to matter," he said. "One more of them, two more, a hundred more— You get tired of counting them. You get tired of looking at them and thinking about them. It just doesn't seem to matter any more."

He stopped talking and turned his head so that he could look at Gib. Gib looked back at him without saying anything. There was something uncomfortable between them. Old Quent turned around and walked slowly away across the field.

"That's why I wanted to see that old horse," Roy Burrage said. He began to speak with a kind of jaded flippancy, as if he were trying to erase the impression of the things he had just said. "He ought to be in a museum—or the two of you ought. You're a specimen of an extinct race, Mr. Mullan; you haven't learned to think in terms of the mass. You haven't found out that what happens to the individual horse doesn't matter, because there are always more horses, and more men. You think one horse is important now because you're only looking at one; but when you look at a hundred of them, or a thousand of them, none of them is important any more. There are too many of them. You can't worry about all of them, can you?" He grew a little more excited, though he continued to speak in the same gravely flippant tone. "Maybe that's how God feels. There are just too many of them," he said.

He smiled a little, nervously, without humor. Gib stood looking at him with his hands in his pockets; a particular stubborn glint came into his eyes.

"All right," he said after a minute, "suppose you're right." He brought the words out slowly, thinking hard. "You've seen a lot of things I haven't seen; I'm not saying you haven't," he said. "And maybe I'm behind the times; I'm not saying I'm not. All I'm saying is this: that as long as I own this land, things are going to be run on it proper." His ruddy face colored deeper; he spoke with emphasis.

"That old horse gave Harris good service for more than twenty years," he said, "and he's got the right to his short while of peace and quiet now. Maybe I haven't got much to say about what goes on in the rest of the world, but I *have* got something to say about what goes on on my own land, and while I'm running things here I'm running them proper." He brought his hand down on the fence with fixed resolution. "Whether they're run proper anywhere else in the whole world or not," he said, with a kind of challenging defiance, to Roy Burrage.

HE STOPPED speaking: the uncomfortable feeling between them had already vanished, and in its place a kind of warm mutual embarrassment grew up. Roy Burrage stood at the fence, watching Old Quent walking slowly across the field with the spring sun falling quietly upon him from the blue-and-white sky. After a few moments he turned around. There was a different expression on his face.

"Well," he said, "I guess you're not hurting anybody but yourself."

The words were still gravely cynical, but the expression on his face was a different one. He looked at Gib the way he might have looked at someone he had known a long time ago and had almost forgotten.

They stood there for a little while, looking off at Old Quent walking away across the field. It was good outside with the thin sun shining and the smell of spring coming up from the earth. Standing at the fence, leaning their arms casually on the top rail, they shared, without knowing it, a vigilant look of stubborn and satisfied reassurance.

THE END

◆

It's Here to Stay

Continued from page 17

1913 "Duck" automobile offered a conventional touring car but was driven from the back seat, directly over the rear axle. Self-starters of compressed air and other gadgets for enabling the driver to start the car without cranking were offered. Wahl Motor Sales of Detroit offered a car with no name plate, so that the dealer or distributor could use any desired name.

Down at Columbus, Indiana, a man named Reeves built a six-wheeled pleasure car he called the Sextoauto, an unconventional car with tandem wheels in the rear. Today, this design is standard for bus and truck makers. Reeves likewise built a model called the Octoauto, having eight wheels, tandem style front and rear. This car so pleased the late Elbert Hubbard in a trial ride over Chicago's rough cobblestone streets in 1911 that he wrote a two-page testimonial on the virtues of Reeves' eight-wheel design.

Among the pioneers of the automotive industry, no one attracted more attention than W. C. Durant. As head of General Motors, he was alert to the possibilities in grouping various makes under one parent organization for mass production. Although he contributed materially to automotive progress, he had many ups and downs. After losing control of General Motors, he acquired control of a car known as the Little, changed the name to Chevrolet and later on secured control of enough shares to return to the presidency of General Motors Corporation. A few months later he was again unseated.

Many improvements now accepted as standard were once used and abandoned. For instance, balloon-type tires were used by Pennington and shown in illustrations in the first issue of the pioneer automotive magazine, Horseless Age, in 1895. Gearshift levers mounted on the steering column were used by the Pierce "Great Arrow" in 1904 and by Autocar in the same year. These were revived as "new and startling advances in design" in 1937. The Northern car offered air brakes, headlights mounted on the fenders, air-operated automatic clutch and steering-column gearshift levers in 1907. Coil springs on each wheel, which recently came into prominence on several makes, were used on the single-cylinder Brush from 1907 to 1911.

Automatic types of shifting devices are likewise not new. Premier, with its preselective electric shift, and Terraplane, with the "electric hand," were but forerunners of automatic shifting designs that followed. Reo, with its self-shifter of several years ago, was perhaps in advance of its time.

Front-wheel drive and rear-engined cars, now discussed as future possibilities, are far from new. The earliest Orient Buckboard (1902) and several others carried engines mounted on the rear axle. The Tatra, a Czechoslovakian car, as well as one of the finest in Europe, is a rear-engined job. The famous German Auto-Union racing cars were powered by rear-mounted engines. The front-wheel drive is almost as old as the automobile itself. A notable example is the early Christie, which won many races. Several Indianapolis races have also been won by front-wheel-drive cars.

In commemorating fifty years of progress in automotive development, Americans can look back with pride and satisfaction at the great strides made by our engineers, factories and merchandising organizations. The automobile came up the hard way. It muddled through by trial and error. What if we did have such makes as The Seven Little Buffaloes, Auto-Bug, Black Crow, Classic, Blood, Crusader, Darling, Eagle, Foos, Fish, Fox, Gem, Good-speed, Gyroscope, House, Duck, Klink, Leach, Moon, Sun, Star, Pet, Peter Pan, People's, Poppy, Red Bug, Queen, King, Ricketts, Bush, Thorobred, Vim, Viking, Zip and over 2,000 more . . . we survived them all and possibly they served a purpose, even if only by failing.

THE END

Stranger's Return

Continued from page 24

"I got four hundred for the car," Carol said, still in the same tone of voice; as if, now that he was home, there were certain things he ought to know and she was ticking them off on her fingers. "I was going to try to drive it across but then I took another look at the tires. . . . I put the money into bonds."

"Yes," he said. "You wrote me."

"You didn't say anything about it. I thought maybe you hadn't got the letter." She slipped the jacket off her shoulders. "How about a drink?"

He watched her go out of the room with that sharp light high-heeled walk she had, trailing the jacket behind her. When she returned, the jacket had been disposed of and she was carrying a tray. He dropped his coat and cap on the suitcase and came forward to sit beside her on the sofa.

HE WATCHED her as she made the drinks. She still, as always, wore her hair parted at the side, falling loose and heavy to her shoulders, and it still as always looked just a little untidy. She had a strong, reckless face, and an impatient way of tossing back the long hair when she turned her head. She gave him a glass, and they touched glasses and drank.

"All right, darling," she said. "What's on your mind?"

"What do you mean?" he heard himself asking weakly.

"Don't, Marty," she said. "I've been getting enough of a run-around in this town. Don't you start doing it."

It had not been quite fair to ask her, when she had never even met his parents, to come ahead to find a place for them in a town that was strange to her; yet it had been the only logical thing to do when the last orders made it definite that he would not be back until he was demobilized.

"Who's been picking on you?" he asked, trying a grin.

"Stop it," she said. Her mouth twitched. "I've been telling myself I could take it as long as I had to. Then you come back after six months and kiss me as if I had halitosis. Let's get it over with. What have they been writing you?"

The room seemed suddenly quite cold. "Should they have been writing me something?" he asked stiffly. Then he said angrily, "Damn it, Carol, I told you this was a small town. I told you to take it easy. . . ." She sat immobile, waiting. He gave her the letter and watched her take it out of the smudged, dog-eared envelope and read it: *Your wife can probably explain about the lieutenant commander she has been meeting week ends, but what was he doing coming out of the apartment at four-thirty in the morning?*

Her face had changed when she looked up. It was hard and hostile and her lipstick looked suddenly too heavy and too dark. "I don't have to defend myself against anonymous letters," she whispered.

"No," he said.

It seemed to him that ever since they had been married he had been afraid of the moment when her face would look like that; when the recklessness that had always been there would become something cheap and vicious. He heard the rattling sound as she crushed the paper in her hands, and her laugh. "Well," she asked. "What are you going to do about it, darling?"

He drew a long breath and did not look at her any more. "Well, it's certainly something to come home to."

"Come home to?" She laughed again. "You brought it with you, Marty." The ball of paper dropped in his lap and rolled off to the floor. He felt her move beside him, tucking her legs under her. She pulled at her narrow dress. "Every time I sit down," she said, "the damn' thing's up around my neck."

"They always are," he heard himself say.

"Don't let's go into that routine," she said, almost gaily. "My clothes, my hair, my lipstick, my nail polish, the way I walk, the way I talk to people in bars. . . . It's a wonder you put up with me for two years if that's how you felt about me all the time."

"Who was it?" he asked.

"You wouldn't know him."

"Why did you do it?"

"Does it make any difference?"

"I would like to know," he said, never looking at her. Then not looking at her he heard a small harsh sound and turned, and she was crying. He could not stand hearing her cry and he could not make himself touch her. He rose and walked out of the room and found himself in a bedroom that had her things in it; and he could not stand seeing the familiar feminine disorder that always marked the room in which she lived.

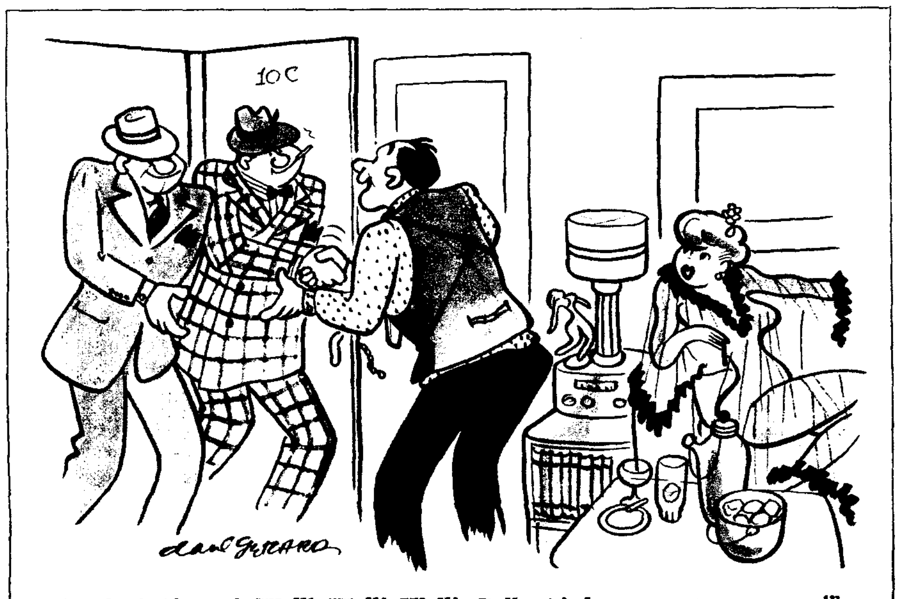
There was another smaller room across the hall with a studio couch under the window. Standing in the doorway he could still hear her crying in the living room. He closed the door behind him and stripped to his underclothes, found a blanket and sacked down on the couch. Sleeping when you got the chance was one thing you learned to do out there if you wanted to last.

When he woke, it was quite dark in the room. He knew where he was, and the luminous dial of his watch gave the time as one-forty-five. He sat on the edge of the couch, a little cold, and lighted a cigarette in the dark. The door of the room opened.

"Are you all right, Marty?"

"Yes," he said. "Turn on the light."

She turned it on. "You'd better put some-



"Jackie! Sluggo! Well! Well! Well! Golly, it's been two to ten years!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

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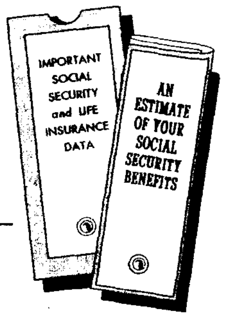
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thing on," she said, "before you catch pneumonia."

He saw that her hair was not rumpled enough for her to have been asleep.

"If you'll get up, I'll make your bed," she said. "I called your mother and she said not to wake you."

"Trains always knock me out," he said.

"Your bag's in the hall," she said.

He found his pajamas and put them on and stood watching as she made the bed, her back boyish in the blue flannel robe. Her hips were not, however, a boy's hips.

"Carol," he said.

She turned back the sheets and straightened up slowly, turning. "Yes, Marty."

"Why?" he asked.

Something went out of her face. She did not answer.

"Were you just . . . lonely?" he asked.

She laughed abruptly. "Darling, I've been lonely all my life. My folks died when I was ten."

"Did my folks . . . ?"

She shook her head. "Your mother's an angel."

He felt a vague surprise. He had not really expected her to get along with his parents. "Then why?" he persisted. "And," he said, "for God's sake, why did you have to bring him up here?"

After a moment she said evenly, "The john's right next door, darling. It makes an awful racket so if you . . . I'd like to get some sleep."

IN THE morning he heard her moving in the large bedroom and he put on a dressing gown and went in. She was dressing in front of the mirror and he recalled the surprise of first discovering that a girl pulls her skirt on over her head instead of stepping into it like a pair of trousers. She straightened herself out and fastened herself up.

"I didn't mean to wake you," she said. It was curious how they kept coming back to the same unemotional level so that for a little everything could seem quite normal. "I was just going to run out for some eggs and things. . . . I've been having orange juice and toast. . . ."

"Another diet?"

"I've lost four pounds," she said. They stood for a moment watching each other uncomfortably. "Well, I'll be back in a little while," she said and picked up her purse and a light coat and went out.

He stood looking at the room. The bed was unmade and her robe and gown were heaped on top of it. He heard the front door close and shivered a little, abruptly, with the feeling that came just before getting seasick, of knowing what he was going to do, knowing that he would be unable to help himself, but not liking it. He turned to the dresser and began to search the drawers carefully without pulling anything out. She never threw a letter away. Somewhere she still had Christmas cards predating Pearl Harbor.

At last he found it in a corner wrapped in a slip. But when he unwrapped it and pried apart the corners of the envelopes, the whole bundle tied tightly with brown cord, the return addresses were all his, in reverse order: Lt. (jg) Martin W. Owens, USNR; Ensign Martin W. Owens, USNR. He had not known her before he got his commission.

When he looked up, she was standing in the doorway, watching him. There was nothing at all in her face. She came forward slowly, picked up another purse from the dresser in front of him, removed a wallet, turned and went out.

He wrapped the bundle of letters in the slip and put it carefully back where he had found it and stood looking at the room again. It had basically the same shabby machine-made impersonality of all the places in which they had lived. Somebody moved out and you moved in. But she had done things to it. He recognized the curtains on the windows and the print on the wall and the small things he had sent her from time to time. She had an impressionistic way of going about it; you could not take the trouble of making things perfect if you were only going to stay a week, but everything always got up, out of the suitcases and packing crates, so that you could sit back among things that belonged to you and did not have to feel that you were camping out for the duration.

He went back into the room in which he had slept and a small wooden idol he had sent her from Pearl Harbor stared at him from beside an ash tray made from a sea shell that they had picked up together; and the otherwise naked wall held, a little askew, a framed photograph of the redwoods in Sequoia National Park, where they had spent their five-months-belated honeymoon. The photograph, like many other things she liked, had embarrassed him a little. It was like those placards people pinned up: God Bless Our Home, or, in the guest room, some jingle about being welcome. But seeing it now made him feel terrible.

The rest of the day was no better than the beginning had been. In the evening he found himself standing at the head of the stairs at the country club, watching the dancing and waiting for her to join him. It seemed a strange place to be and the music beat on his nerves, but it was better than the apartment. There were other people around.

"He's just out of the Army—they can't get him to wear a uniform"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

"Hot damn, look at the gold braid," somebody said behind him. He turned and shook hands with Jim Connors. "Guy might think you'd been in a war or something," Jim said. He was in full white-tie regalia, and Janet McGregor was with him. There was a small electric sensation at seeing Janet, who was Ellen's best friend.

"Hi, Janet," he said, and to Jim, "Have a heart. I just got back yesterday. I haven't had time. . . ."

"Now we will hear how his tails didn't fit him," Jim said. "He was forced, simply forced, to appear in uniform," Jim laughed. "Come and have a drink, Admiral."

"It'll have to be later." He formed the words carefully. "I'm waiting for my wife."

In the silence he learned that they knew all about it.

"Well, look us up later," Janet said brightly. "We've got a table reserved in the dining room."

"I'll do that," he said.

He watched them go down the stairs, Janet primly gathering up the peach-colored net of her skirt. She turned after six steps. "Have you seen Ellen?"

"No, I haven't," he said.

"She's here," Janet said.

"Swell," he said, too cheerfully.

They went down the stairs and were lost among the dancers. He turned and saw Carol come out of the ladies' room and waited for her to reach him. She stopped in front of him and smoothed her long gloves.

"Well," she said, "do I pass? Or should I go back home?"

He had forgotten how high a polish she could achieve when she really put out an effort. She was wearing a dress of some shiny brocaded material which was a machined fit to her hips and thighs, only a skillfully designed fold in the shining cloth enabling her to walk at all. Her hair fell smooth and unadorned to her bare shoulders.

He said, "You haven't got a damned thing on under that dress, have you?"

"Don't start that routine," she said. "And don't kid yourself. This girdle is killing me."

Her mouth was dark red, the upper lip drawn thin and precise, the lower lip full and sensuous.

"You always look beautiful to me, darling," he said, hating her for making herself look cheap; but there was a certain bitter pleasure in walking down the stairs with her: it was a little like showing off a pet tigress. They paused on the floor and somebody dancing by said, "Hi, Marty!"

"Don't be unpleasant," Carol said. "You don't have to be unpleasant."

She turned to him and slipped her evening bag onto her wrist and came to him. It was never any effort to dance with her, even when she was being as little help as possible; and he looked past her smooth head at the other dancers, now seeing others that he knew. The men that he knew all looked as he remembered them, but the girls that he knew all looked older.

SOMEBODY tapped him on the shoulder and he said without looking up, "I'm married to it, go find one of your own," but Carol stepped back to smile at the man. He said hello to Harold Ellershaw and introduced him. Looking back from the edge of the floor he could pick out the two of them easily by the way she wore her hair. She was looking up at Harold as he talked to her, smiling a little sharply, as if she did not think he would prove worth the trouble of smiling, but was willing to be convinced.

Marty turned and went into the bar. There was nobody there; they were all dancing. He did not know the barman.

A voice that he remembered said, "She's very attractive, Martin."

"She is, isn't she," he said. "What can I get you, Pinky?"

It seemed to him he had been waiting for her there for a long time. He did not dare to look at her.

"You might look at me," she said. "I'm not going to bite you."

The long slender mouth was the same, and her hair was still pale golden red, curled quite short about her head. She was wearing a green dress that could have been the dress she had worn the night they had got engaged. It was not the same dress, but it could have been; and under the soft chiffon skirt of it he was quite sure that her legs were still a little too thin, because she had not changed at all.

"Anything," she said. "Whatever you're having."

He gave the order to the barman and they did not talk until the drinks had been placed in front of them. Then she said, "Well, how do I look, Martin?"

"Fine," he said. "You look fine. Who're you here with?"

She made a small smiling grimace. "Harold, of course. I sent him."

"He must love that," Martin said.

She turned and put her elbows on the bar and he could see her in the mirror behind the bottles, himself standing behind her in his uniform. She had the pale translucent skin that sometimes goes with red hair, and her lashes and eyebrows were quite light. She made no attempt to darken them. To look at her was what coming home should have been; it was to come back to something you had never allowed yourself to think you might not come back to.

"Finish the stuff and let's dance," he said.

She smiled at him in the mirror. "Are you sure you want to?"

He said, "Hell, we're old friends, aren't we?"

"Yes," she said. "We are, aren't we?"

SHE made him feel very old and very young when she looked at him; and he did not at all know what she was thinking, whether she hated him or was still in love with him, but then he never really had known. Her arm was small and soft under his hand as he led her through the door. It was a surprise to find that her head came very little lower than Carol's head would have come; he always thought of her as a small girl. But it was like dancing with nothing at all. The music stopped and they stood a little awkwardly waiting for it to start again; and it started. He saw Carol with Stu Kroll, she moving her hips in a bare suggestion of a dance step while Stu held her at arm's length and introduced himself. Somebody dancing by said, "Hi, Marty." None of it meant anything. It was all very far away.

Ellen pressed his hand lightly, looking up, and he released her and opened the door by the orchestra. She slipped past him out onto the porch. The water was quite black in the creek. They could see the lights of cars crossing the bridge up the river.

The door closed automatically behind them. She turned with her back to the porch railing, the water behind her, and there was nothing to say. He held her wrists for a moment, looking at her, feeling a little crazy and wondering how she felt, but there was never any knowing. He could hear the music pulsating and muffled behind the closed door; and then he could not hear it any longer.

"Darling," she whispered at last. "Don't, darling. . . ."

He stepped back and turned abruptly to look at the water while she smoothed her dress and her hair. Then she stood beside him, her shoulder touching him. "What are we going to do, Martin?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Darling," she said. "I've been waiting so long. . . ."

"You shouldn't have," he said, turning to face her, and he found his mind suggesting rebelliously that it had been relatively easy for her to agree to wait with an engagement ring on her finger; easier, because it did not finally commit her to anything, than if the ring had been the wedding ring she had refused because there had not been enough time to get married the way she wanted to get married. He put the thought away. "You shouldn't have waited," he said. "After all, I'm married."

She touched his hand. "You're loyal, Martin," she murmured. "But isn't your loyalty a little misplaced, darling?"

The implication of what she was saying reached him only slowly; then he stood quite still facing her, staring at her incredulously. He had just come home. She could not be sure that the gossip about Carol had reached him except in one way; and yet she was taking it for granted.

"What's the matter, darling?" he heard her ask. Then her face changed a little.

"Ellen," he whispered. "*You* didn't. . . !"

He had never thought of attributing the letter to anyone he knew well. There were, in a small town, always a number of women who made other people's affairs their business and other people's morals their scandal. It had never occurred to him that he would ever discover who had written the letter, because he had been quite certain none of the people he had grown up among would degrade himself by such an act.

Ellen shook her head gently. "No, I didn't," she said. "Janet wrote it. She said you ought to know. . . ."

"You didn't stop her?"

"I . . . didn't know what she was going to do," she said, and she was lying.

"It would have sounded better," he said harshly, "if you had written it yourself and signed your name to it."

She laughed a little. "Martin," she said, "Martin, aren't you being rather silly? After all, does it matter who wrote it, if it's the truth? Janet didn't make it up, you know."

"No?" he asked, holding his anger.

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, darling, but it's the truth. Ask Harold. Ask Jim Connors. We just happened to be driving by. . . . Of course, anybody in town can tell you she had been seeing him. She even brought him here that night, signing for the drinks in your name."

"Who was he?" He regretted the question as it left his lips. He did not want to discuss it with her.

"I don't know. I think he came up from Boston. Quite young and *very* good-looking. . . ." She touched his arm. "I'm sorry, darling, I don't mean to hurt you, but you must see that it was a mistake. I mean, you were lonely, and she was nice to you. You probably told her all about me, didn't you?" She smiled as he winced. "I'm sorry, Martin. I'm hurting you because you hurt me. But don't you see it's all wrong? Just the way she walks down the street. . . ."

He looked at the slender figure and the pale, clear, assured face and he saw again the Quonset hut and the boardinghouses and hotel rooms and shabby small apartments; and the packing and unpacking, and the cheap restaurants where you stood in line to eat, and the places where it was always raining and the places where there was never a cloud in the sky and you played gin rummy all night because it was too hot to sleep. None of them had anything to do with this girl. She had escaped them all.

"I like the way she walks," he said. "Let's go inside."

Ellen's belated laughter was a small ugly sound.

When they reached the apartment it was after two and as they came up the stairs Carol said, "You might at least have wiped her lipstick off your face."

He opened the door and turned on the light. "I did," he said. "I wiped it off."

She laughed and walked past him and flung her wrap to the sofa and turned, taking a cigarette from her purse. She looked smooth and hard and shining, and her mouth was as dark and wanton as ever.

"Did you get everything settled with her?"

He licked his lips. "Yes," he said. "Everything's settled."

"That's fine," Carol said. "Then I'd better quit before I'm fired, hadn't I?"

SUDDENLY he knew everything he needed to know about her. He wanted to seize her and shake the perverse recklessness out of her that made her always hurt herself before somebody else could hurt her.

"What did they do to you, Carol?" he asked dryly. "Were they mean to you?"

She said sullenly, "Everybody but your folks acted as if I'd committed grand larceny by marrying you." She lifted her shoulders in a shrug and threw the just-lighted cigarette at the fireplace. "Well, I've got some packing to do," she said.

"Janet McGregor wrote the letter," he said. "With, I think, a little help from Ellen."

"I could have told you that," Carol said. She went to the doorway and stopped, looking back. "If you're trying to say you're through with her, I don't believe it. It's a little late now, anyway."

He remained where she had left him for an appreciable length of time. Then he followed her to the bedroom and leaned in the doorway watching her pulling suitcases out of the closet, then jerking open the dresser drawers to carry the stuff to the bed, sorting it out, and kneeling to put it in the suitcases.

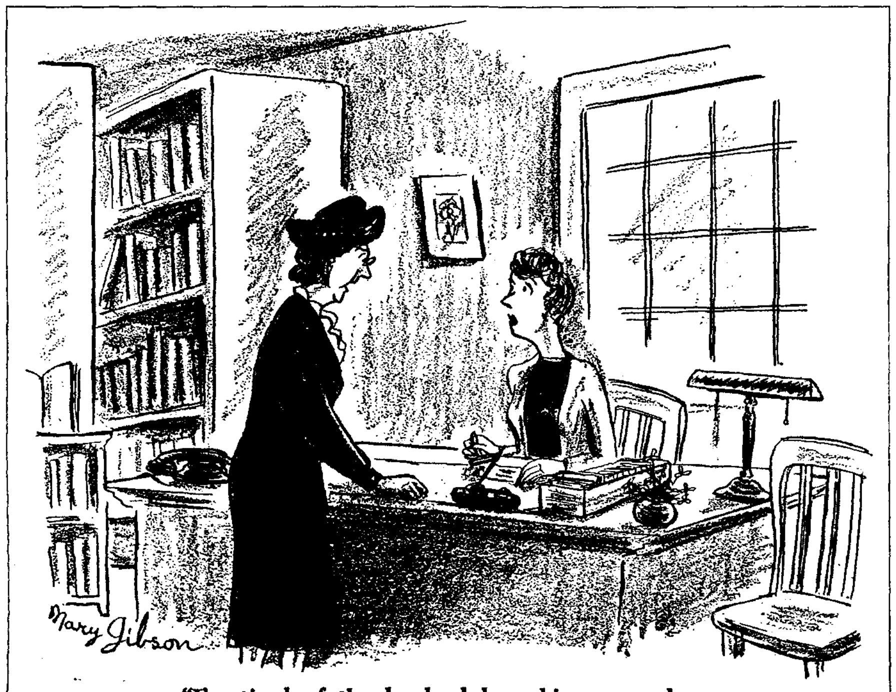
"You'll ruin your dress like that," he said.

She kicked the long trailing skirt aside as it got in her way. "What do you care? You won't have to pay for it."

"Where are you going, Carol?"

He knew now that there was nothing at all left if she went. Nothing mattered but keeping her. Whatever she had done was completely unimportant, if it had ever happened.

She turned slowly to look at him, and he



COLLIER'S "I'm tired of the book club making my selections—I'm going to strike out for myself" MARY GIBSON

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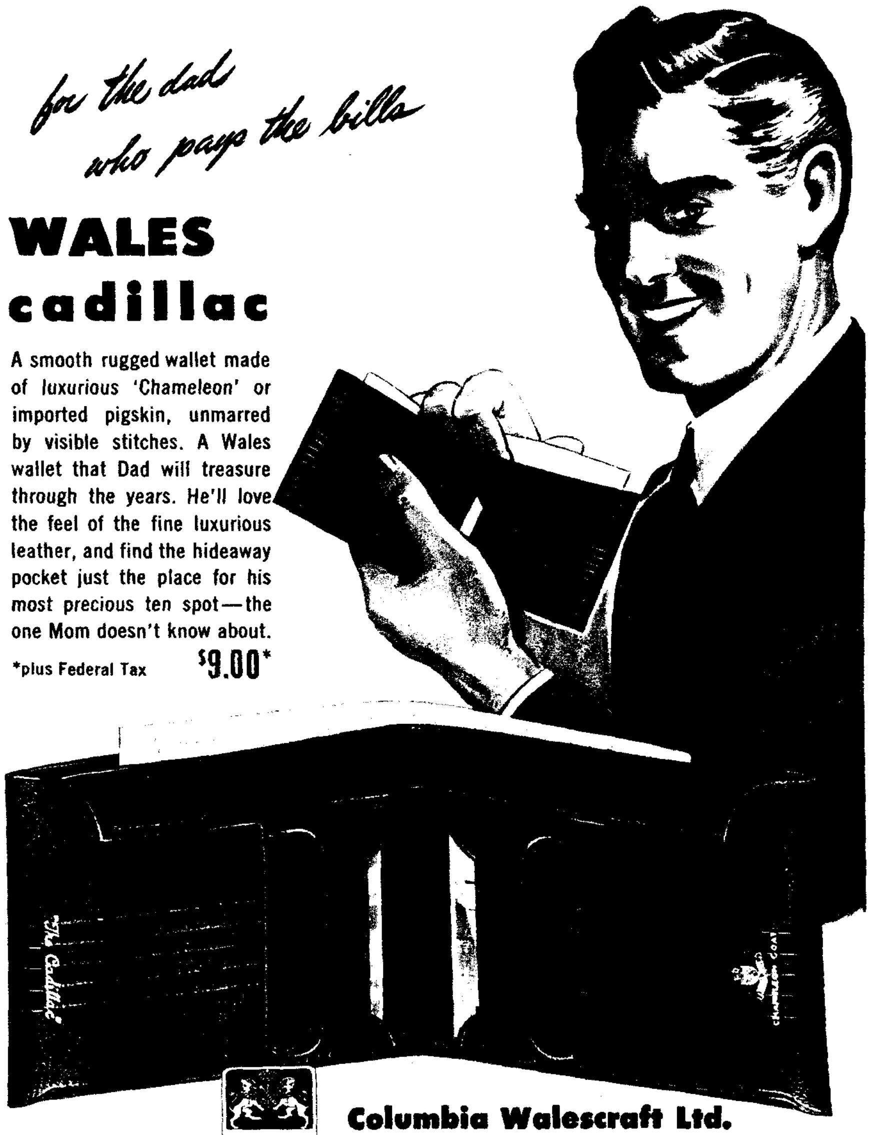

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saw with a faint touch of hope that she was almost crying. The hidden tears made her face very young and more as he remembered it, so that the dark lipstick and the sleek shining evening gown seemed like an adolescent's attempt at sophistication.

"You don't care where I'm going, Martin," she said. "It was just for the duration, wasn't it? Just a place to stay when you were on leave. Every time I wanted to talk about what we'd do when the war was over . . . a house, kids, furniture of our own instead of this sort of lousy stuff . . ." Her scornful gesture took in the bed and dresser. "You didn't want to talk about it, did you? You didn't see me in that picture, did you? I wasn't supposed to talk about it because that was her territory. I was just supposed to follow you up and down the Coast. You were kind of ashamed of me, weren't you, Martin? You didn't think your folks would like me. I was to be very careful when I got here so nobody would talk about the little tramp Martin Owens picked up on the West Coast. . . ."

"Carol!"

"It's true!" she gasped. "You know it's true! You know that if anybody'd written a letter like that about her you'd have heaved it through a porthole and never mentioned it!" He was silent, and she kicked her foot savagely free of the dress and came forward to stand facing him. "Do you know why you kept it, Martin? I'll tell you. You kept it because it was your ticket back to her. It meant you could get rid of me. The war was over. She'd marry you now. You didn't need me any more."

"Don't, Carol," he said.

THE small room was very quiet, and it was very late at night, and everything she had said was the truth. Yet it had not been entirely like that. There had been much more to it than that, but he could not find the words to tell her about it; and he watched her go to the bed and sit down. She sat looking at herself in the mirror over the dresser.

"I don't know why I make myself look like a floozy," she said thoughtfully. "I can't seem to shock you. You always look as though it's just what you expect of me, anyway." She drew the back of her hand, hard enough to hurt, across her mouth, streaking the dark hard lipstick over her cheek. She turned and put her face against the pillows and began to cry.

He went forward and sat down beside her. After a while he found courage enough to touch her. "Don't," he said. "Don't cry, Carol."

She twisted under his hands, lying on her back to look up at him, and brushed the long hair away from her face. "I can't take it any more!" she gasped. "Two years. . . . I thought when you came back . . . if we had a nice place. . . . And all I could find was this rattrap. . . . And then they made me so damned mad. . . ."

"Who was he, anyway?"

"You have to know, don't you?" she said quietly. "I have to prove things, don't I? Have to prove that it's all right?"

"I guess so," he said. "You have to make it neat, so we can forget about it—the whole thing tied up in a ribbon and thrown away. It shouldn't be that way, but I guess it is."

She put her hand on his arm, and he wished he'd never been trapped into asking the question he had to ask. He had a feeling that the answer was going to be irrelevant and anticlimactic, that it was going to make them both feel ridiculous. He knew he had the important answer already, and that it was stupid of him to ask.

"Tell me this, first," she said. She looked very hard at nothing at all, and her voice was soft, and he thought how really young she was, and how shy about the things that really mattered to her. "Do you love me, Marty?"

He didn't answer right away, thinking how they had wasted two days not talking about that, and how they should have been talking about that and nothing else for two days and two nights.

"I love you," he said. She smiled, then, and he smiled back, and he felt the way he'd wanted to feel, and he was grateful to her for letting him be in love with her.

"Now about that guy . . ." she said, suddenly laughing.

"Forget it," he said. "Forget all about it."

"You're just saying that. You really want desperately to know."

"I don't."

"Of course you do. . . . But maybe you'll spend the rest of your life wondering who it was: my father, my brother, my cousin; the man to read the meter, the man to fix the plumbing at four o'clock in the morning. Oh, you'll have a lovely time, and it'll serve you right for ever suspecting me." She laughed slyly and held him close.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "it was somebody you know just as well as I do. He introduced us—but maybe you wouldn't remember that. He called up in the afternoon and asked for you, and then he wanted to know when you were getting out of the Navy. He took me out to dinner, and then I took him to the dance at the club, and then we came back here for a short drink. It wasn't a very short drink, because he's awfully fond of you and so am I, and we talked and talked about you until it got really late and he had to leave; and I felt more like your wife than I have any time since I came here to live."

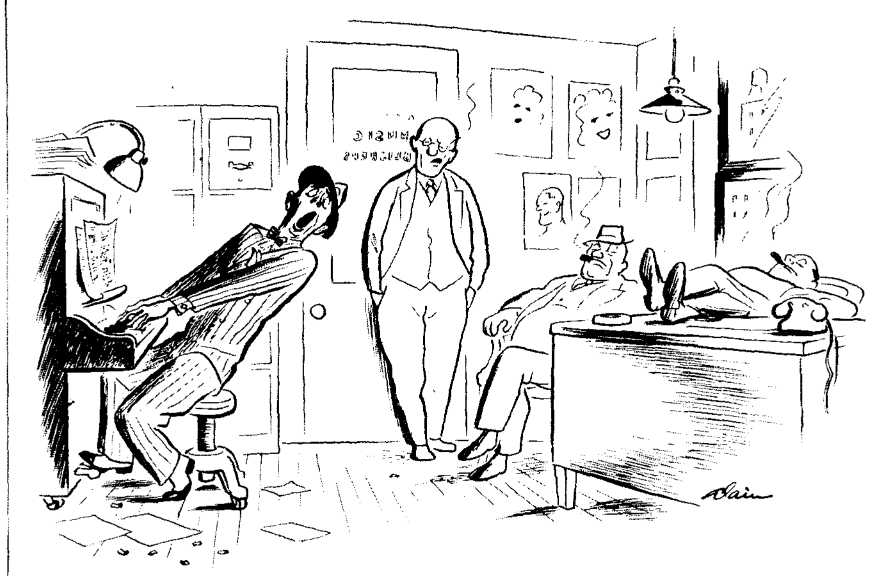
He lifted her up from the covers.

She said, "Oh, it's all right now, is it? I'm pure now?"

"You wouldn't think so to look at your face," he said, looking at it from a very short distance. "You're not leaving, you know."

"Oh," she said. "Did you fall for that? Where would I go at this time of night?"

THE END



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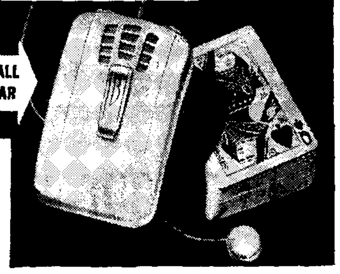

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Back to the Mimes

Continued from page 58

In those days a comedian had to have some distinguishing physical marks. Lloyd combined the best features of three or four of the top funnymen and appeared as Willie Work, with a bristly mustache, baggy pants, wide coat, big shoes and a tiny hat. Willie Work turned into Lonesome Luke, a similar sort of character and as Luke, Lloyd made one- and two-reelers.

He tired of this. One day he sat down and decided to invent a new character, all for himself. The upshot was that he became just Harold Lloyd with a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. The glasses finally made him millions—which they did also for spectacle makers all over the world when wearing them became a fad that persists to this day.

World-famous, but unable to find the kind of stories he wanted, he retired and began to live a more leisurely life on the big estate he had bought in Beverly. He took up oil painting, browsed around in entomology, archeology and a dozen other ologies, spent hours peering at microscopes and started collecting old automobiles. He had a fleet of the things, seldom turning in an old one.

He played tennis, he bowled, he swam in a huge pool on the estate; golfed on his own nine-hole course; handballed in his own court; looked at movies in his own private theater; played with the kids. Mrs. Lloyd devoted herself to running the place, which at one time kept thirty servants. It is down to six today.

Lloyd always kept more or less in touch with the movie lots, producing a couple of comedies for RKO, reading plays, reading books, always on the lookout for something that would suit him. He didn't want to be known as a has-been. He's afraid today that people will refer to his return as "a comeback."

There was a bit of a reunion on the Diddlebock set one day when Mel Koontz, an animal trainer, led a middle-aged lion onto the stage. The lion, Jackie, and Lloyd did a double-take and recognized each other. They had played together years ago in The Milky Way. Jackie is now eighteen, and temperamental, holding movie shenanigans to be nonsense and preferring to sleep.

No Doubles for Lloyd

Lloyd always did his own stunts, without doubles. In Diddlebock, doubles were first employed for some of the more dangerous stuff—but Harold, after watching it, decided to do it himself. He didn't have to, but he figured it would be only fair to the customers.

Especially the older customers, who remembered him hanging from the hands of a clock, far above the city street, with pigeons attacking him, or racing madly up the sides of buildings.

Trick photography? Sure—but still, when you hang on a chain, by one foot, 'way up in the air, with a temperamental lion at the other end of a chain . . . There are plenty of actors who, at fifty-three would let a double do it.

THE END

Life in the Open

Continued from page 67

the vein. Soon the stream looks like a bluish-red arrow, flowing through the tiny canals, rising in a tube toward the reservoir and finally splashing down over the glass balls to complete the circuit.

Dr. Long checks the temperature, glances at the blood pressure, listens to the steady metallic chirp of the magnet . . . click . . . click . . . click . . . Now he moves the microscope over the organ, brings it into sharp focus, peers down at the throbbing organs. The red cells whirl like little platters through arteries and veins. The white cells, vastly outnumbered, dart through the current like pedestrians in a traffic jam. The cells in the organ's tissue squirm, and take their oxygen from the steady stream and give up their waste. There is no death here. There is only life.

Rat Organs Used for Experiments

Rat organs are used for these experiments because the rodents are small, eat the same type of food as human beings, have an almost identical basal metabolism and their internal organs are much like human organs in miniature. They are susceptible to the same disturbances, and react similarly to treatment.

Blood for the glass heart is taken from rat donors and kept under refrigeration until needed. The device uses only from 4 to 10 c.c. of blood, which is sufficient to keep the organ alive, and the systolic blood pressure rarely exceeds 110 to 120. When the pressure reaches the danger point, a small control valve automatically cuts it down. The device is also equipped with a glass faucet which can be opened to draw off blood specimens for laboratory analysis. The growth of bacteria in the separated organ, incidentally, is inhibited to a considerable extent by the white corpuscles present in the mechanical blood stream. Even so, Dr. Long can operate under sterile conditions when he wishes.

Many times Dr. Long has lifted the stomach, intestines and pancreas of a rat and inserted them into his apparatus as a unit. All three organs have been maintained alive, with conclusive evidence that they were functioning as they did in the body. Under the microscope, for instance, the ripples of the intestines are plainly visible. This worm-like motion, known as peristalsis, occurs only when the intestinal muscles push their contents forward, and is indisputable proof of normal function. The stomach digests, too, though there is no mouth or gullet to send it food.

Dr. Long has been able to place rat embryos into the plaster chamber, an unbelievably delicate experiment, and keep them alive for hours by coupling their fragile umbilical arteries to his glass circulatory system. He has sustained life overnight, with asepsis, in a whole rat uterus, oviduct and ovary. He has kept many thyroids at work, tenuous but virile factories producing their quota of thyroxin. The little kidneys have done their work, too, although the organ has shown a tendency to resist the artificial blood stream.

And in the long months of work, Dr. Long has made many other startling observations and discoveries which will eventually be reported to the world. At the moment every significant item is checked and double-checked, and Dr. Long is reluctant to give full stature to any doubtful fact.

Dr. Long is unwilling to suggest that his apparatus is ready to sustain life in a human stomach or pancreas or thyroid. But its simplicity of construction makes it easily adaptable to larger organs, and he expects to try it some day.

"There is a long and obscure journey between our research and the actual treatment of a sick patient," he says. "Right now we are only embarking on a voyage of discovery, and no one can chart the course. But the more information we have about the functions of an organ, the sooner we will know what to do when it breaks down."

THE END

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Snaps back like a steel spring. For wool is resilient with life. And when this wool is spun and twisted, like a cable, it gives your Buck Skein Joe strength, wear and lasting beauty.

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That artistic tailored touch
Into the tailoring is built those unseen touches which give each Buck Skein Joe a long, joyous life. For instance, the shoulders are padded to give that athletic look, and the front is canvas lined to hold its shape.

I have combined a sports coat with a loafer coat. The tailoring style and looks of the former with the easy fit and relaxation of the latter. It looks and feels like a hand loomed fabric in split diagonal woven pattern. The raw stock, 100% wool, is imported from New Zealand. Luxurious rayon lining throughout.

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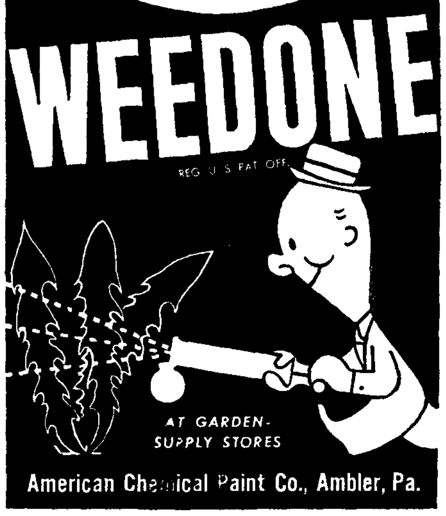

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WEEDONE
REG U S PAT OFF

AT GARDEN-SUPPLY STORES

American Chemical Paint Co., Ambler, Pa.

Beauty on the Water

Continued from page 19

If you can find an old-fashioned wooden washtub—or a wooden hogshead cut in half will do—you have a start on a back-yard pool. Sink the tub in the ground. Fill it half full of richly fertilized soil. Select a good plant—a *Nymphaea Gloriosa,* for instance—and plant it in your tub garden. Anchor the soil with an inch or so of sand or gravel, fill the balance of the tub with water and wait for your lily garden to grow.

Soon—certainly within six weeks—you should have your first blood-red flower from the *Nymphaea Gloriosa* and you should be able to pick a blossom almost daily for the next sixty days. You should be able to make such a lily garden for about three dollars. Mrs. Fowler has raised stately Egyptian lotus in just such a homemade pool. But she warns against just one thing in the case of both lilies and lotus. Don't use a galvanized iron tub. The plants won't live, if you do.

Or, if you want a more elaborate garden, with proper planning you can have blooms from early June until the first frost. You can give your garden interest and height by including a few queenly lotus in yellows or scarlets or pinks.

Around-the-Clock Blooming

And you can have blossoms almost around the clock, as they do at Kenilworth, if you plant some tropical night bloomers. They run to the salmon and carmine shades and they open at dusk not long after the day bloomers have closed their petals.

You'll want night bloomers if you're planning to use lilies for decorations in your home in the evenings because the day blooming varieties, even when cut, close tight when the sun goes down.

Mrs. Fowler is frank to admit you need a world of horticultural knowledge to grow water lilies as a business, but she makes it sound all very simple for the flower-lover with a dream of a back-yard garden.

She speaks from more than thirty years of personal experience during which she studied lily culture in South America and Europe, as well as in this country, and developed many prize-winning hybrids.

What was a gratifying lifetime hobby for her father, became a full-time ever-growing business after she took it over to please him in April, 1912.

Looking back on it now, she declares she never would have dared attempt it, if she had realized how little she knew and how much she had to learn about water lilies.

But she didn't dream the magnitude of the job she had undertaken and she went ahead with a courage born of ignorance. And because Mrs. Fowler is an imaginative woman who instinctively knows the value of showmanship, she determined to dramatize her flower-selling.

She decided that Washington wholesale florists weren't sufficiently impressed with the beauty of the blooms she offered them so she began contacting the wholesalers in person and she made certain her flowers were arranged to call attention to their splendor. Her efforts brought results and soon sales were booming.

Still, she wasn't satisfied. She disliked driving her delicate wares to market with a horse and wagon. She wanted a more efficient way to get around. She wanted to save her patience for the hours she spent with her lilies.

Motor trucks had just come on the market. She suggested to her father that she buy one and together they went and picked out what was then an up-to-the-minute four-cylinder model. Driving lessons followed and Mrs. Fowler became the first woman licensed to drive a truck in Washington. She scored a similar first in Maryland, after a reluctant licensing officer finally agreed that a woman might be able to operate a truck.

That was back in 1912 and Washingtonians nearly fell off the open trolley cars at the sight of Mrs. Fowler, dressed in her favorite, dainty white, chugging by at the wheel of her snappy motor truck.

This speeded-up delivery coupled with the new sales approach soon doubled her business with capital wholesale florists, and blooms from the Shaw gardens appeared with greater regularity at fashionable Washington functions.

As transportation improved, Mrs. Fowler established regular flower deliveries as far west as Chicago and deliveries of aquarium plants clear to the Pacific Coast.

She developed her own method of packing her lily and lotus plants in fresh moist Sphagnum moss grown near her gardens. She has shipped plants, packaged in this fashion, as far as Siam.

Meantime, she had added another lesser business, but successful nonetheless. This time it was the raising and selling of goldfish, giving proof to her father's contention that "Nellie could sell anything."

For years Mrs. Fowler has been painting pictures of flowers. She started with water colors. Later she switched to pastels. Today she has her own barn studio across the lane from her home and she is constantly adding to the more than three hundred pictures she has already sold. Flowers are still her favorite subject.

Nearly eight years have passed since Mrs. Fowler sold her gardens to the Interior Department to become part of Anacostia Park, and more than three years since she retired as the government-employed director of the gardens. David E. Saunders, overseer of the White House greenhouses, is now supervisor of Kenilworth Gardens and ever largening crowds of flower-lovers walk through the grounds the summer long, drinking in the loveliness and fragrance of the acres upon acres of lilies and lotus. Camera enthusiasts come to capture the scenes upon their color lenses and artists to paint the alluring vistas.

Mrs. Fowler estimates that there are about one hundred and twenty-five varieties of lily and lotus plants which she and her father planted, still growing in the gardens. She is proud of them.

She is proud, too, of the hybrids she developed because she considers them improvements on nature.

Perfection Requires Patience

Hybridization is a difficult task which requires endless planning and patience. First, the very best of the parent plants must be selected and nurtured until they reach the pollinization stage simultaneously. When the pollen is ripe, the horticulturist removes it with a delicate camel's-hair brush from the stamen of the father plant and transfers it to the stigma of the mother plant. Normally this pollinization is done by bees, flying from plant to plant.

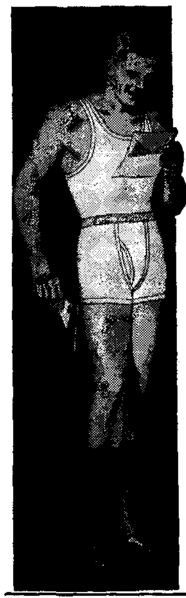
The artificially pollinized plant then must be securely covered with gauze to prevent other pollen from reaching the now fertilized stigma. This protection must be continued until the swelling of the plant's seed bulb shows that the impregnation has been completed. Then in due time these seeds are planted.

The horticulturist now must wait four more months before learning the results. Often they are disappointing and the project is lost, but sometimes they are good.

Although they are no longer her care, Mrs. Fowler still lives very close to her beloved flowers. Like the many visitors who have sought them out, she loves the gardens most for the serene solitude they afford. And if she could have but one lily there she would choose a pure white blossom.

People who live close to the lilies feel that way about them. They never cease to marvel that such chaste, white symmetrical beauty can rise from a river's dark ooze.

THE END



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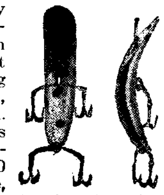

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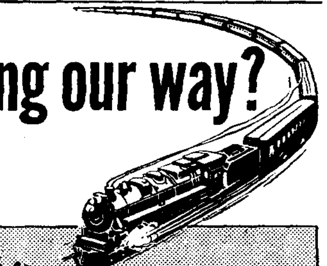

Coming our way?

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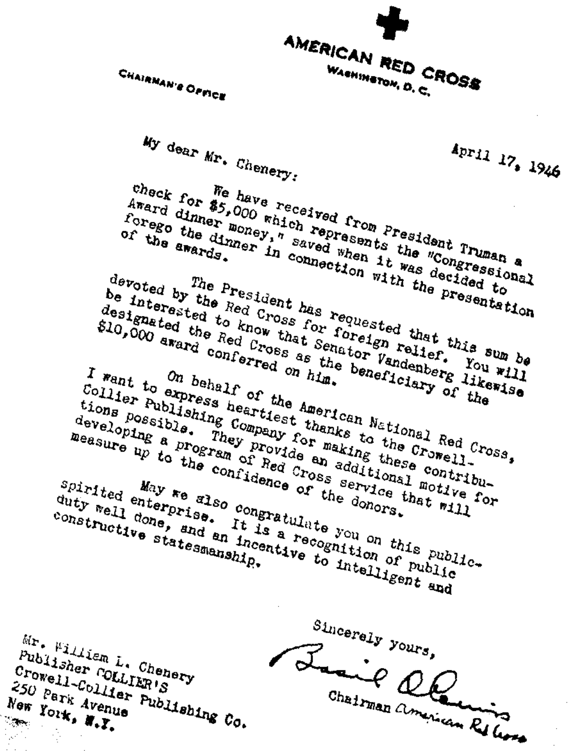
The Week's Work



AMERICAN RED CROSS
WASHINGTON, D. C.
CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE

April 17, 1946

My dear Mr. Chenery:

We have received from President Truman a check for $5,000 which represents the "Congressional Award dinner money," saved when it was decided to forego the dinner in connection with the presentation of the awards.

The President has requested that this sum be devoted by the Red Cross for foreign relief. You will be interested to know that Senator Vandenberg likewise designated the Red Cross as the beneficiary of the $10,000 award conferred on him.

On behalf of the American National Red Cross, I want to express heartiest thanks to the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company for making these contributions possible. They provide an additional motive for developing a program of Red Cross service that will measure up to the confidence of the donors.

May we also congratulate you on this public-spirited enterprise. It is a recognition of public duty well done, and an incentive to intelligent and constructive statesmanship.

Sincerely yours,
Basil O'Connor
Chairman American Red Cross

Mr. William L. Chenery
Publisher COLLIER'S
Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
250 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Robert Benney

AN ELABORATE banquet was originally planned for the presentation of Collier's Awards for Distinguished Congressional Service to Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg and Representative A. S. Mike Monroney. However, Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Awards Committee, decided to substitute a simple ceremony at the White House. The money intended to defray the cost of the dinner could better be used, he said, to help feed starving war victims abroad. As a consequence, the letter reproduced above has been received by the publisher of Collier's. Both Senator Vandenberg and Representative Monroney designated charities to which Collier's donated $10,000 in the name of each.

AUTHOR DONALD HAMILTON sends a photograph which, he says, will give readers an exaggerated idea of his seagoing abilities. "Actually I fought the war with test tube and analytical balance, and the picture was taken, not between battles, but while we were on a pleasure trip on the Chesapeake."

Hamilton's degree in chemistry from the University of Chicago was delayed by a year because he was "writing questionable fiction when I should have been studying incontrovertible facts."

He joined the Navy in 1942 and was sent to Annapolis as a specialist, where he is still on duty. He wrote two novels during the war. "The first one," he says, "died with Hitler. Stranger's Return (p. 24) was written while I was waiting for the second to bounce, which it did. The check from Collier's made it possible to view its return with complete equanimity."

This week's cover: The little girl who posed for the painting on this week's cover is Alma Ruth Benney, daughter of Robert Benney, the artist.

It might have been a portrait of little Helga Svenson of Norway, or Nadja Bourskaya of Russia. Or she might be a French, British, Chinese, Dutch or Japanese child.

Benney spent much time during the war in combat areas where he painted a record of combat medicine, depicting the care given to the wounded. He also did a series of paintings on naval aviation and amphibious operations.

Before the war he traveled and painted all over the world. He worked as a deck hand on ships which took him to places he otherwise could not have afforded to visit. He worked in Haiti, Curaçao, British and Dutch Guiana, Martinique, Trinidad; and spent six months on Gaspé Peninsula and Bonaventure Island north of New Brunswick. He lived for months at a time in Florida and Georgia.

To make possible these periods of creative work, Benney worked between times as a commercial free-lance artist. For two years he was assistant to the chief model builder of the New York Board of Transportation. He designed furniture, did architectural renderings, designed movie sets, illustrated magazine articles and fiction.

He has done portraits of many famous persons, including John Barrymore, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, Raymond Massey, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Justice Owen J. Roberts.

His war-time painting was sponsored by Abbott Laboratories through Associated American Artists, Inc. . . . A. P.

Donald Hamilton

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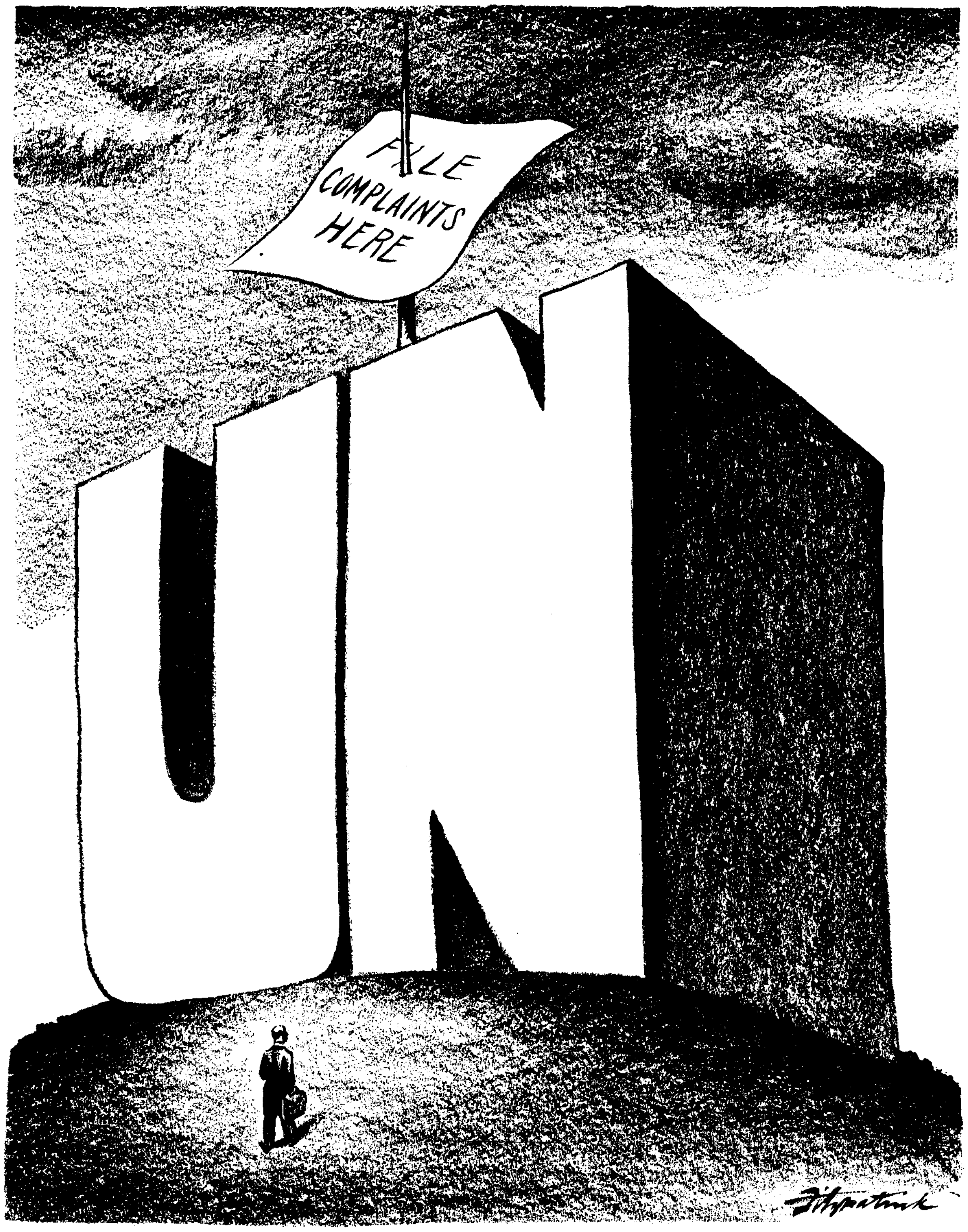


THE U.N. AS WORLD FORUM

THE United Nations Security Council and General Assembly are a long way from being powerful international organizations as yet, but at least they haven't blown up at this writing. It seems possible that they may some day acquire the prestige and authority which their architects hoped for when they drew up the plans and specifications at San Francisco.

Assuming this comes to pass, it looks as if the U.N. can, among other things, furnish a more than satisfactory substitute for an old American habit.

The habit we refer to is that of volunteering advice to any and all other nations as to how they ought to behave. American leaders, Republican and Democratic, have had a fondness for this practice for many years; and occasionally they have been rudely rebuffed.

A rebuff of this kind was handed us recently, when the State Department frowned fiercely in print on Colonel Juan D. Perón, then running for president of the Argentine, whereupon the Argentinians elected Perón by a record-breaking electoral majority.

These attempts to interfere with other nations' domestic affairs have done us no good, well-meant though they have been. The Perón incident only kicked back into the State Department's face. A similar contemplated gesture at Francisco Franco, Spanish dictator and by wide agreement an unsavory character, would probably have backfired in the same way if it had been tried.

Can't the U.N. be utilized henceforth as a forum for such complaints, whenever our government has what it considers a serious complaint to register against some other government's conduct?

Why shouldn't Washington hold its official indignation until the next session of the Security Council or the General Assembly, and then make formal and dignified objections to whatever is bothering it? The whole matter could thereafter be argued at length, with both sides being heard. If the U.N. should decide that the American complaint was justified, it could make appropriate recommendations; and these would carry the weight of the U.N. instead of only the weight of the U.S.A.

By this means, it seems to us, our leaders' love of giving advice could be satisfied from time to time, but in a dignified manner and in a judicial atmosphere. That should be quite an improvement. At the very least, it should save the State Department from any more such gorgeous blushes as overtook it when the Argentinians rammed Colonel Perón down its throat.

WHAT IS THIS ACS?

IN THE last year or so, a number of excited articles and statements have come out in this country about a supposedly life-prolonging serum developed by a Russian scientist, Dr. A. A. Bogomolets. We've heard among other things that the drug—it goes by the name of ACS, for anti-reticular cytotoxic serum—will enable people to live a great deal longer than they do now.

Dr. Martin Gumpert, of New York, in a recent issue of the Nation, published the first unemotional and coldly factual remarks that we've seen on ACS.

It is true, says the New York physician, that ACS works on the body's connective tissue. This tissue plays a big role in regulating bodily health, in healing wounds, ulcers and fractures, and in keeping up resistance to infection and cancer. ACS stimulates and tones up the connective tissue.

Russian reports on sensational successes in ACS treatment of Russian wounded in the late war have not been checked by non-Russian scientists. Dr. Gumpert apparently takes these reports with a liberal pinch of salt. He does, however, admit the scientific soundness of Dr. Bogomolets' theory.

ACS is now being made in this country in several places, and is being distributed to physicians for experimental purposes. As U.S. physicians' experiences with ACS are tabulated, it is expected that its true value will gradually be learned.

Certainly we hope the serum may turn out to be as near-miraculous as it has been reported to be—though whether anybody in his or her right mind would want to live 125 years is another question. But let's not get hysterical about ACS just yet, or fall for any quackery or chicanery in connection with it.

AND NOW, ABOUT THE CUSTOMERS

STORES, restaurants, service stations, etc., are reconverting pretty rapidly from the snapping, snarling "Don't you know there's a war on?" attitude which afflicted many of the help when there was a war on. That's fine, and we hope this reconversion will soon be 100 per cent.

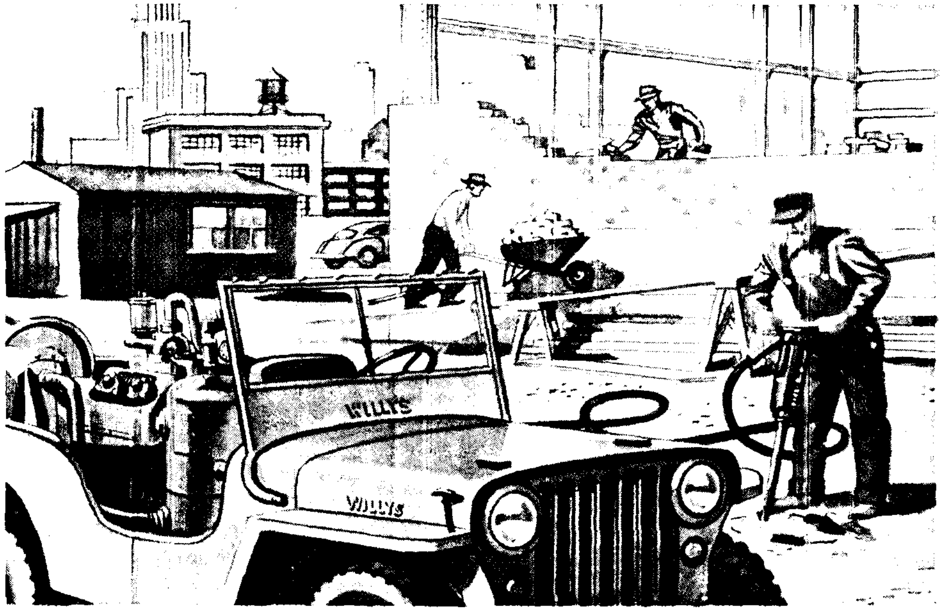
And now, a few words about some of the customers, their manners and their poisonalities—pardon, personalities.

There are bad customers as well as good ones; and in normal times the bad ones are largely to blame for the chronic grouches which overtake some clerks, waiters, service station attendants, and so on.

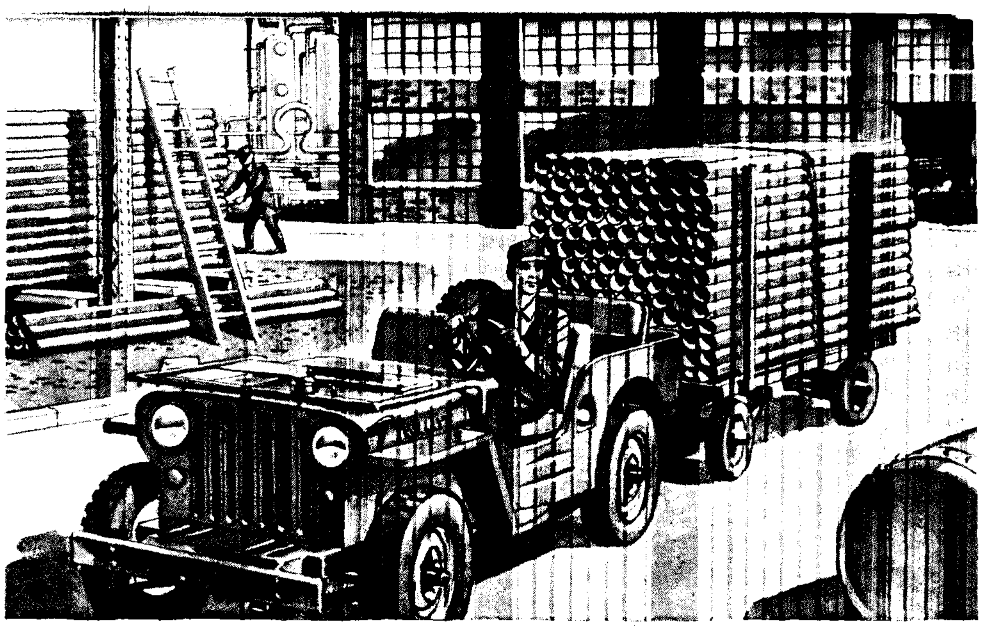
There is the lady who tries on a couple of dozen pairs of shoes, and then proceeds to the next shoe store to try on a couple of dozen more. There is the restaurant patron who is chinchy with the tips, or overfussy about how he wants his food cooked, or supercilious toward the waiter. Other exhibits include the motorist who demands far more filling station service than he's paying for; the party who roars to be waited on out of turn; the vague person who doesn't know what he or she really wants to buy; the short-tempered product who flies off the handle for no reason—and this doesn't exhaust the list by a long shot.

There is nothing dishonest about such customers. Shoplifters, credit cheats, etc., are another problem entirely

The bad customers under discussion here are merely people who fail to realize that the person serving them is a human being, too, with human feelings and no more than 24 hours' time per day. A decently considerate and courteous customer, nine times out of ten, will get better service than a bad customer ever gets or ever deserves. The old saying that you get just about what you give in this world is as true of the business of buying and selling as of any other human activity.



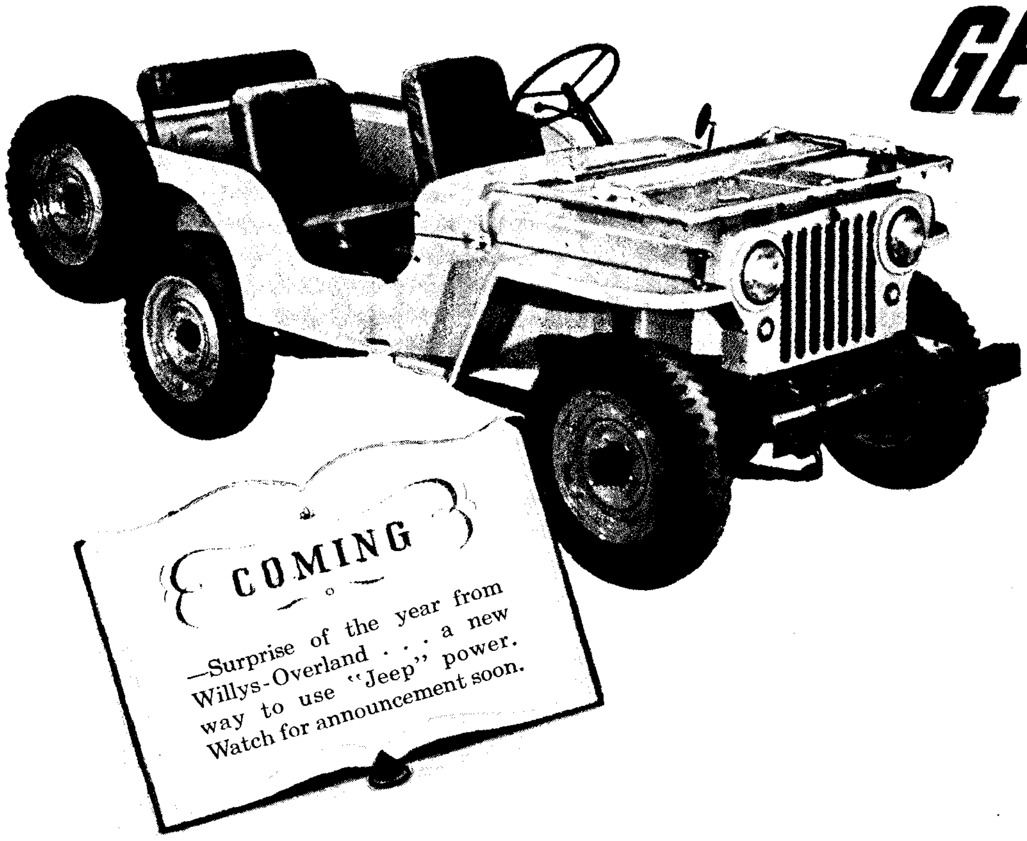
USED AS A MOBILE POWER UNIT, the "Jeep" with power take-off operates compressors, generators and paint sprays for business . . . buzz saws, hammer mills and other equipment on the farm.



USED AS A TRUCK, the mighty "Jeep" tows heavy loads from the plant yard right into factory buildings—hauls up to 800 lbs. in its sturdy steel body. Low operating and maintenance costs.

TO GET JOBS DONE... GET COSTS DOWN...

GET A Jeep



COMING

—Surprise of the year from Willys-Overland . . . a new way to use "Jeep" power. Watch for announcement soon.

The "Jeep's" distinctive front-end is almost a trade-mark of *power* to do the toughest jobs, of the *economy* of spreading one vehicle's cost over many uses.

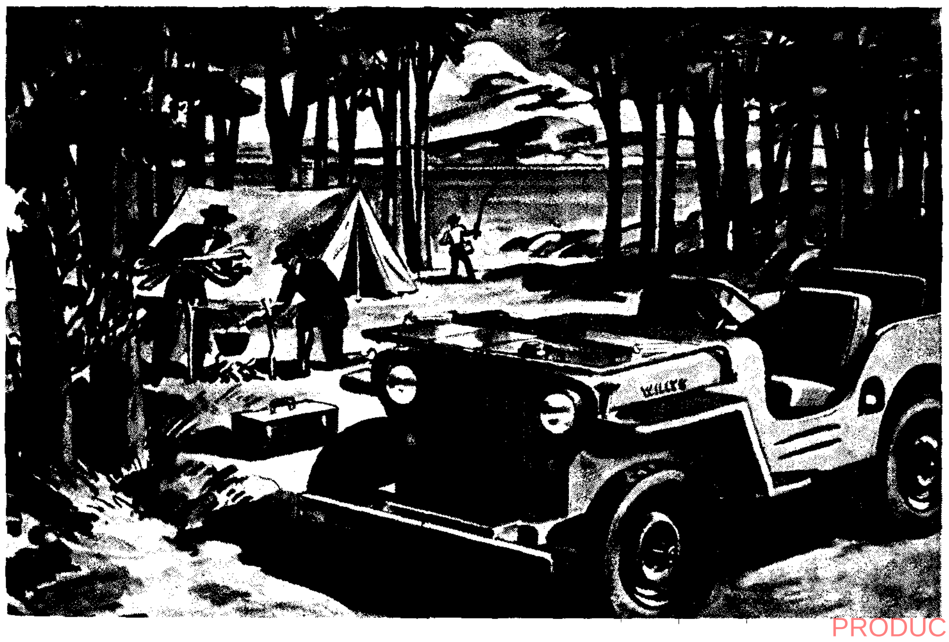
Industry is calling on the "Jeep" to deliver men, tools and auxiliary power to jobs no conventional vehicle could reach . . . to get through sand, mud and snow, on or off the road. "Jeeps" are towing trailers and dollies . . . pulling disabled cars . . . shunting empties on freight sidings . . . towing planes around airports . . . mowing plant grounds.

On the farm, the "Jeep" works the day 'round, the year 'round . . . pulling plows, harrows, listers, rakes and balers . . . using its power take-off to operate silo fillers and feed mills . . . towing and hauling . . . running errands to town.

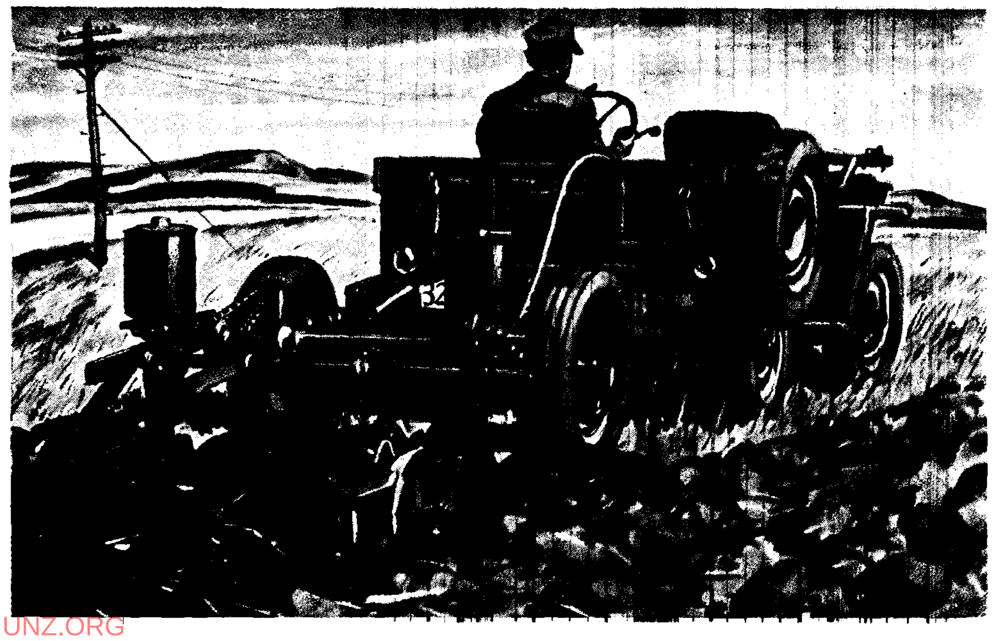
If you have not examined the 4-wheel-drive Universal "Jeep," see it now at Willys-Overland Dealers. When you see all its features, you will see why it can get your jobs done, your costs down.

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

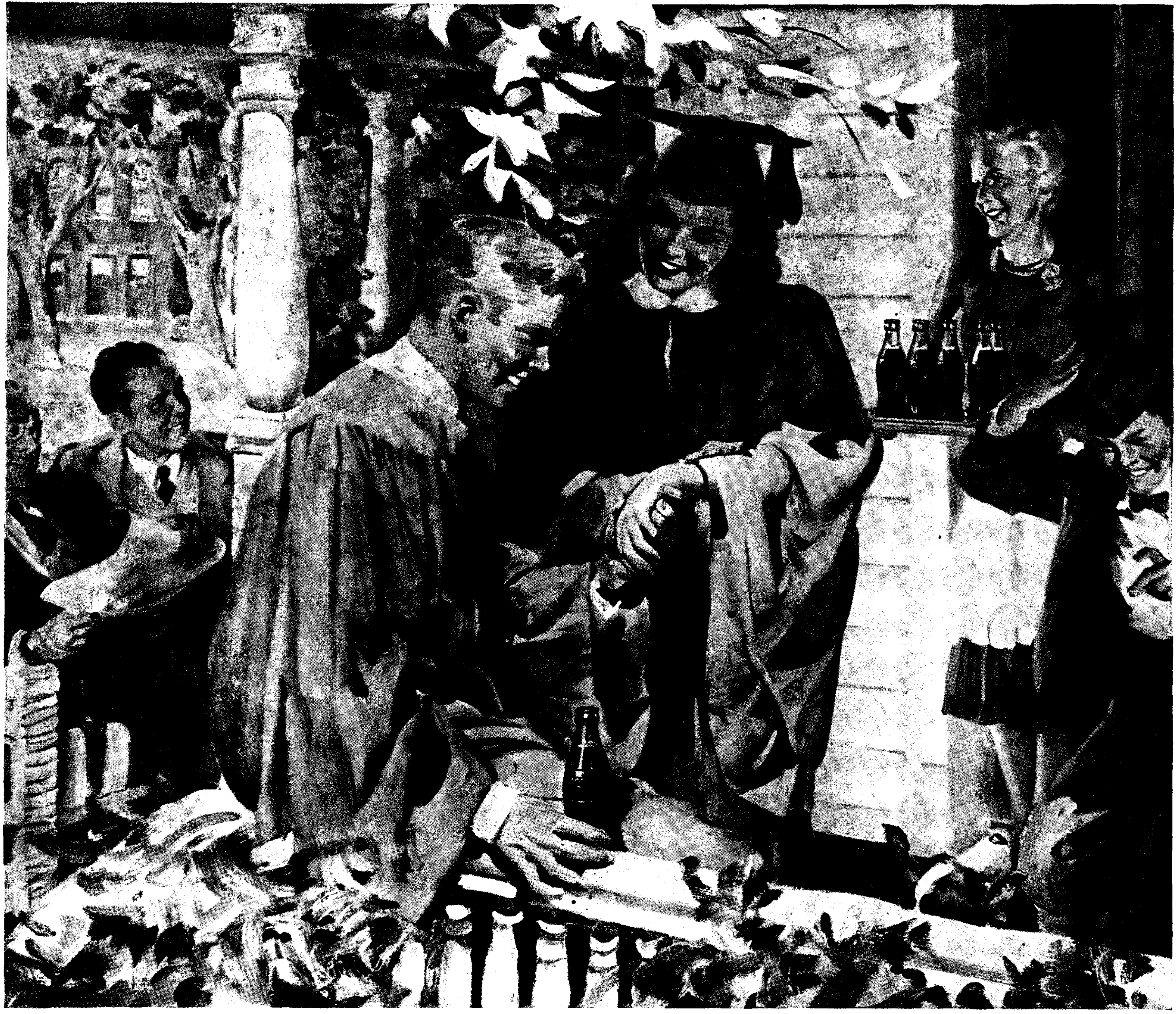
USED AS A RUNABOUT, the "Jeep" takes you to places no conventional vehicle could reach. It is an economical errand runner—for business or farm . . . a perfect vehicle for the sportsman.



USED AS A LIGHT TRACTOR, the 4-wheel-drive "Jeep" is efficient and timesaving in the operations of listers, plows, harrows, mowers and other implements. More comfort for the driver—less fatigue.



You're wonderful...Have a Coca-Cola



...or the great day calls for the friendly pause

Graduation day is a big moment in any family's life. Everybody's happy, and "Let's celebrate" is the order of the day. So, out come frosty bottles of Coca-Cola and the friendly pause begins. *Have a Coke* is the word to all hands around—and there's no pleasanter way of saying *Mighty glad you're with us, folks. This is an occasion.*

* * *

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Serve
Coca-Cola
at home

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